

Gertrude Stein's Magnificent Hoax

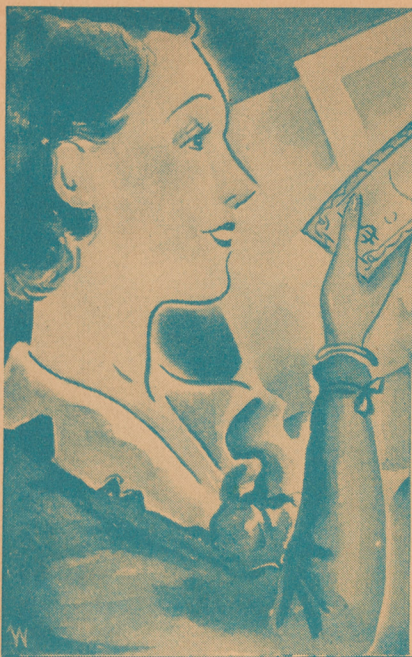
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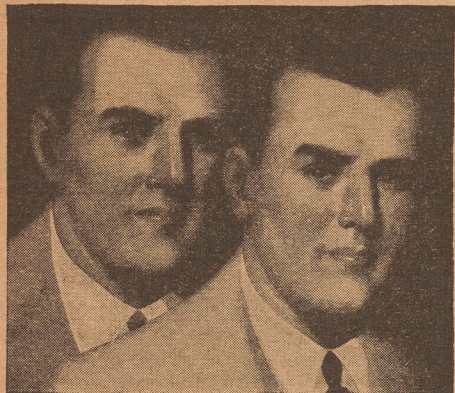
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Vol. 6

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COVER DESIGN BY HARWOOD FORSGREN

Published monthly by Real America, Inc., Mount Morris, Ill., U.S.A., Executive and editorial offices, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Telephone Superior 1777. W. T. Brannon, President and Treasurer; Ted Leitzell, Vice-President and Secretary. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Mount Morris, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Annual subscription, \$2.50 in U.S. and Possessions, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the republics of Central and South America; other foreign subscriptions, \$3.50. The whole contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without permission. Title "Real America" registered in U.S. Patent Office. Copyright, 1935, by Real America, Inc. Printed in U.S.A.

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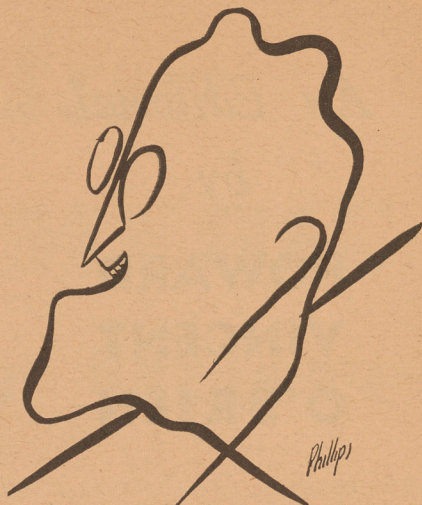
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Behind the Scene with the Editor

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR! And a plague on the sixth anniversary of what future historians will probably call the Great American Bust. . . . As we approach the threshold of another new year, filled with God only knows what uncertainties, we find ourselves hardened against any adversity. If these last six years have done nothing else, they have toughened our fibre. They have also taught us that the copybook axioms, learned in our youth, are a wet smack. We have learned, for example, that honesty is *not* the best policy—if one wants to live well. We need only look about us to see plenty of men, living in splendor, who acquired their wealth dishonestly and are no less respected because of that. They are highly regarded in their community, admired by their fellows, received by the “best people.” Nobody cares, apparently, *how* a man gets his money, so long as he gets it—and keeps out of jail. If I wanted to be mean I could name half a dozen in my immediate neighborhood; but two will suffice: Samuel Insull and Robert Sweitzer. Sam is again living on the Gold Coast, regarded by all as a fine old man, and Happy Bob, who “got away” with half a million, is called a mighty clever lad. I have yet to observe anybody shunning either of these men—or any other men who’ve accumulated riches by questionable means. It simply isn’t done. Not in this glorious land of liberty.

With the new year, too, come the politicians, again pointing with pride and viewing with alarm; for this is a presidential year, and we’re in for a hellish lot of ranting. Well out in front, at this writing, is Herbert Hoover; and if anybody believes Herbert won’t be top boy in the next G.O.P. scramble, he doesn’t know his politics. The Great Engineer will either run himself, or decide who shall. There’s nothing surprising in this, of course. The only surprising thing about Hoover is his recent speech-making. All at once he has blossomed forth with speeches that a man can listen to without falling asleep. They sparkle with wit and epigram, as unlike his former talks as Jimmy Durante is unlike Jim Farley. I wonder who’s ghost-writing them. I can no more conceive of Herbert Hoover originating a wise-crack at a microphone than I can visualize Chief Justice Hughes doing a tap dance in a night club.

Maybe I’m wrong, but from where I sit it looks as if the Republican Party is going to lay another egg.

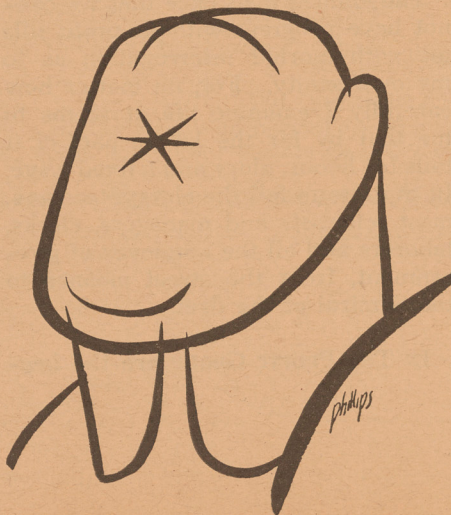


Franklin

... still smiling, after three years.

I’ve sometimes wondered if anybody ever reads this page. Now I know that people not only read it; they even study it with a microscope. Two months ago I ran a photograph here, captioned: “Moonlight on Mobile Bay.” Immediately one of my sharp-shooting readers (Mr. Roy E. Fencott, of Chicago) wrote: “In the lower left corner faintly appear the words, ‘When the Sun is Low.’” This correction was followed by others, including a front-page clipping from a southern newspaper, stating: “A picture of sunset on Mobile Bay is carried in the November *REAL AMERICA*.” I wish I might say the thing was a gag, but I can’t. The best I can say is, I’ve closely examined the picture again and I swear it still looks like a moonrise.

We open our book this month with a gorgeous show-up of Gertrude Stein’s hilarious hoax. You will find the story on page 8, and, since it



Herbert

... wants another piece of pie.

speaks for itself, no comment is required of me; but I should like to say a word concerning Miss Stein’s latest work, a thin volume entitled *Narration*, published December 17 by the University of Chicago Press. I have long since learned the futility of trying to review the work of Gertrude Stein, but I cannot resist quoting a few lines from the foreword written by Thornton Wilder for her new outburst: “The highly individualism [sic] in which they (four Stein lectures in *Narration*) are written reposes upon an unerring ear for musical cadence and upon a conviction that repetition is a form of insistence and emphasis that is characteristic of life, of history, and of nature itself.” Now that, I submit, is sufficient warning of the danger that lurks in Steinism: if you don’t watch out, you’re apt to get that way yourself.

The opening of the opera season again revives the demand for “Opera in English.” Many opera-goers, and more who are not, insist that “opera should be sung in our own language.” But there’s no good reason why grand opera should ever be sung in English—unless it’s an English opera. Music is the universal language. No matter what its nationality, it is understood by every race. The Italian tongue is the most pleasing to the ear, the most flexible and musical, and is therefore ideally adapted to operatic scores and should be preferred above all others. But the soundest argument against hearing opera sung in English is the libretto. Most librettos are dull and conventional, expressing commonplace thoughts in a hackneyed style. Thus, we derive more enjoyment from the score if we don’t understand the words. A beautiful aria—say, from *Rigoletto* or *Traviata*—that seems to pour forth a sublime thought usually conveys nothing more inspired than a banal “Does he love me?” You’ll find the same sentiment, expressed the same way, in *Bertha*, the *Sewing Machine Girl*. So let’s forget about opera in English. Let’s get the most from Italian opera—or French or German—by listening to the music and ignoring the words.

Ages ago, when the saber-toothed tiger roamed this continent, life was highly uncertain, and we shudder to think of its danger to man; but man probably didn’t worry much about it—any more than we, today, worry about another danger far more menacing. Whenever we enter a city

(Continued on page 75)

The Profit Motive

An Editorial

by

**HOWARD
VINCENT
O'BRIEN**



A CHAP WITH WHOM I frequently ride to town improved the opportunity the other day to correct some fallacies of mine. One of them was my disbelief in the potency of the profit motive.

"Without expectation of profit," he said patiently, "you cannot have enterprise. Why should a man work if he doesn't think he's going to get anything out of it? Would the northwest ever have been developed if fellows like Jim Hill hadn't been tempted by 14 per cent money?"

My friend considers himself—and is considered—a "practical" man. It would pain and puzzle him to know that I think of him as stranded on the rock of adolescence, forever blowing bubbles that burst at the touch of fact.

THIS MAN IS WORTH ANALYZING, because his kind is numerous. He has been a salaried man all his life. He has been able to maintain enough life insurance to support his family at about a fourth of its present standard. His home is mortgaged for nearly half its value and he sees no possibility of reducing the mortgage. He had made a small start toward provision for his old age, but that vanished in the great crash. He avoids thinking about the possibility of losing his job or what a long illness would do to him.

As salaries go, his is large. He is quite content with it. He asks no more

than its continuance. He doesn't see it, but except for the size of his pay check and the fact that it comes to him monthly, he is indistinguishable from the laborer who is hired and fired by the day.

THIS MAN BELIEVES implicitly in the value of the profit motive and laments the tendency of government to tamper with the lives of individuals. He calls the fixing of minimum wages and maximum hours socialistic. He resents the efforts of labor to organize. He looks askance at unemployment insurance and is dubious about old-age pensions. And when I suggested to him that the pioneers would never have had their chance at 14 per cent money if they had not been preceded by such unacquisitive men as Marquette he looked as blank as if I had propounded a problem in calculus.

The endless insistence that we cannot have progress without profit fills me with morbid interrogation as to my own sanity. For, no matter how carefully I examine life, it seems to me that by far the larger part of it toils for honor, glory and a fixed wage. In that group fall the clergy, teachers, most scientists and managers, clerks, laborers and all the employees of government, from the street cleaner to the admiral of the fleet.

IN THE PROFIT GROUP are the law-

yers, part of the medical profession, the majority of farmers, the small shopkeepers and the small-service units, and the entrepreneurs of business—numerically few. It is probable that, by and large, those who depend on the uncertainties of profit are less well off than those on fixed incomes. For the few who profit largely by speculation in time and money there are thousands to whom the lure of profit is like the carrot tied on a donkey's nose.

Doubtless there will always be men who prefer a gamble with large stakes to enjoying a limited security. But it is likely that the number of these will perforce decrease, as there become fewer fields for speculation. Gone forever is the opportunity to exploit natural resources and with it, I think, has gone the opportunity for reckless manipulation of corporations. The chances for the accumulation of great fortunes are perceptibly fewer.

Slowly it is dawning on the masses that they have deluded themselves. They become more willing to take the cash and let the credit go. In time even such enthusiastic believers in the profit motive as my high-salaried friend will face the reality of their position and will come to see that a basic security and an opportunity for a lifelong expression of their best talents is superior to the mirage of possible "killings."

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Gertrude Stein's Magnificent Hoax

*How a Party in Paris, Where the Wine Flowed
Freely, Led to the Most Gigantic Practical Joke
Ever Perpetrated on the American Literary Public*

By **LUCILLE HECHT**

in an Exclusive Interview with

COLONEL JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU VOORHIES

Miss Stein's Press Agent de Luxe

TWO WINTERS AGO NEW YORK was turning handsprings over Gertrude Stein. She was hailed as the greatest writer of the age, the inventor of a new and distinctive form of expression. Critics thundered in her behalf. "Who is Stein? . . . what is Stein? . . . what does it all mean? . . ." and a thousand other questions.

Newspapers filled their columns with Steinian gibberish. College professors read profundity into such expression as "one and one and one and one is one and one is one." Chicago society matrons vied with one another in explaining this new and marvelous writing. But Gertrude Stein stayed in Paris, month after month, not certain that the joke would last.

For it was a joke, the most stupendous practical joke in the history of literature. It was conceived at a glorious party where everyone had a little too much. Its objective was to bring literary recognition to Gertrude Stein. The joke was that Gertrude cannot write, and that none knew this better than she.

Rousseau Voorhies, former Broadway actor, member of the Louisiana Bar, liaison officer between French and American armies during the World War, and well known figure in the publishing world, is the chief culprit. He it was who saw the possibilities of Gertrude's little joke, who suggested that she be cast on a world wide stage. However, it was Bernard Fay, peerless French historian,¹ who first recognized Stein as the world's greatest clown.

MY FIRST CONTACT with the hoax came after hearing Mr. Voorhies

¹ Author of *Benjamin Franklin, Apostle of Our Modern Times*, *The Two Franklins, Roosevelt and His America*, *Freemasonry and Revolution*, etc.

² Author of *Personality Pointers*, now *Mary Morgan* of radio fame.



Colonel Voorhies

broadcast over Jill Edwards' Personality Program, telling the world about Gertrude Stein. A few days later I was stuck for an announcer on a program my agency was sponsoring, when I walked Rousseau to see one of my associates. I asked him to help us through this emergency, and he thought it would be lots of fun. He continued to handle our broadcast all through the summer of 1933, and gave three talks a week about the Great Gertrude.

From then on I was with him through the whole fantastic publicity program. I knew most of what was happening, and helped with much of it. Rousseau promised me that when the time came for the full story to be printed, I should have the interview. Last week we had lunch at Jarvis

Hunt's exclusive Key Club, 150 East Ontario Street, Chicago, and Rousseau Voorhies filled out the gaps in my notes. Here is the first authentic tale of the great hoax, **FOUR SAINTS IN THREE ACTS**.

VOORHIES WENT to Paris in the winter of 1932, armed with letters of introduction from his friend, Colonel Jasper Newton Tankersley, western manager for the Macmillan Company, world famous book publishers. These letters opened the doors to all Parisian social and literary circles, but in spite of that, Rousseau enrolled at the University of Paris for a doctorate in the study of humor. In addition, he began to attend a course of lectures at the College of France, given by his good friend, Bernard Fay.

It would seem that Fay should have been the humor lecturer, rather than Dr. Louis Cazamian.³ Fay asked Rousseau why he should waste time studying humor when the greatest humorist in the world was a fellow attendant at the Fay history lectures.

"Who is she?" asked Rousseau.

"Gertrude Stein," answered Fay, "she has convinced many people that her childish rambling is literature."

Bernard arranged the introductions, and soon the "Four Saints," (Stein, her female companion Toklas, Rousseau, and Fay) began to have regular "teas" where the mildest refreshment was wine. Here the joke began.

GERTRUDE STEIN had lived in Paris for nearly thirty years, maintaining a pseudo-Bohemian menage with the moderate, but adequate, income she had inherited. Her flowing board attracted many an impecunious painter and writer during the early years, and

³ Author of *The Development of English Humor*, *The History of English Literature, Criticism in the Making*, etc. (all Macmillan publications).

Four Saints and Two Dogs



Act One of the Four Saints

Caricature by Rogalski

Pipe

Voorhies

Stein

Fay

Toklas

Basket

from her group emerged such figures in modern art as Picasso and Matisse. Her crop of writers was not quite so successful. Although she fed hundreds, and succeeded in identifying herself with Sherwood Anderson and Carl Van Vechten *after they became established*, the only well known writer to come from her free lunch counter was Ernest Hemingway. It should be understood that Stein has had no connection with the development or achievements of these men—from the hundreds her table attracted, only a few succeeded.

Gertrude had a number of published works to her credit, but she had paid for the publication of practically all of them herself. She talked of her modernistic writing, which she compared to Picasso's painting, al-

though she knew *then* it had exactly the same literary merit as the haphazard pencil markings made by an average person during a telephone conversation. Stein had shown years before that all of her "ga-ga" style was merely a species of automatic writing developed while she was a student under the pioneer experimental psychologist William James.⁴ She was physically lazy, and although her mind was clear and brilliant, she could not force herself to the physical effort of coherent writing. Instead, she preferred to spend somnolent hours in idle pencil pushing, and then try to persuade people that this was a new form of modernistic expression drawn from deep within her soul.

⁴ Has Gertrude Stein a Secret? by B. F. Skinner, *Atlantic Monthly*, Jan. 1934.

Her first serious work, *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, was inspired by her literary agent in Paris, Bradley, who asked her why she didn't quit writing junk if she wanted her books to sell. She had been working on it for nearly a year when Rousseau met her, and was on the point of abandoning it in despair.

The friendship progressed rapidly. Rousseau teased Stein constantly about being the greatest genius since Shakespeare, urging her to complete the *Autobiography*, and Stein halfway believed him. Finally they staged a big party at Madame Poumot's, a famous Parisian restaurant, and drank deep of the fruit of the vine. Fay took Toklas home in a cab, while Rousseau and Stein went for a ride in her little Ford, which she called

Godiva. In the Bois de Boulogne Gertrude narrowly missed a tree, and stopped to let fresh air blow the wine fumes from her mind. She turned to Rousseau and said,

"My friend, you are the greatest comedian of the age."

"No," replied Rousseau, "you are. Let us prove it."

"How?" asked Gertrude.

"By making America think you are the greatest living literary genius."

She looked at him for a few moments in doubt, then said,

"Some day the Stein mystery must be explained. You are the one to do it. If I come to America, will you promise not to give me away until I have returned to Paris?"

"I'll do more than that," he answered. "I'll sell you to the corn belt."

They were fascinated with the connection between themselves and Gertrude's opera, *Four Saints in Three Acts*, for which Virgil Thomson had written the music. They saw themselves, with Fay and Toklas, as the four saints. Act One was to be their present scheme; Act Two, the popularization of Stein in America; Act Three, the explanation of Stein and the joke, to be written by Voorhies when the literary fireworks were over.

Gertrude began working every evening and soon finished the *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*. They saw

each other every week at Fay's lectures, and at the end of the course received their diplomas. Fay, in a generous mood, also gave one to Gertrude's dog Basket, but refused one to her other canine pet, Pipe, who had not behaved himself very well at the lectures. Basket, alumnus of the proud Collège de France, thus enters the dog Hall of Fame.⁵

ROUSSEAU RETURNED TO CHICAGO early in the summer of 1933, and immediately began talking Stein, Stein, Stein. Miss Elizabeth Horn, enthusiastic bibliophile, introduced him to Ward E. Guest, engineer and noted book collector, who helped and encouraged the growth of the great Stein saga throughout the midwest.

Gertrude had already received a certain amount of attention from people who read "ga-ga" style of writing and tried to find its meaning. Ernest Hemingway had flamed to fame, and during his rise paid tribute to Gertrude's encouragement and sponsorship in the lean years. Carl Van Vechten and Sherwood Anderson had found her modernistic and "arty." Accordingly, Rousseau's task was not so difficult as might be imagined. He already had the support of the small

⁵ This puts Basket in the same class as Bronte McCormick, who in 1915 became the most distinguished canine member of the National Geographic Society. See November REAL AMERICA, p. 27.—Ed.

literary group that credits all things incomprehensible with profundity. His radio broadcasts, newspaper interviews, and lectures before social and educational gatherings reached the vast audience that rushes to buy best sellers. He popularized the name Gertrude Stein with people who would never, under any circumstance, read more than one line of her gibberish. Sterling North, with tongue in cheek, called him Stein's "press agent de luxe."

The ground was all prepared when Stein's *Autobiography* appeared in September, 1933 (after being published serially in *The Atlantic Monthly*). It caught the reviewers off balance; they didn't know what to do with it. Many panned it, notably Harry Beardsley and Sterling North of the *Chicago Daily News*, who gave it the fishy stare it deserved. North called it a piece of "adequately written prose." Beardsley had earlier paraphrased Stein by saying "a neurosis is a neurosis is a neurosis."

Most critics gave it serious attention; many praised it. *Time*, "The Weekly Newsmagazine," unwittingly helped Rousseau tremendously. In addition to giving it columns of space, speaking of the "incomprehensible sentences, in which an infuriating glimmer of shrewd sense or subacid humor is discernible." *Time* devoted the front cover of its September 11 (1933) issue to a photograph of Gertrude Stein!

The *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*,⁶ aided by the blasts of publicity from befuddled critics, and the whooping publicity of Rousseau, became a best seller. Stein was discussed with profound misunderstanding in women's clubs throughout the land. Grant Wood⁷, whom Gertrude had flattered and called "America's first artist," organized Stein Clubs in Iowa. And Harry Moses, shrewd producer of *Grand Hotel* and *The Old Maid*, decided he might cash in on this synthetic fame by staging *Four Saints in Three Acts*.

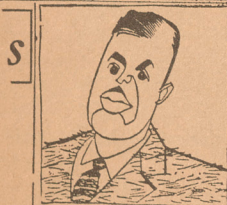
AFTER A ONE NIGHT STAND in Hartford, Connecticut, the opera appeared on Broadway early in 1934. Critics were again bewildered, and it was one of the most widely publicized theatrical presentations in history. But, in spite of its fame, of its really gorgeous music by Virgil Thomson, and of the marvelous staging by Moses, the words by Gertrude Stein were so banal and meaningless that it was soon running at a loss, and was forced to close in a few weeks.

Chicago society read the press no-

⁶ Many suspect that Miss Stein employed a "ghost" writer to help her with the *Autobiography*.—Ed.
⁷ Miss Hecht wrote an illuminating and authoritative analysis of Grant Wood which was published in *Inland Topics* in March 1935.—Ed.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1934.

BOOK and AUTHOR



VOORHIES

A Facsimile of a Page of the Letter.

IN THE MORNING MAIL FROM GERTRUDE STEIN

Explanation: Rousseau Voorhies, descendant of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and well known in the publishing world, went to Paris last year, where, through his friend Bernard Fay, who was editing "The Making of Americans," he met Gertrude Stein. Both Alice B. Toklas and Gertrude's dog, Basket, approved of Mr. Voorhies, so he was admitted to the inner sanctum at 27 rue de Fleurus, where for four months Stein, Toklas, Fay and Voorhies drank tea twice a week and talked about everything imaginable. Voorhies, who is speaking on Miss Stein on Friday, March 23, at 7:45 p. m., before the College Club at the Library Coffee house, received this letter today from Gertrude in response to his request for a clarifying statement on her work.



STEIN

THE TEXT OF THE LETTER.

27 rue de Fleurus.

My Dear Rousseau:

I would have written you sooner but as you may imagine, the excitement of the year has drowned out everything else and I am happy about it but now I am once more calm and so here goes. Yes, I am very interested in what you are doing and I imagine that the best thing you could do would be after your preliminary address to read very short paragraphs particularly from "Melantha" and the "Making of Americans," to make them realize that it is not repetition but insistence in an infinite variety, that it never repeats but it changes, just as everything changes. That the great struggle at that time in my mind was the question of tenses, tenses. I was trying to escape from the narrative of the nineteenth century to the actuality of the twentieth and that to do so I had to change tenses and that was a tremendous job, and led to apparent repetition, but real variety, and then read pieces to them to show it and you will, I think, lead them to see what I am driving at and was driving at at that time. If you can make them realize this question of tenses, tenses, I think you will be able to put them on their way and if you choose a paragraph and read it aloud to them very slowly I think you can make them see it. "Composition as Explanation" has also some good examples. If they once see this, the rest follows, and they will be able to read it without confusing them but really with clearing them up.

I hope this will be of help to you. We are having a busy and exciting winter all of us and we miss you out of it. Do let me know how your lecture goes. Basket and Pipe join us in remembrances. Always,

(Signed) GERTRUDE STEIN.

he shall be read it without confusing them but really with clearing them up.
I hope this will be of help to you. We are having a very busy and exciting winter all of us and we miss you out of it. Do let me know how your lecture goes. I am really very interested. Basket and Pipe join us in remembrances.
Always
Gertrude Stein

From the Chicago Daily News Book Page

tices and was agog. Rousseau Voorhies, as America's greatest exponent of the Stein saga, became very much in demand. Whereas, he had at first worked hard to secure publicity, he now was forced to labor to keep from spending all of his time explaining her.

His skill as an actor came to his aid, but his irrepressible sense of the comic nearly caused his downfall. He lectured before the Vocational Society for Shut-Ins; The Chicago Arts Club; The Cordon Club; The Casino Club; The Chicago Woman's Club; The Illinois Host House at Chicago's Century of Progress; The College Club; and numerous university and college groups throughout the midwest, in addition to many radio talks.

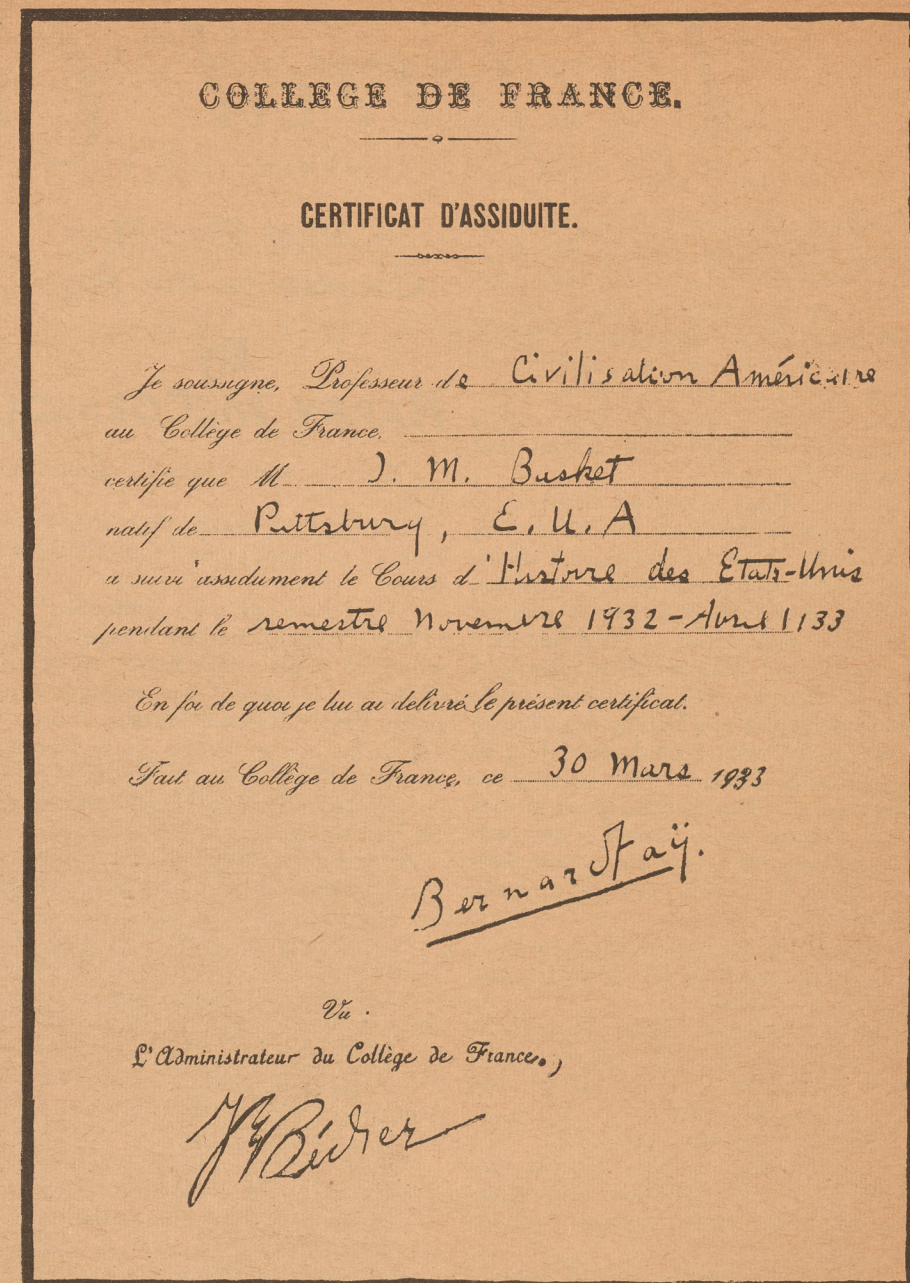
Most of the social leaders who listened to his lectures believed that Rousseau Voorhies was the prophet of a new genius, the Great Gertrude Stein who had discovered and utilized a new medium of expression. However, there were some, skeptical and intelligent, with well developed senses of humor, who took everything he said with a grain of salt. Notable among these were Mrs. Laird Bell, Miss Emily Larned, Mrs. King Corsant, Mrs. Frederick Poole, Jr., Miss Narcissa Swift, Mrs. Mitchell D. Follansbee, Mrs. Kenneth Munsert, Mrs. Jacob Baur, Mrs. J. Hamilton Lewis, Mrs. Edward Leight, Mrs. Arthur Meeker, Mrs. Earl Zimmerman, Mrs. Walter Brewster, Mrs. John Winterbotham, Mrs. Dexter Fairbank, and Mrs. Albert Madlener.

It must not be assumed that Chicago's sagacious society reporters were all fooled. They attended Rousseau's lectures, and reported them with tongues just as prominently in their cheeks as his. Any intelligent person who cares to read back copies of the *Tribune*, *American*, *News*, and *Herald and Examiner*, will see that Rousseau was pulling society's "limb," and that the society reporters knew it.

However, Mrs. Henry Field, attractive cigarette ad model who also does society reporting, objected to his hilarious antics, calling him a self-appointed publicist and votarist of Gertrude Stein.

SHORTLY AFTER ROUSSEAU returned from Europe he met Hub Murphey, former swimming star at Northwestern who had been Fay's secretary in Paris some months earlier. They became fast friends, and when Fay came to Chicago during the summer of 1933, Hub and Rousseau planned a series of parties in his honor. At first they introduced the famous Four Saints salad, which Rousseau later taught the chef of the Sherman Hotel to make.

Hub and I were to blame for a serious misadventure at this party.



Europe's Most Highly Educated Dog

A Copy of Basket's Diploma from the College of France

We had been serving cocktails freely, when we decided that a Four Saints salad might be all right, but that a Four Saints cocktail would be the most entrancing thing ever. We went into Rousseau's diminutive kitchen and filled his four-quart shaker from the first four bottles we could find. If memory serves correctly, it was *crème de menthe*, scotch, absinthe, and gin.

Hub rushed out with the shaker, proudly announcing our new invention. Nothing would do but that our guest of honor must receive the full Four Saints blessing. Poor Professor Fay, accustomed to drinking wines, and fatigued from a heavy day of lecturing at the University of Chicago, was soon overwhelmed with our high voltage mixture. The apartment was small, so he retired to the bathroom and took a nap in the tub. Neither

Hub nor I could resist the temptation; we turned on the shower and gave him a thorough soaking.

Rousseau had promised Elsa Mayer, an associate of mine in our agency, "Creative Radio Advertising," an introduction to Fay, and arranged a party for the next evening. At the last minute Fay was unable to attend, but Rousseau was too kind hearted to disappoint Elsa. He asked his distinguished friend, Dr. Joseph LeBlanc, head of the Romance Language Department of Loyola University, to impersonate Fay. Dr. LeBlanc did it perfectly, and discussed his works with Elsa for several hours, far more humorously than Fay could have done.

A few weeks later Rousseau had a party in honor of a distinguished editor from New York. Other prominent

(Continued on page 70)

Preferred Claims

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By
HARRY McCORMICK

"DREXEL LEATHER CO., BANKRUPT!" sang out the nasal voice of the clerk as he solemnly intoned the next case.

Five or six lawyers stood up in various parts of the room. Under their arms they carried portfolios of black and brown alligator skin. They came forward briskly, their steps muffled in the thick blue carpet that covered the floor.

Silently they arranged themselves in front of the judge's bench, bowing fraternally to the judge, to each other, pulling the zippers on their portfolios, smiling, and taking out their papers.

An old man, thin, stooped, shuffled up and stood behind them. He was not a lawyer. His coat and pants were too faded and baggy. His shapeless felt hat was held behind him in his gnarled hands. His eyes were rheumy, and the netlike pockets beneath them were damp. He was freshly shaved, and his white hair was parted on one side and neatly brushed.

One of the lawyers made a meticulous adjustment of his bow tie and cleared his throat.

"May it please Your Honor," he began pompously, "I represent the Receiver. This is a motion to discharge the Bankrupt."

The judge bowed solemnly. The lawyer handed up his Notice and Petition, neatly fastened and blue-backed. The clerk passed it on to the judge.

The judge began to read it, slowly, page after page. The lawyers stood motionless. The room was silent. There was only the rustle of the pages and the subdued rumble of the city many stories below. The heavily draped windows, carpeted floor, and long mahogany benches gave a hushed dignity to the vast room.

The judge read on, turning the pages. Finally he raised his head.

"There are \$3,900 in assets; is that right?" he asked the lawyer.

"Yes, Your Honor."

"And the claims are \$21,000?"

"That's right, Your Honor, but in addition to that, there are several counsel here this morning to present additional claims for fees."

THE GROUP OF LAWYERS nodded, eagerly, like ferrets.

"Very well," said the judge. "What are they?"

All the lawyers cleared their throats in unison. It was startling. Then a starchy little lawyer with a large bald head stepped forward.

"What is your claim?" asked the judge.

"Six hundred and fifty dollars, Your Honor," he said, handing up his statement.

"What services were rendered?"

The lawyer picked up a typewritten sheet of paper, and began to read: "January 10, 1935, I was engaged two hours before Referee Martin; January 14, three hours before Your Honor; January 29, two hours before—"

"All right," said the judge, before he had finished. "Next."

A pompous lawyer, fingering the black ribbon on his pince-nez, handed his statement to the clerk.

"What is your claim?" asked the judge.

"One thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. This is practically a bread-and-butter fee, Your Honor. I've been in this matter from its inception, sometimes giving it hours from my accustomed rest and recreation—"

"What services were rendered?" asked the judge, interrupting him.

The lawyer read from several typewritten pages. "January 3, 1935, I was engaged one hour before Referee Martin; January 5, two hours before—" His voice droned on for several minutes.

"All right," said the judge, again interrupting him, "Next."

The next was for \$400; another for \$900. It was all routine—the questions, the hours, the interruptions of the judge.

THE LAST STATEMENT was for \$250. The judge interrupted the tall lawyer who handed it up.

"Just a moment," he said, and smiled faintly, "I'm not sure there's that much left."

They all smiled. This would be a corking joke on the tall lawyer if the funds were all eaten up. It would be something to tell and laugh about when they gathered for lunch at the Bar Association's dining room. Old Henry Adams, the president, would get a kick out of that.

They waited expectantly while the judge slowly added up the total. His eyes twinkled as he raised his head.

"There's a balance of \$200," he said. "Will counsel accept that amount in full for his claim?"

Counsel was a good sport. He said something about having very little choice in the matter, and then indicated his willingness to accept the \$200 as payment in full.

The pompous lawyer removed his pince-nez and chuckled out loud. They all smiled, bowed to each other, gathered up their papers, put them in their alligator portfolios, pulled the zippers, and walked away.

The old man stood as if exposed when the protecting circle vanished. He looked around at the departing lawyers. Bewilderment was in his faded eyes. He took a step as if to follow them, hesitated, and looked back at the bench.

THE JUDGE GLANCED at him, surprised.

"See what he wants," he said to the clerk.

The clerk leaned forward. "What do you want?"

The man shuffled his old shoes. He held out a piece of soiled, folded paper. The clerk unfolded the paper and handed it to the judge.

"Twenty-five dollars," said the judge, reading it. "What's this for?"

"I'm the caretaker, Judge, Your Honor." His voice was thin.

"Caretaker?" The judge frowned. "For what?"

"Drexel Leather Company. I work—"

"We just finished that matter."

The man fumbled his hat, swallowing. "One—one of the lawyers said I'd get my money this morning, if—if I—"

The judge tapped his pencil impatiently. "We've disposed of that matter. Where were you?"

The man pointed a palsied finger at a spot on the carpet behind him. "I was standing there, Judge, Your Honor. One of the lawyers said there was three thousand nine hundred—"

"There was," cut in the judge. "There's nothing left now. The lawyers have—"

"Inglemann Produce Company, Bankrupt!" sang out the nasal voice of the clerk.

Five or six lawyers stood up in various parts of the room. Under their arms they carried portfolios of black and brown alligator skin. They came forward briskly, their steps muffled in the thick blue carpet that covered the floor. . . .

Pilots of Progress

The Story of Two Decades of Development in Aviation—America's Great New Transportation Industry

By **JENNINGS RANDOLPH** *"The Flying Congressman"*

"WHAT'S GOING ON OVER AT MINEOLA?", said George McGee to his companion, as they were driving down the gravelled road on Long Island, the morning of September 23, 1911.

"Oh, some fool by the name of

Ovington is trying to break his neck," was the reply he received. "He thinks that he is going to fly a sack of letters from Mineola to Long Island City. Frank Hitchcock, the Postmaster-General down at Washington, has put

him up to it. Hitchcock says that some day there will be established regular air mail service in this country. He should quit puttering around with such things and attend to his business."

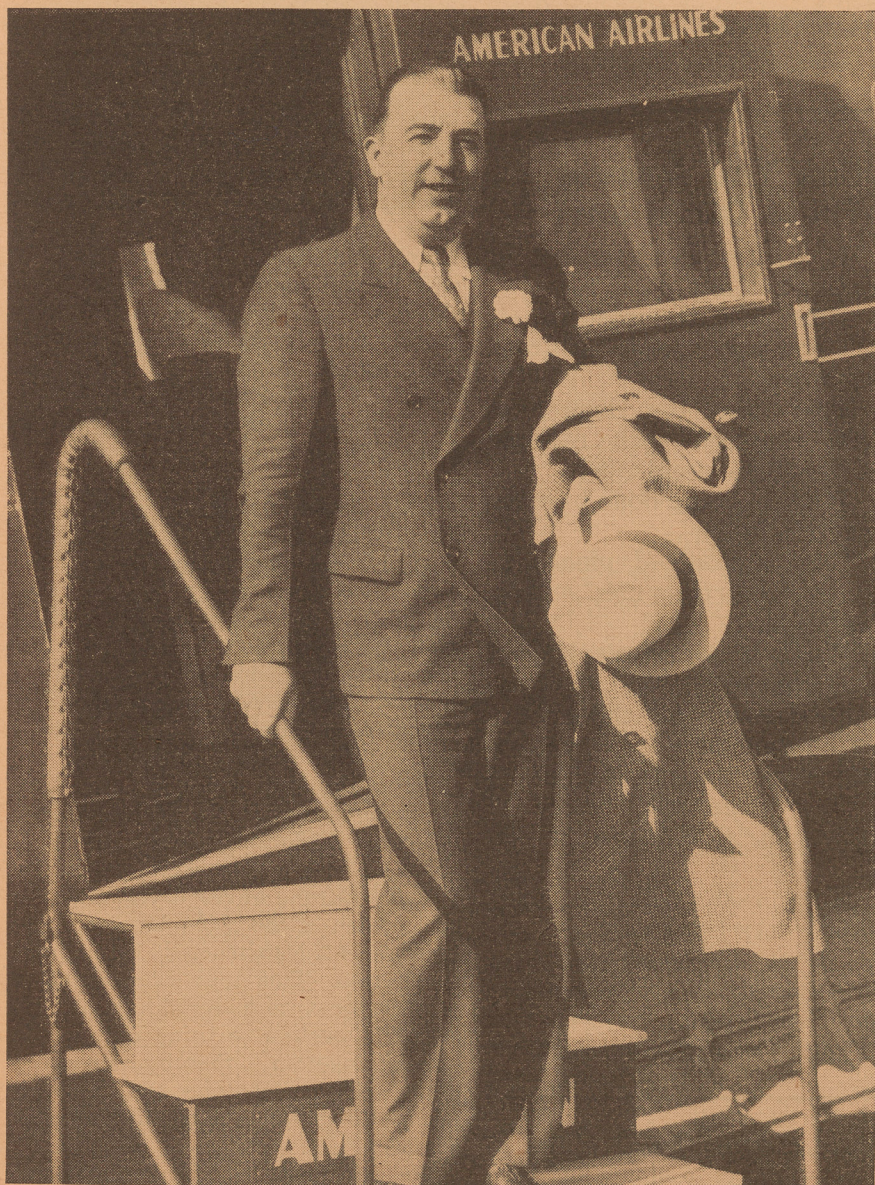
At the little flying field on that eventful day there was much activity and excitement. Earl Ovington, a naval pilot, was there with his little Bleriot airplane. On his head was strapped a heavy "crash helmet," imported from Paris for the purpose of protecting the head of the pilot in the event of forced landing.

At one end of the field a tent had been erected and a sign had been lettered on it: "Air Mail Post Office," the first of its kind in the history of this country. The pilot's wife was there to see him off. The New York newspapers had sent their reporters over to cover the event, probably thinking it just another publicity flight.

Genial Frank Hitchcock, who had been appointed Postmaster-General by President Taft, arrived on the scene, surrounded by friends and well wishers. To him this flight was a serious venture, important enough to warrant his coming from Washington to participate in it. Mr. Hitchcock was a man of vision and initiative. He believed in the airplane as an instrument of commerce, a vehicle of transportation which would speed up the delivery of United States mail.

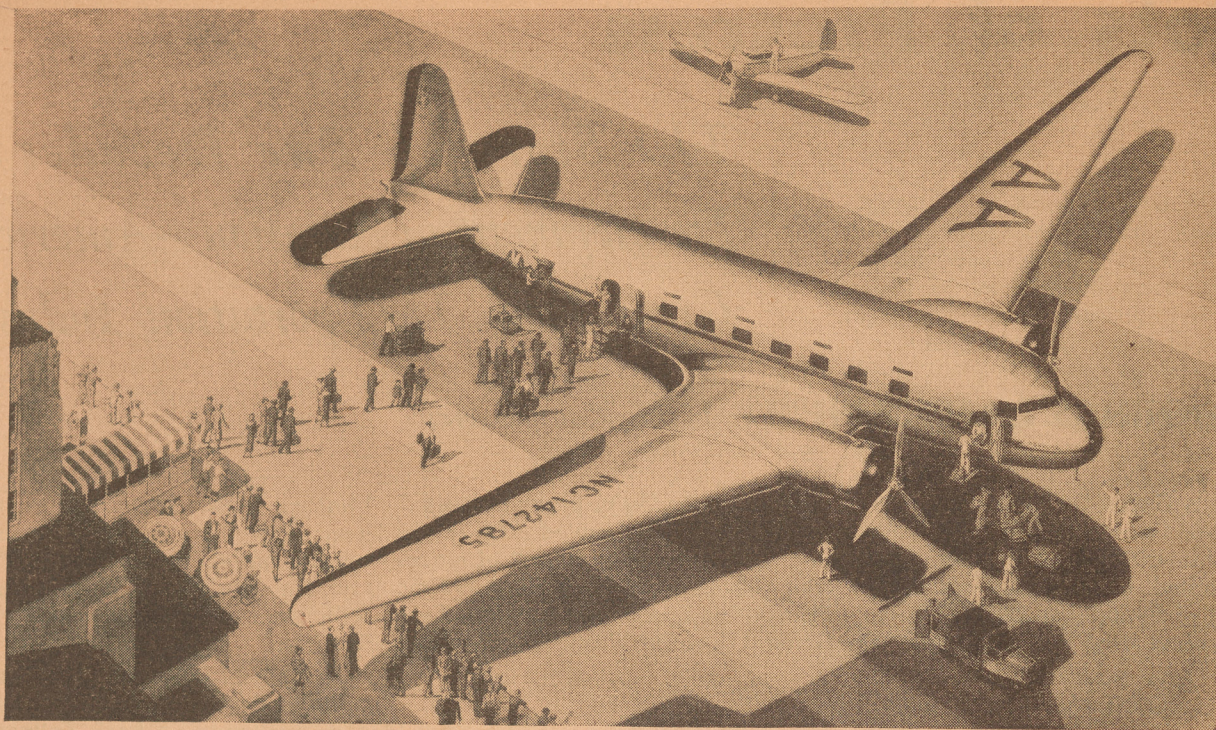
The little Bleriot was rolled up to the line. It looked large and modern in those days, capable of the astounding top speed of 85 miles an hour. Ailerons were not used then and the pilot banked the airplane by shifting his weight from side to side. The wheels looked as if they had been borrowed from a convenient bicycle, and there was an amazing collection of brace wires to insure the rigidity of the airplane.

A mechanic pulled the propeller through, the engine fired, Ovington adjusted his crash helmet, took the small sack of mail from Mr. Hitch-



Jennings Randolph

Thirty-three-year-old flying Congressman from West Virginia.



New Douglas Airsleeper

"... now being built for American Airlines."

cock, and the plane took off down the grassy field. He was headed for Garden City, twenty miles away, and the first air mail flight was under way.

History was being written on Long Island that day.

THE YEARS HAVE ROLLED BY and we are now at the Newark Airport, only 25 miles from the field where the first air mail flight was made. It is September 23, 1935, twenty-four years to a day from the time when Postmaster General Hitchcock handed the first sack of air mail to Earl Ovington.

Planes are arriving every few minutes. Here comes a big Douglas, smart and shining. It is the *Southerner*, the crack ship of American Airlines from Los Angeles. It rolls up to the administration building platform and fourteen passengers disembark, fresh from California, Arizona, Texas, and Tennessee.

Here comes a Boeing 247, winging its way from San Francisco and Chicago. It is one of a large fleet of similar sturdy and dependable planes operated by United Airlines. Next, a fine Douglas, with the insignia of TWA on its wings, showing the informed onlooker that it is from Los Angeles, Kansas City, and Pittsburgh, bringing a full ship load of passengers to New York for their day's business.

A Douglas lands from Miami with a big EAL on the fuselage and the color of Eastern Air Lines on its nose. The passengers disembark. Some of them are from Miami, Palm Beach, and Richmond. Others are speaking Spanish and we find that they have flown to Miami from Rio de Janeiro

Can You Answer These Questions?

1. Is air travel increasing or decreasing? How much?
2. How does the cost of air travel compare with railroad fares?
3. How does the danger of aviation compare with railroad and automobile accidents?
4. What is being done to make air travel safer?
5. Can commercial planes be converted to wartime use? If so, how is it done?
6. What is America's largest passenger plane?
7. How soon will the stratosphere be conquered? What will it mean to air transportation?
8. How does the youth of America stand in the aviation picture?
9. How fast will airplanes travel 50 years from now?
10. What is being done to promote trans-Atlantic passenger and mail service?

See page 41 for the answers.

and Buenos Aires, flying with Pan American Airways to Miami and then changing for New York.

The air mail is being unloaded and we follow the truck to the air mail field post office. It is not a tent this

time, but a sturdy, well-constructed, two-story brick building. Inside the building there are fifty busy clerks, sorting the tons of air mail which have arrived from every part of North and South America. Soon it will be delivered to the New York business man. It has taken less than twenty-four hours to collect this air mail from hundreds of cities throughout the United States and to deliver to the desk of the business man in New York City.

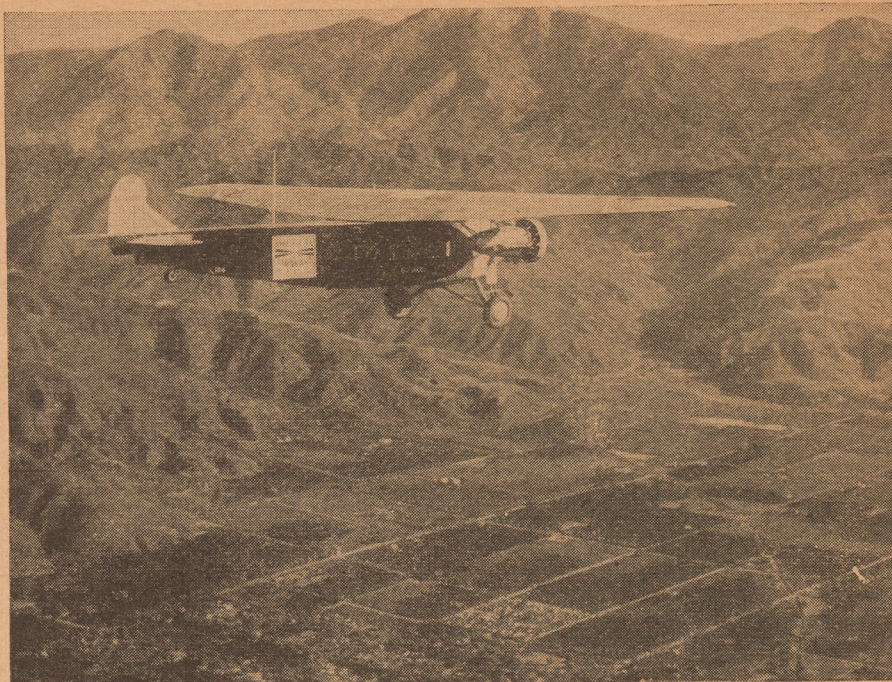
AS I WRITE THIS in my office in Elkins, West Virginia, I am mindful that this thriving little city of 8,000 population is served by air mail twice daily. The coming of passenger and mail transportation has opened our door to aviation and its growing possibilities. The airport development in my own community is but a small part of the great and far-reaching national program which is under way throughout the United States. Under the present Works Progress Administration plans, in cooperation with the Federal Bureau of Air Commerce, we are seeing some 250 Airports improved and constructed throughout the nation. This type of permanent improvement and building for the future is certain to bring our people closer together, thereby breaking down barriers of time and distance and making for a more united citizenry.

We are justly proud of the great American network of commercial air lines. American airplanes are faster, quieter and more comfortable than the airplanes of foreign countries.

American planes are being sold today in Europe for use on European air lines, simply because American airplanes are superior to those built on the other side.

FOR THE FIRST SIX MONTHS of 1935, 319,484 passengers traveled on the scheduled commercial lines in the United States, and for the first nine months some 650,000. This exceeded the total of all passengers carried by all of the airplanes operating in Europe. The American people are flying, and their patronage has made possible the fine development of commercial aviation in this country. The number of passengers carried during 1935 will be double the number carried in 1933. This serves to show the tremendous increase in the number of people using our airways. It is not unreasonable to believe that more than a million people will travel by air in 1936.

WE ASK IF AIR TRANSPORTATION is safe, and in reply the air lines frankly give us the figures. For the first six months of 1935 more than 40,000,000



Mail Plane of 1929

... on a transcontinental trip.



The First Air Mail

"... carried in 1911 from Mineola to Long Island City."

passenger miles were flown by the American scheduled transport lines for each passenger fatality. Compare that with similar figures for automobile traffic and you will be convinced that you are safer in the air than you are in your own automobile. On a mathematical basis the airplane is not yet as safe as the train, but the continued improvement in the records of the air lines leads us to believe that they soon may be comparable.

The Department of Commerce figures show us that the average air fare is 5.89c per mile. A comparison of the air fare and the rail fares between some of our principal cities, taking into consideration the saving effected in meals and tips, shows that in many instances the expense of a trip by air is materially lower than the expense of a similar trip on a first class train. On an average, of course, the air fares of the country are higher than average train fare, but air travel costs are going down. The average fare by plane today is only about half of what it was seven years ago.

Constant improvement is noticed in the employment of safety devices by the air lines. The past few years have witnessed the increasing use of automatic pilots, radio ranges, airport landing aids, increased motor reliability, stronger structure in the airplane, and better trained personnel. This continual improvement leads us to believe that within a reasonable time the question of safety in aviation will cause no more concern than a trip by train, boat, or other older and more established means of transportation.



1930 Airmail Flight

ACCOMPANYING THIS ARTICLE is a reproduction of the first drawing released for the airplane of 1936. It is a Douglas Airlsleeper, now being constructed by Donald Douglas for American Airlines, Inc. Ninety-five feet from wing tip to wing tip, 65 feet in length and nearly eighteen feet high, it is truly the greatest land plane so far developed. Sixteen people can sleep comfortably in the fine berths provided in this airplane. For daytime travelers, from 24 to 32 seats can be provided. With a top speed of 215 miles per hour, transcontinental schedules of less than fifteen hours are possible.

This Douglas commercial airplane is similar in construction to the Douglas bomber now being tested by the United States Army. It is possible to use this great commercial plane for defense purposes by installing bomb racks and machine guns.

THE COMMERCIAL AIR LINES of the United States now employ more than 8,000 skilled pilots, co-pilots, mechanics, radio operators, and other technicians. All of these men are available for the purpose of national defense. In the commercial air lines of the United States we have the finest secondary line of national defense possessed by any nation of the world.

All of the great air lines are constantly conducting research experiments, looking forward to the day of larger and faster planes. Many of them are engaged in experiments looking toward flights in the stratosphere, flying at altitudes up to 35,000 feet in pressure sealed cabin planes. This type of flying will probably be first used for mail and express flights

without passengers, with the pilot in a pressure cabin equipped with all known safety devices.

It will probably be from four to five years from now before passenger flights in the stratosphere are attempted. It is believed that within that time speeds approximating 350 miles per hour will be possible. For the present, the air lines are limiting their flights to an altitude of 12,000 feet or below to avoid any discomfort to their passengers.

With this article you will notice photographs of some of the men who are making commercial aviation possible. Nearly all of them are youthful,

men well under forty years of age. Most of them are transport pilots, able to fly airplanes themselves, and fully capable of directing the efforts of the men and women who work for them. Our hats are off to these young men, pioneers and pilots of progress in that greatest industry of this generation—commercial aviation.

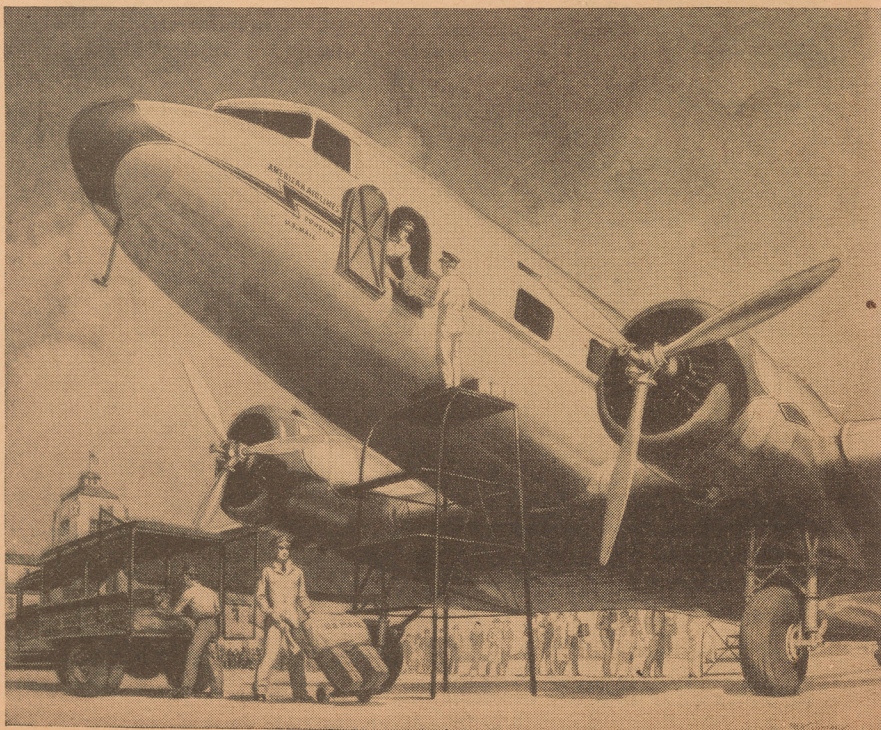
THE TIME IS NEARLY here when regular trans-Atlantic flights will be as commonplace as flying from New York to Chicago.

The Clipper ships which have been in regular service between the United States and South America, and the new Clippers just put in service on trans-Pacific flights, are perfectly capable of handling a trans-Atlantic schedule with speed, safety, and regularity.

I asked Eugene L. Vidal, youthful Director of Air Commerce, to send a special message to readers of REAL AMERICA. He replied,

"CONGRESSMAN RANDOLPH, writing on 'Pilots of Progress,' is dealing with a subject to which he has devoted a great deal of his time and attention in the capital, and with an industry and activity which mounts in importance to the American people year by year.

"The scheduled air lines in this country, carrying the mail, passengers and express which have to reach their destinations without delay have constantly improved their service and augmented the volume of their business. The total of passengers carried by the air lines in 1935 probably will reach 850,000. Miscellaneous flying operations such as charter service,

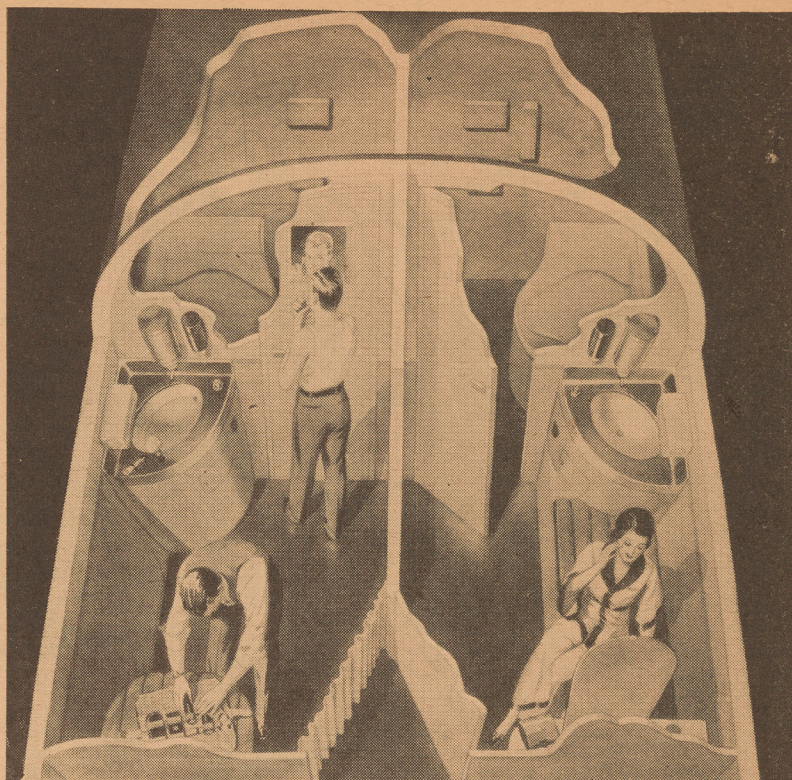


A Giant Mail Plane of Today

private flying and the like, as well as the manufacturing phase of the aeronautics industry have increased their volume of business in the past year or two.

"The federal government encourages the development of aeronautics in this country through the air mail contracts, purchases of equipment for the military services, and other government agencies, and through promotion and regulation of air commerce by the Department of Commerce. The Commerce Department's Bureau of Air Commerce establishes and maintains lighted and radio-equipped airways, promulgates and enforces safety regulations affecting air commerce, and in general promotes progress of the industry.

"That progress has been made is clear when comparisons are made with what we had a few years ago. In 1927 there were about 2,000 licensed airplanes, now there are more than 7,000. Over the same period licensed pilots have increased in number from 1,500 to nearly 15,000; airports from 1,000 to 2,300; miles of lighted and radio-equipped airways from 4,400 to more than 21,000."

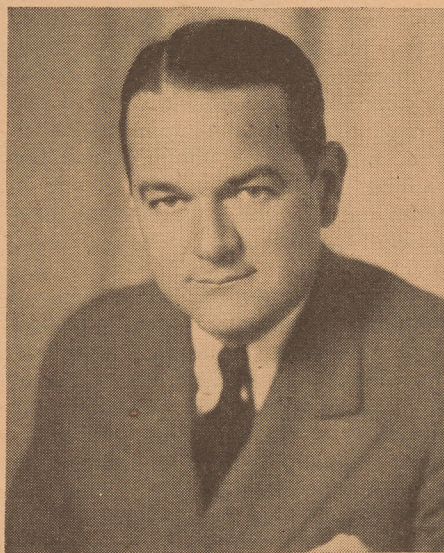


Interior View

... of American Airlines' new Douglas Airlsleeper.

W. A. Patterson

... president of United Air Lines, left a San Francisco bank to enter aviation. He became president of Boeing, which later became a unit of United Air Lines. When United was organized, Patterson went to the Chicago headquarters as assistant to the president. He later became president of this company, which is now one of the largest air transport systems in the world. Mr. Patterson was born in Honolulu and is thirty-eight years old.

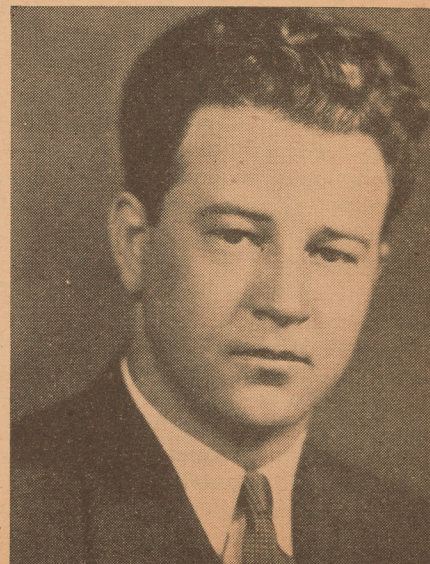
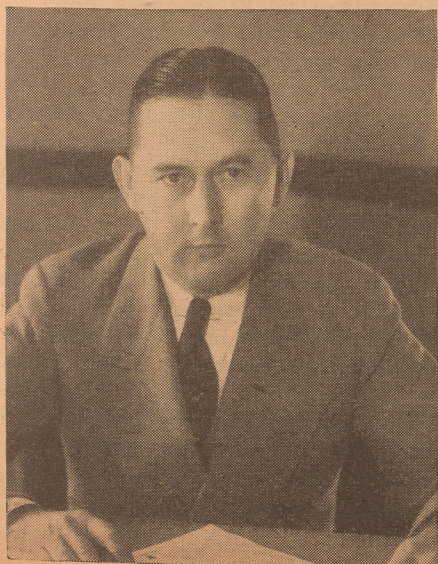


Jack Frye

... president of Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc., now 32 years old, is said to be the youngest head of any aviation company. A native of Oklahoma, Mr. Frye went to California when he was 19, learned to fly, engaged in exhibitions and instructing. In 1925, Mr. Frye helped form the Aero Corporation of California, which, merged with Western Air Express and Transcontinental Air Transport, grew into TWA. Mr. Frye remains an active pilot, making frequent solo flights to test new planes for the company.

C. R. Smith

... president of American Airlines, Inc., 36-year-old Texan, ranks as a top-notch-er among air executives. Beginning with Southern Air Transport, which was merged in 1929 with American Airlines, Mr. Smith quickly distinguished himself; moved to Chicago headquarters, became president in five years. His first year as president saw notable accomplishments, among them: American Airlines' passenger business increased 83 percent; a record for air safety was established; and 15 Douglas Sleeper Transport planes, designed for 15-hour transcontinental schedules, were ordered for service early in 1936. Smith is youthful, quick-witted, efficient, human.





The Banker Meets Himself Coming Around the Corner

Bankers, Business, and Bolsheviks

A Survey of the Strange Affinities of Usury and the U.S.S.R.

By HARPER LEECH

FEW PEOPLE HAVE CLEAR IDEAS about the difference between the business man and the financier. Not even business men and financiers as a rule have any keen sense of the distinction. Most financiers believe themselves to be business men. Most business men must be financiers to some extent, must think and act partly as financiers.

Nevertheless, the two are not the same and finance, as it is at present controlled and conducted, is more of an enemy than an agency of business. Primarily, business is concerned with the production of actual goods or the rendering of actual services. Finance was once the art and avocation of finding investors' cash savings for business men to use in paying for labor and materials. But more and more it has come to be a matter of creating debts and interest charges upon business and also upon governments, and of controlling both business and governments in order that the debts may be conserved and increased as much as possible, and that the interest and other charges be maintained as a preferred claim on the wealth producing activities of the nation.

As explored by scientists like Frederick Soddy, the great chemist who won the Nobel prize for his researches into radioactivity, and by genuine business men like Henry Ford, the fundamental economic conflict of modern civilization is between the producers of wealth and the

producers of debt. For the past fifty years the debt makers have been winning out all along the line. Today 80 percent of all the wealth in the United States has written against it some kind of paper claim, which has become marketable, so that trade in debts or finance has become our greatest commerce.

THIS CONDITION has led to such a confusion of thought that people have largely forgotten what real wealth is. Occasionally an Edward Carpenter or a Bernard Shaw will point out the absurdity of the idea that everybody could live by collecting interest or dividends from each other, but on the other hand a man like John J. Raskob could seriously propose a few years ago that everybody in the United States could be made rich by buying stocks at twenty times their rate of earnings and then watching them go up. Instead of laughing at him, a sucker nation followed his nutty advice.

This state of mind has been described by Soddy as follows: "The better educated and leisured classes, indeed, now usually regard the physical conception of wealth—that is, actual goods, fuel, food, and the like—as a crude and rude idea that civilization has grown out of. To them civilization means a much more advanced stage of society, and of "progress" in which wealthy people derive leisure without any effort in perpetuity as an interest payment on

some form of communal debt."

But it isn't only the rich coupon clipper who thinks that way. We are all bunked. As a rule rising prices are a sign that a nation is growing poorer, because higher prices mean smaller crops or less production of factory made goods. But we have become so dependent on huge mass of debts we have piled up and upon the continued payment of the interest upon them, not forgetting the taxes we must pay to keep up payments on government bonds, that our whole machine for producing goods gets out of gear if prices fall so low that debts and interest are harder to pay.

So we have come to the absurd condition in which business men, whose real business is to produce goods, find they can stay in business only by keeping prices up by restricting production. Under the same compulsions farmers have come to rejoice when crops are not too abundant. Under AAA the farmers have been invited to imitate the production control long since put into practice by Big Business under the whip of the financiers or debt merchants who have come to control so much of big business through acquiring control of its old debts and of the banking machinery which manufactures its fresh debts.

AS A RESULT OF THIS fundamental absurdity, most of civilization today is the victim of financial superstitions as gross and as untrue as the totemism, taboo, witchcraft, and devil wor-



Drawn for REAL AMERICA by Merrill Edgerley

King Kazooks Cracks Down on Business

ship under which our stone age ancestors lived lives of fear, relieved occasionally by the charms and incantations of the medicine man, voodoo doctor, or rain maker. Most of the mental history of mankind consists of the developments of such fear cults. We moderns think we are quite superior to all that. But as a matter of fact we believe in a financial voodooism even more ridiculous. And our bankers and financiers are the legitimate descendants of the witch doctors, shamans and other smart fellows who lived the life of Riley by working on the fears of our hairy forbears in their caves.

We have every reason to believe, however, that while most modern financiers actually believe in their own superstitions, the really smart medicine men, the men who actually helped along the development of the slowly budding mind of primitive man by scaring him into the habit of thinking were conscious fakirs, in part at least. Few modern financiers are that smart. People who attribute deep cunning to them are the kind of people who fall for such bunk as the anti-Semitic ravings that have done so much damage to Germany and discredited the efforts of that country

to get out from under the yoke of the international financiers. The simple truth about bankers, international and national—and they are of all races, make no mistake about that—is that they have gone along with the rest of the world in clinging to unscientific notions about wealth and wealth production, while the development of the machine age has made these old superstitions very dangerous to civilization. The financiers occupy their commanding positions not so much because they are smart, but because we are all pretty stupid. In the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king. In western civilization today the ruling gangs of bankers and debt mongers who control most nations and own the League of Nations are men who have had a little better skill and luck than other men in manipulating credit and debts—but nearly everybody has been trying to get into that game. I recall a prosperous grocer in Chicago, who had a fine business back in 1928, deliberately educating his son to be a bond salesman. If the folly of that period had not been checked by the depression we would have today at least five million young bond salesmen—and very few lads to deliver groceries.

Because the financier is primarily concerned with the production of debts and the collection of interest, he is driven, whether he wants to or not, whether he knows what he is doing or not, to do everything he can to keep men poor. If everybody was rich, naturally nobody would remain in debt. So what would become of the financier?

THAT IS WHAT Soddy had in mind when he wrote on the basis of his physical and chemical knowledge: "At least so far as the immediate present and future are concerned, there is no physical requisite that cannot be produced on the earth or dug out of it in accordance with the world's needs. This is a conclusion that goes right against our herd instincts derived from a pre-scientific age and the present illusion of poverty carefully fostered under the rule of the usurer."

There is no doubt that the usurer fosters the illusion of poverty because he must keep men poor to keep them in debt. Still, I maintain that despite all his success in that respect he is not really smart; in the long run he cannot keep up that game and cannot maintain his control of the world, because ultimately the debts and inter-

est charges he lives upon will not be paid because they cannot be.

The basic creed of modern finance is that money saved or credit created by banks, under their legal powers to lend some ten dollars for every actual dollar of money deposited, can go on earning interest forever. And in addition to that the interest can be re-invested and earn interest in turn and so on forever.

No banker will admit this when confronted with the mathematical impossibility of it, but in practice modern bankers act on the theory that compound interest is possible. They demand from society and from productive business payments of interest based on that impossibility. Now any freshman engineer can show you in a brief mathematical equation that the principle of compound interest and of perpetual motion are the same. Perpetual motion is physically impossible. And of course compound interest is impossible, because in the long run debts and interest can only be paid out of wealth made by physical forces, including those forces exercised through the brains and muscles of men.

AS THIS IS WRITTEN 41 men and women are on trial in U. S. court in Chicago for using the mails to defraud. They are charged with selling to suckers interests in the mythical estate of Sir Francis Drake, British pirate of Good Queen Bess' reign. If their tale had been true Sir Francis' estate, invested at compound interest, would now be worth \$135,000,000,000 and increasing at the rate of \$60,000 per minute. Anybody can see the intrinsic lie in that proposition, but in essence it varies not a bit from the theory upon which "sound banking and investment" are worked today. For over a century and a half investors have been told the same sort of bedtime stories by bankers. The reason why the absurdity and frauds of finance have never been demonstrated quite so plainly as in the Drake estate hoax is, of course, that in the general run of competitive business and in the big depressions that have hit the modern world every ten or twenty years, old investments were wiped out, debts were liquidated by bankruptcy, and the game started up all over again.

In short, the trade of the banker and money lender was possible only because in the long run about as much money was lost as was made in investments.

This condition, of course, was never acknowledged by bankers. For the losses they always had plausible alibis that really meant nothing. They also profited as much from losses as from gains by investors and in most

depressions prior to the one that began in 1929, the big shot bankers and usurers of the world actually mopped up, by buying in the property of the small fry investors who were frozen out by foreclosing mortgages and calling bank loans.

A LITTLE THOUGHT, however, will show that such a game cannot go on forever. It is possible only in an age when the progress of trade and industry is so rapid that losses in a depression can be recouped quickly in the following boom. "Them days is gone forever." The United States has come of age. So has modern industrialism the world over. The proof of that is that in this depression the big shot money sharks and speculators, after freezing out the little suckers, found that there was no bottom to the drop.

Is the Constitution Sacred?

Is the most talked-of document of the day so perfect that it should not be changed? Does the Constitution, as it stands today, really guarantee liberty and freedom to every citizen, to all classes?

What grave mistakes did the Fathers of our country make when they framed the present Constitution? What outstanding errors stand today as barriers to a real democracy? What provision did the ancient wise men make for correcting their errors?

Read the answers, sensibly presented, in the most authoritative article written on this subject

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL
in Next Month's

REAL AMERICA

So in every country they called upon governments to bail them out. In England the government saved the loan sharks from themselves by cutting the value of money and so of debts. In France the same thing was tried and as this is written it appears some more of the same remedy must be imbibed. In Germany and Italy the governments stepped in and practically took the jobs and the money of the financiers away from them. That has happened in Japan to a large extent. Here we have tried all sorts of tricks, but about all that has been effective so far has been government borrowing and spending.

Uncle Sam's Treasury has been pinch-hitting for Wall Street in borrowing money, lending it, and creating work and trade—but the pinch-hitter has knocked no home runs yet, just a

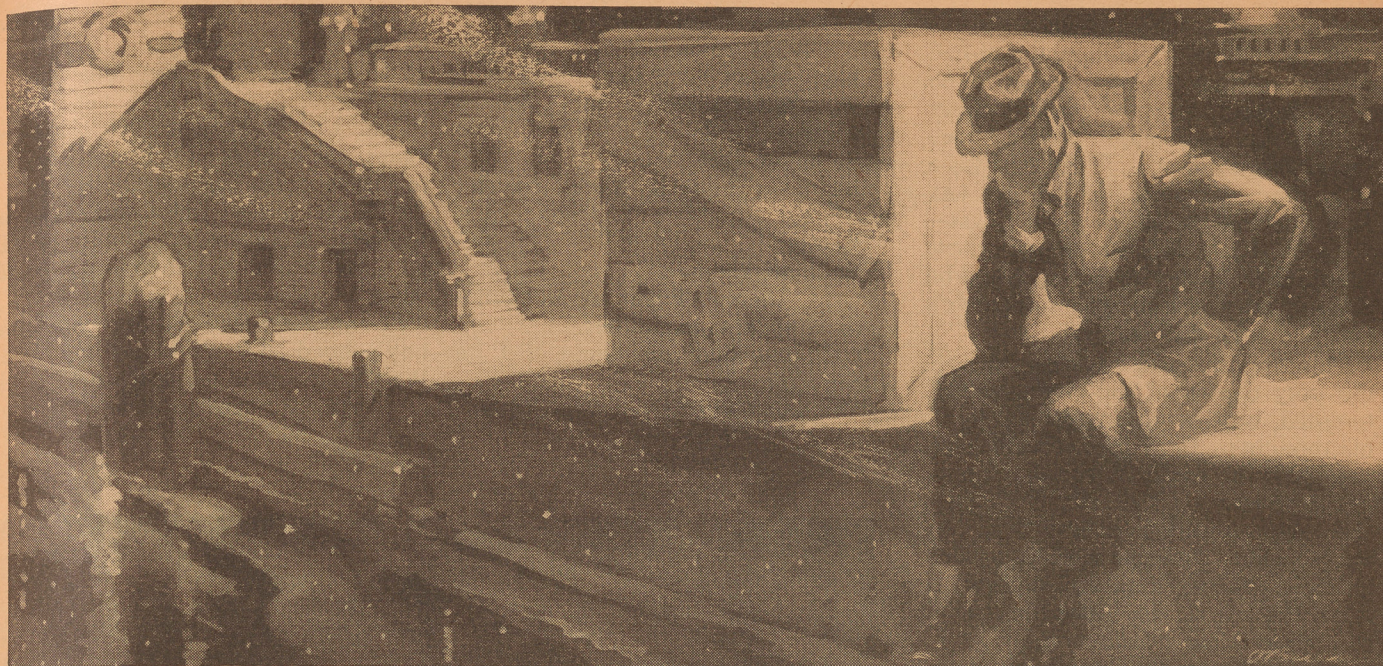
few scratch bingles. In the long run, of course, a government cannot pay compound interest any more than any one else can.

SOONER OR LATER, the dizzy business of piling up debts and interest charges will have to stop. When that happens we may be sure that the financier, private or government, will be out of his job—and the world will have to work out some common sense way of producing goods and services without having to incur a new debt before undertaking the creation of any new wealth. Now if our financial bosses who have had the world by the tail were really smart they would have thought of that a long time ago. They would have worked out a plan under which business could continue and they would have seen to it that the plan included some handsome provisions for themselves.

They have no such plan. All they are doing is howling about how bad it is for the government to borrow and spend money. But a good many people are beginning to get wise to the fact that the government began doing so on a large scale, only because the private money machine broke down. When the general run of people understand that, it will be GOOD NIGHT for the financier. It's rather sad too to think of that. The loan shark has been running the world for nearly a century. Before he became the boss, the military man usually ran things—although the trader and the money lender were always trying to get on top. In Europe the news seems to indicate that the strong-arm squad is coming back. Over here the politicians right now are gaining power every day at the expense of the financier. And he doesn't seem to know what to do about it.

WHILE THE FINANCIER is not smart from a long range point of view in his command and control of public opinion he has been shrewd indeed. From his grammar school lessons in history to the last broadcast he hears over a radio before his ears deafen with age, the modern man is immersed in propaganda of one kind or other for the continuance of the lending and banking practices that have become so incongruous to the physical facts and conditions of modern industry and trade. Not much of this propaganda is consciously directed by bankers. They do not have to. Naturally a civilization so intimately tied up with the superstition of investment and compound interest is going to reflect in its spoken and written language the basic fallacies of its cult. But in much propaganda the direct guiding hand of the international usurer is at work.

(Continued on page 86)



"Staring down into the inky depths of the river, he was tempted."

There Is a Santa Claus

A Christmas Story

By

JOHN HENRY

THE HUSTLING, JOSTLING, merry crowd of last-minute Christmas shoppers got on Barney's nerves. His nerves were in bad enough shape as it was. Whenever some hurrying shopper bumped into him, he felt a sharp pang of resentment.

He knew that nobody was bumping him intentionally, yet he couldn't control his anger. He was tired and weary; his feet ached and burned despite the cold, and his legs were getting weak. A slow ache was gnawing at his stomach. There was reason enough for that gnawing; Barney hadn't eaten for twenty-four hours—and, worse yet, he hadn't the slightest idea when he would eat again.

It was tough to be broke, all right; enough to turn the strongest man from the straight and narrow. Yet, Barney still refused to yield to that growing temptation to take the easy way out. He'd hang on a little while longer; he'd gone this far, and he'd see it through, no matter what happened.

The snow-laden wind from Lake Michigan chilled him almost to the bone. The savory odors of hot food that issued from restaurants and cafeterias served only to whet his appetite and increase his resentment against all these happy people—they were all cheerful except himself, it seemed. That was because they had something in their stomachs. They wouldn't be shouting their joy so loudly if they hadn't tasted food for twenty-four hours. And they had on

good clothes, too—most of them—not like the tatters he wore.

He surveyed the frayed ruins which at one time had been a good suit of clothing and the corners of his mouth twisted in an ironic grimace. He—Barney Hatton—a bum. A hungry, penniless bum, walking the streets in rags.

UNDER THE TENSION of such thoughts, his nerves suddenly broke and he leaned against a window and laughed; a hard, cynical laugh devoid of mirth. Passersby paid him no heed, however; they were too busy pushing their way through the ever-increasing crowds.

Then, realizing he wasn't doing himself any good, Barney pulled his shattered nerves together and trudged on down the sidewalk again. He had to keep moving; if he stood still, he'd go crazy and possibly freeze to death.

A fruit stand loomed to his right. Big, golden oranges, displayed in many fancy designs; full, yellow bananas, ripe and luscious; bright, red, shiny apples—all set out where

he could easily purloin one or two without anybody's being the wiser. He had no compunction about it, but the police might be watching, ready to nab him for any offense, and probably slap a vagrancy charge against him. He jammed his hands in his pockets and walked on beyond the tantalizing display.

He had been drifting north in State Street and he now came to the corner of Wacker Drive. He turned to the right and walked two blocks to the Michigan Avenue bridge. It was a little quieter here; the crowds were not so thick. But it was colder. The icy blasts from the lake cut him like an unmerciful knife.

Barney turned to the steps leading downward and descended them to the protected area beneath Wacker Drive. There was no help here. Almost every inch was crowded by other homeless unfortunates.

He stood in indecision, until he spied a big box standing along the river's edge. He hastened over to this and sat down behind it, thus shielding himself from the wind. His legs hung over the sea wall.

BELOW HIM was the choppy, green-black water of the Chicago River, lapping noisily against the wharf. He looked down into the liquid gloom and wondered if drowning were, indeed, painless as he had sometimes heard. Not that he was ready to drown himself, but it did seem almost better than the living death he

Illustrations by
Daniel J. O'Brien

had known in Joliet Prison.

He thought of the automatic he had concealed in a hole in the curb on East Illinois Street—he couldn't carry it because the cops would have nailed him long ago. They had been after him ever since he had got out. Then he thought of the Gold Coast—a dozen dimly lighted streets where people with money lived. It would be easy to stick a gun into somebody's ribs and take his money. . . .

Thinking this, and staring down into the inky depths of the river, he was tempted, until a vision rose to check his thoughts. Grey prison walls, iron bars! No, he couldn't face that again, not if he starved to death.

A step sounded behind him. A shiny badge gleamed against a blue uniform. Barney rose and shuffled off down the wharf. He looked back, but the officer wasn't following.

Barney directed his steps once more toward the Loop. Approaching the crowds again, he hesitated; what was the use in getting in the jam again? His feet ached enough as it was. He might as well try to find some place to turn in for the night.

Passing a particularly dark alley, he decided to walk down it in search of an empty packing case or anything that would give him shelter for the night. He had walked perhaps a hundred feet into the alley when a peculiar sound came to his ears from the shadows. He paused, irresolute, then he moved cautiously into the darkness.

THE NOISE was quite clear to him now. He was sure it was a muffled sobbing; the thin, plaintive cry of a weeping child. The source of the sound was suddenly revealed to him. Lying on the dirty pavement, his head buried in his arms, was a dim figure, a small boy, crying. Barney knelt by his side.

"Here, buddy, what's the matter?" he asked, almost roughly.

The child raised his head and looked at Barney, but said nothing.

"Do you live around here?" Barney asked.

The little head shook dismally, dumbly.

"Where do you live?"

There was no answer, only a renewed sobbing. The little head was again buried in the arms.

Acting on a sudden impulse, Barney took the little figure in his arms. Then he started out of the alley. Queer the way the little beggar hugged to him, he thought. It made a lump come in his throat.

Out on the street again, he set the little fellow down on his feet, but one small hand clung to his.

"Now, where do you live?" Barney asked again.

"I—I don't want to go home," the child's voice quavered.

They began walking along the street. Barney hadn't the slightest idea what to do. He didn't know much about children.

"But you have a home, haven't you?"

"Y-yes."

"Well, where is it?"

"Over there." With an indefinite wave of an arm to the left.

"Can you take me there if I go with you?"

"Yes, but I don't want to go home."

"Why not? Don't you know home is where you belong?"

"No. There isn't anything there."

THE LITTLE FELLOW began to cry again, not loudly, as if he were trying to choke back the tears.

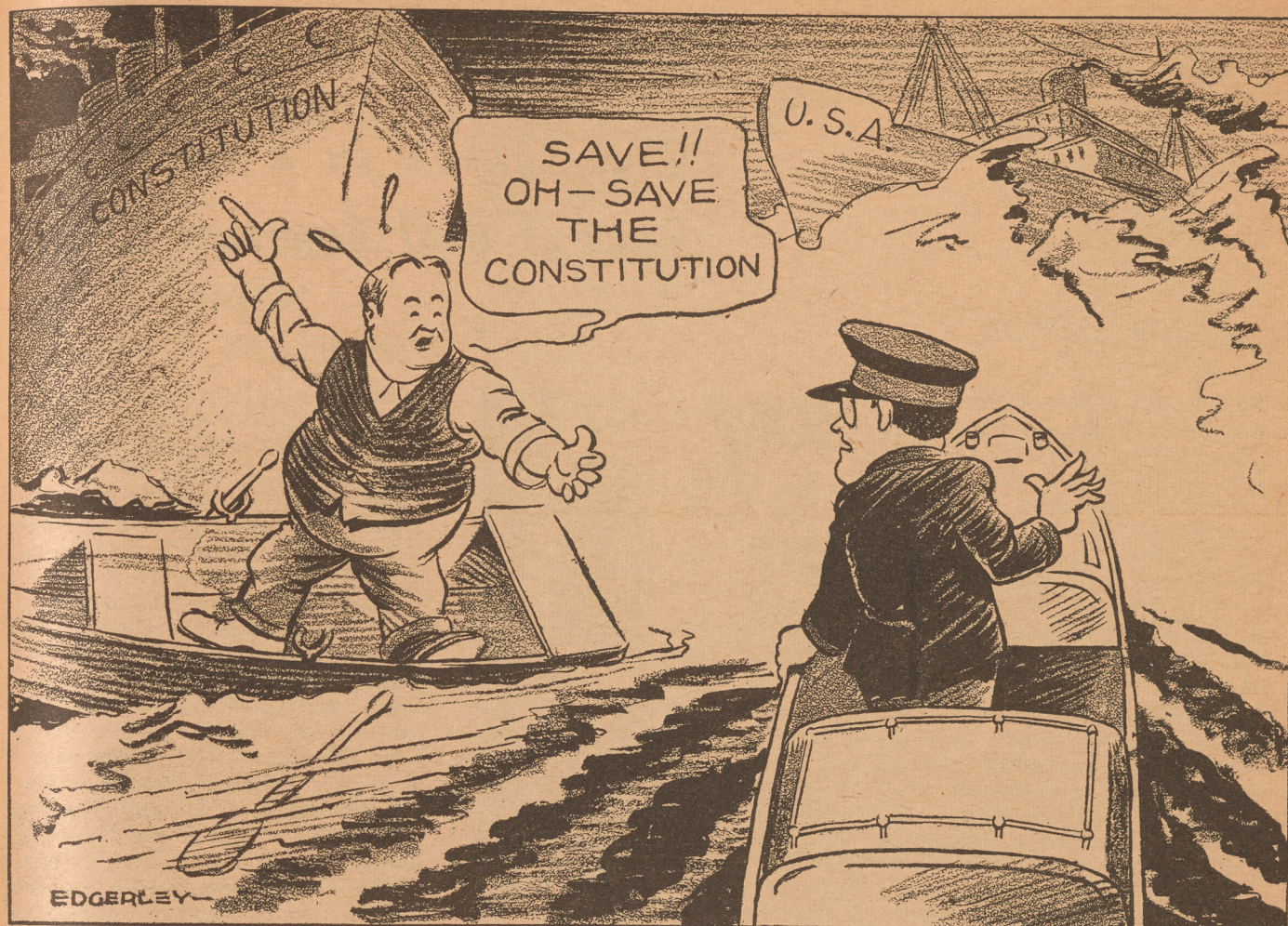
"There, now," said Barney, as tenderly as he could. "Don't cry. I'll take you home and then you'll be all right."

"I can get home without you," the boy sobbed. "I don't want to go home. What's the use of going home? I guess

(Continued on page 72)



"Out on the street again, one small hand clung to his."



Drawn for REAL AMERICA by Merrill Edgerley

Boomer Challenges Liberty

*"Give Me Rugged Individualism
—Or Give Me Death."*

by DANA PLATT

MR. BILLINGS, as was his custom, took a seat in the last row of the convention hall. It was the final day of the Young Recumbents* convention, a day celebrated under heartening circumstances. A large gathering of youthful delegates, a beautiful day, and Herbert Boomer talking straight from the shoulder swept away the fog of political prejudice and told the country by means of a nation-wide radio broadcast that "We, the people of the Recumbent Party, are still suffering."

It was a refreshing experience, a reaffirmation that the American people have not really strayed very far from the precepts laid down in the original pre-Civil War party platform

—a notice to all and sundry that the primary liberties founded by and for our great privileged class are not to be sacrificed to economic ends or political expediency.

Mr. Billings, comfortably settled in his rear seat, winked an evil eye and leered fiendishly as Herbert Boomer roared forth The Truth in one biting phrase after another. For Mr. Billings was a devil in disguise, an agitator, a heckler, a Democrat posing as a sheep.

"New ideas and new inventions make necessary the constant remodeling of our present civilization!" declaimed Boomer, leaning slightly forward that the microphone might not miss his slightest intonation. "The obligations of government must be readjusted at various times to restrain

the strong and protect the weak. That is the preservation of liberty itself."

"Bravo!" applauded Mr. Billings. But his moment of enthusiasm was destined to be brief.

"BUT THE CONSTITUTION," continued Boomer, "must not be changed. It alone must remain inviolable, untouchable. The great thinkers who framed the Constitution had vision and foresight to a remarkable degree. They knew that in the division of power alone could the fundamental tenets of liberty be rooted."

"The Constitution as it stands today consists of seven articles and twenty-one amendments," shouted Mr. Billings, foaming at the mouth, "nine of

(Continued on page 74)

*Still known to some as Republicans.—Ed

The Plumber and the Pills

The Fourth in a Brilliant Series of Real American Crimes

By ALAN DEVOE

IT IS PERHAPS a pity—so far as piquance and color are concerned—that one finds in the crimes of real life very few of those titled spies and rich art-collectors and baronial burglars who grace in such profusion the crimes of fiction. Many of our most noteworthy criminal cases, indeed, involve such humdrum persons as ditch-diggers and railway-brakemen, trolley-conductors, and exterminators of rats.

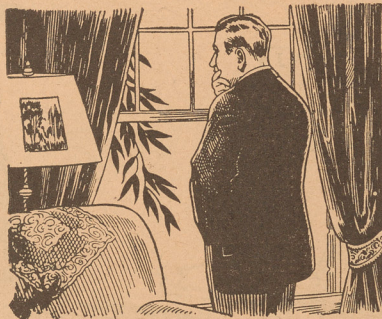
The subject of the present brief memoir, for example, was known by the dreary and commonplace name of Gosden, and he was neither a great financier nor a patron of the arts. He was a plumber. Instead of living in a villa on the Riviera—or in an ancestral hall at Whoffington-on-Thames, Diddlebury, Herts—he dwelt in the sufficiently uninteresting city of Oakland, California. It may also be pointed out that he was given to wearing conservatively cut clothes of subdued patterns, and that he wore horn-rimmed glasses. But Mr. Louis Gosden was, for all that, quite a fellow.

IT WAS ON AUGUST 25, 1921, that this sober-looking young plumber was wed to Miss Tillie Gularte of Santa Clara. He was, at the time, seventeen years of age, and his bride was



slightly younger. She has been described by a somewhat emotional chronicler of the affair as "a sweet, pretty, vivacious slip of a girl," and her husband as "a manly-looking fellow." It may be remarked here that Mr. Gosden remained, to the very end of his public career, a "manly-looking" fellow, and I have little doubt that Tillie continued to look slippish. She did not, however, continue to be vivacious.

Louis, she soon found, was a most singular and disconcerting sort of plumber. He was handy enough with



the pipe-cutter and the pliers, to be sure, but he was also given—very distressingly—to prolonged periods of meditative staring. The object of these long contemplative reveries was Tillie. Mr. Gosden used to stare at Tillie by the hour, rather like Professor Pavlov staring at a white mouse. Tillie has remarked that not infrequently, when she was engaged at dish-washing or some similar house-wifely chore, she would be startled by a small sound behind her and, turning around, would find her husband at her elbow, smiling in a wispy sort of way and peering at her in silent speculation.

This may be endurable if one is not the edgy sort, but Tillie found it entirely too much for her. With what turns out to have been remarkable prudence, she obtained on September 23, 1925, an annulment of the marriage on the ground that she had been under age when wed. Shortly thereafter, I believe, she linked her life with that of a gentleman whose name, oddly enough, was Gore, and one may suppose that she lived happily ever afterwards.

Mr. Gosden did not at once remarry. There is evidence that the dissolution of wedlock in no wise curtailed his sexual activities—which appear to have been little less than prodigious—but he refrained from actual matrimony for two years. Then, in October of 1927, he wooed and won Miss Vivian Taylor of Mountain View. Miss Taylor was seventeen. She appears to have been tremendously impressed by the manly young plumber with the horn-rimmed glasses, and one may fancy the delight in her romantic heart when Louis took her

to live in a little town that bore the delightful name of Sunnyvale.

On the night of January 17, 1928—some ninety days after her marriage—the second Mrs. Gosden died. Dr. Talbert Watson, summoned by Louis, arrived at the Gosden home when the lady was in her final convulsions.

"And why," asked the Doctor of Mr. Gosden, "wasn't I called sooner? It is too late to do anything now."

Mr. Gosden replied, peering at the Doctor through serene and somewhat owlsh eyes, that "he didn't like to leave her alone." And in due course of time Dr. Frederick Proescher, having performed an autopsy, reported the cause of death as "probably lumbar pneumonia." Mrs. Vivian Taylor Gosden was quietly interred and the bereft plumber returned to his pipes and his wrenches.

THERE ARE CERTAIN READERS of mystery fiction who are wont to complain against those tales in which the deaths are, as they say, "piled on." It is argued that deaths-by-sequence are implausible and untrue to real life. Those who argue thus are making a mistake. They are forgetting the case of the Brides In The Bath. They are forgetting that ghoulsh gentleman whose name was Landru. And they are forgetting Mr. Louis



Gosden, of Oakland, California.

Deprived of Vivian, Mr. Gosden (who, it will be recollected, was ever and foremost "a manly fellow") turned to dallying with the wives of various other men. Tinkering at a sink-drain, he would cast amorous eyes at the lady of the house, and, monkey-wrench in hand, he would whisper sweet and wicked words to parlor-maids. But all this, in time, palled upon him. He may, too, have been influenced somewhat by the fact that one of the infuriated Sunnyvale

(Continued on page 77)

Fulton Oursler

A Real America Silhouette

By JOHN R. FRANCHEY

TITAN AMONG AMERICAN EDITORS, by their own admission, is Macfadden's Fulton Oursler who, at 41, sits scowling on Mt. Olympus, wishing for higher and more important mountains to climb. A younger man at heart, Oursler is the arbiter of ephemeral literature for twenty million or more of America's literate public. He is the editor-in-chief of a dozen magazines, including *Liberty* and others of the Macfadden brood.

This great expanse of territory Oursler covers without working up a sweat. The peerless necromancer in modern publishing has also done a run of novels, a couple of biographies; has dashed off—between trains, perhaps—God only knows how many scenarios; has delivered plays into the world, and has, somehow, found time to be a father and a husband.

His preoccupation with the novel has won him wide acclaim. From his overworked typewriter have emerged best sellers that provoked ecstatic gurglings from such book savants as Henry Mencken, late of the *American Mercury*. Many of Oursler's creations you have seen in the movies.

THE STORY BEHIND the life of Fulton Oursler is as colorful as any Horatio Alger yarn. He left school at an early age, eventually reached the Baltimore *American*. He had a gift for sweet iambs and four-syllable words. His copy sparkled. The boys on the city desk noticed it. And soon Oursler was writing heads, was editing the copy his colleagues turned in.

One day the music critic's post was suddenly vacant. Oursler got the job. His first concert was Fritz Kreisler's. When the last strains had died away, Oursler remembered he had no musical education. It was simply an afterthought. He asked Kreisler what it was all about, and Kreisler explained. Oursler's review made the Baltimoreans carol at breakfast.

Later, while he was editor of *Music Trades*, a weekly journal, he found himself writing stories for a man named Macfadden. Macfadden discovered he was paying out a lot of good money to a fellow named Oursler.



Fulton Oursler

"... editor-in-chief of a dozen magazines, including *Liberty*."

"Who is this fellow, Oursler?" Macfadden inquired. The upshot was that the two met, took a fancy to each other. It was a memorable meeting.

MACFADDEN SAW IN OURSLER a natural, made him editorial assistant. For three weeks, Oursler hung around; he had few duties, less work. Irked, he decided to make some of both. He sat down and wrote a serial. From this forced inspiration came his celebrated detective character, Anthony Abbot.

One day the new editorial assistant came in and found a note on his desk: "You are to take complete charge of the editorial department till I return," said the boss. Oursler did. He's been in charge ever since.

The marvel of it all is that the editorial work is directed from West Falmouth, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod, where, once a day the generalissimo issues his orders. He uses the teletype. Over the wires go his brief, cable-form instructions, as he sits at his machine, typing.

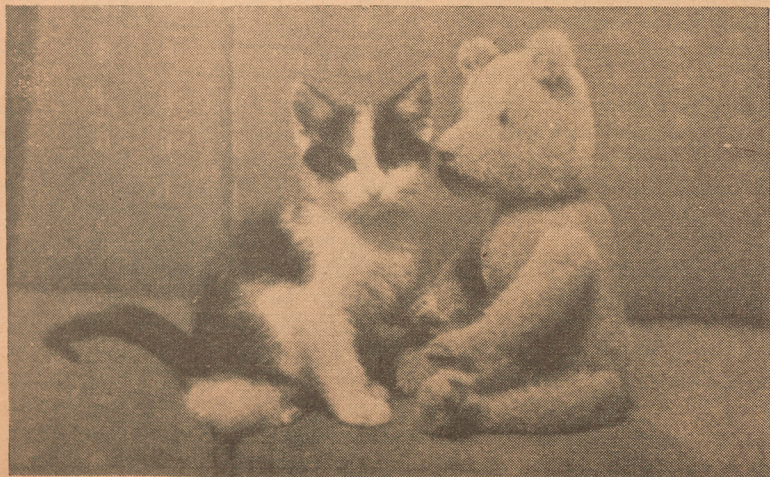
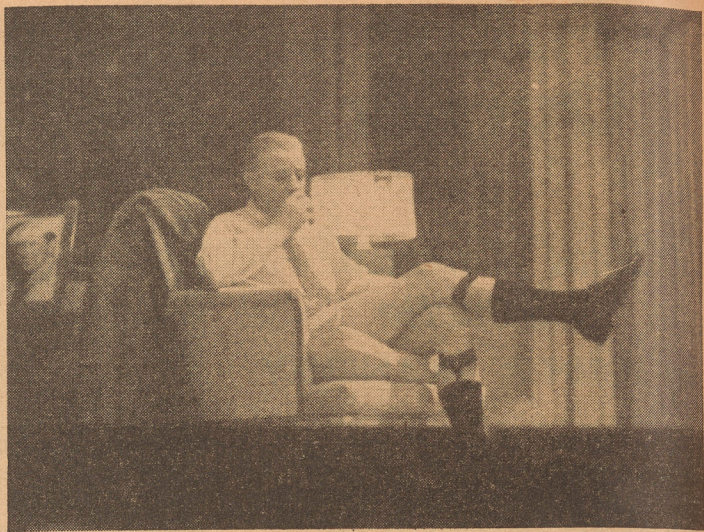
FULTON OURSLER is the most human big noise in the business. Generous and tolerant, he finds himself thinking for the great American public. He knows its wants, its desires. He will tell you that readers want comfort, solace, entertainment, not disenchantment and stark realism.

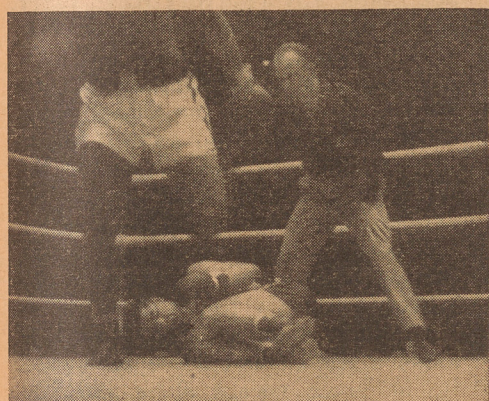
A story about Schnozzle Durante means more to Editor Oursler than would a thesis about a leading literary figure. Oursler will tell you, with a twinkle in his eye, that his magazines are designed for the people, not for a coterie of over-sober intellectuals.

About the New Deal, he is very lush. He likes the President, has featured him as a *Liberty* writer. But, occasionally, Oursler lets a six-gun man take a pot-shot at the President in some intelligently-worked-out criticism. He cannot understand Socialism, even though one of his best friends, Upton Sinclair, has been trying hard to explain it to him.

In art, Oursler has fine tastes, but dislikes the Paris school of moderns. He is fond of flying, inordinately given

(Continued on page 73)





*Henryk's
Candid
Camera*



CASUAL GLIMPSES OF REAL LIFE IN AMERICA

The Dictator Durante Brain Trust

—Meets in the Back Room

By JIMMY DURANTE—*America's Dictator Still at Large*

THE SALVATION ARMY SAYS, "A man may be down, but he's never out." And it was Battling Nelson who first analyzed the political situation by uttering his now immortal words, "You can't keep a good man down." Those fellers may all be correct, but Dictator Durante has found it's a good Dictator who can keep his Brain Trust horizontal. This business of being a political potentate is SIMPLY TERRIBLE. Maybe I shouldn't have started it in the first place.

Last month I told all of youse how I figgers to be a political master mind by gathering a lot of semi-bright master minds around me, like Prexy Roosevelt did on his Brain Trust board. As Gunboat Smith always says, I figure on being strictly legitimate with everyone, especially at first. With the herd of wise guys I have selected I can't even be fifty percent legit. They won't let me.

THE FIRST CHANGE I'd like to make in my present setup is to fire REAL AMERICA'S Ed Baird. That guy makes so many changes in my copy it doesn't read right. I mean to say it's too intelligent for me. Baird forgets he's north of the Mason and Dixon Line now and my grandfather once owned a picture of General Sherman. BOO to you, Baird!*

Also Baird forgets that Samuel Taylor Coleridge once said the Mason and Dixon Line was only the border between cold bread and hot biscuit. Me, I like Salami. But to get back to my own pet peeves:

The other day I gets myself together a collection of tax tokens, old lead slugs and flattened beer caps and phone all the members of my staff to meet me at Dan Healy's barroom at midnight. You can perceive expense is no object as it takes quite a few slugs and what not in order to phone Chicago and get Baird, Richard Henry (Chitrib) Little, Gail (Chitimes) Borden, Howard (Chinews) Vincent O'Brien and Hobo King Dan O'Brien, on the phones. But as I explained in previous articles expense is no object with the Dictator especially when some other guys is footing the bill. I lives to regret however my cherce of them Windy City guys as members of my Brain Trust. Because I find they misnamed the town Windy

Last month the Honorable Jimmy Durante announced his candidacy for Dictator. This month he tells how he's building his political fences (by carousing with the boys in the back room) and grooming himself for dictatorship.

City, when they was talking about Little, O'Brien, Borden and Baird. I live to see my political ambitions almost ruined by some wild newsscribes. No wonder Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lantern that started the Chicago fire. The cow must have heard that some day there was going to be some fellers working in Chicago named Little, Borden, O'Brien and Baird.

WHEN THE CHICAGO DELEGATION arrives at Dan Healy's barroom it starts a revolt right away by declaring in a resolution that the meeting should adjourn to the Bellevue Hospital morgue. "We think that would be a good place for a dead politician like you to function from," says Little.

I scorns to reply but bows my head to the will of the majority. When we arrives at the morgue I learns again the Chiboys have demoralized my entire staff. The New Yorkers like Damon Runyon have changed in the short space of a taxi ride. Runyon, who never drinks anything stronger than coffee and smokes cigarettes, is lapping tea from a saucer and between times is smoking big black ten-for-a-nickel cigars. Runyon says as follows: "Vice President Marshall once declares this country needs a good five-cent cigar. After smoking these ropes which Vincent O'Brien gives me I say what Chicago needs is a good columnist which can judge cigars."

Bill (Nooyawk Journal) Farnsworth snickers and says I once almost dies when I am a kid because my mother feeds me on some milk with the same name as Borden has."

"Yeh?", yehs Borden, "and I say it's too bad she didn't give you more of it then so we wouldn't be bothered now."

Bill (Journal) Corum jumps into the breach as he perceives boss Farnsworth is getting himself into hot milk so he says, "I have a good horse

in the second at Jamaica. It's 'His Answer.' " At that we all rush over and look at a scratch sheet which Baird is studying and when we all gets a look we pool a dollar a piece and instructs New York News Columnist Ed. Sullivan to bet the dough on "Her Answer" in the same race. We knows how Corum picks the bangtails and as our selection hasn't a chance on form we figure it'll win.

I ORDERS A ROLL CALL and finds that among those present are Paul Gallico, Marcus Griffin, John T. Casey, Doctor Ed. McCullum, Dancer Bill Robinson, Burlesque Strip Girl Gypsy Rose Lee, Mark Hellinger, Lewis (American) Burten Richards (Herald-Tribune) Vidmar Farnsworth, Corum, Paul (News) Gallico, Joe Louis, Fay (Mirror) King, Harry (New Milford Times) Worley, Pert (Conn. Press Assn) Prince, and Chicago Herald and Examiner Warren Brown. I asks why the names of the other members from the Chicago Delegation do not appear on the list of Brain Trusters present and Little explains that they are there incognito.

"Then you'll have to leave," I tells them, "because we don't want the legion of decency to get after us."

I tell all present I will proceed to make a speech and while each curls up on some vacant slabs and falls asleep I speak as follows: "Gentlemen, we are assembled here because of a crisis in national affairs. I aint setting myself up as a dictator of discontent. There is too many fellows in our present New Deal who can do that better. I also aint huntin' for distress. Stick to DURANTE FOR DICTATOR and you won't wear no poils but neither will you wear chains."

Suddenly at this point Farnsworth awakes and says, "That reminds me I gotta go home and see my wife."

"And give her back that piece from her red petticoat which you are wearing around your neck for a tie," taunts Warren Brown.

"I'll fight you with words," challenges Farnsworth.

Vidmar pulls a dictionary thesaurus out of a grip he's carrying and says to Farnsworth, "You take this and start even with him, Bill."

YOU CAN IMAGINE how ticklish the situation is becoming for Dictator

*All right—and a boo to you—this goes to the printer exactly as you wrote it.—E. B.

Durante until I becomes inspirational and ends the argument by speaking as follows: "Dextral amanuensises find indispensableness in proper conduct."

"Whatta ya mean?" growls Gallico.

"I dunno, but it sounds good," I answers.

"Our dictator is nuts," opines Hellinger.

I fasten upon Hellinger a look of scorn.

"In good old New Yorkeese I guess you mean Nertz."

"You can't say that about my pal," yells Ed. Sullivan.

"Since when was Broadway columnists pals?" I asks.

"Oh," answers Griffin, "Sullivan and Hellinger can be pals now because Hellinger has quit his job to become editor of a national magazine."

Of course, that's a horse of another buggy, but I am happy to know Sullivan and Hellinger are being perfectly legitimate with the profession.

At this point, when I am about to resume my speech, the city toxicologist rushes in to inform us our horse has lost and once in many years Corum picked a winner. Columnist O'Brien thinks it calls for drinks on the house. "This aint no barroom," says John T. Casey, twitching his mustache and using his best Oxford (shoes) accent. Outta nowhere Lewis Burten says, "I gotta bottle here."

We all makes a rush for it and manages to get a drink each. Then thinking of my duties as a dictator to be I questions (after all the fluid is gone, of course): "Where did you get this fine liquor, Burten?"

He looks hurt because I question him but Bill Robinson replies:

"It's okeh, Mista Dictata. I saw him myself take the bottle from off the shelp ova theah. All that was in it besides the alky was a man's hand."

Imagine OUR embarrassment!

The trouble with being a dictator is you get too many marroons in the business.

THERE IS ANOTHER terrible commotion at the doorway and in comes Congressman Percy Gassaway. Let me say right here Gassaway certainly has proven himself as worthy of his last name and he was no sooner admitted to the inner circle than he starts right in living up to his name.

"Gentlemen," he begins.

Hereupon each guy looks at the other trying to figure out who Percy is talkin' too. Gypsy Rose Lee thinks he's gettin' insultin' and walks out of the meetin'. Gassaway goes off in a corner for a minute and I says: "Mugs [cheers here] I told you why you are here. We should ought to



Durante seems to find it difficult to get started with his Brain Trust, but he promises to crack the whip down at the next meeting.

discuss political and civic improvements."

"I had a civic last night," interrupts Griffin.

If there is anything Durante possesses it's baleful glances and Griffin gets a baleful.

I continues:

"Durante is a great believer in life, love and the pursuit of creditors, so long as we ain't the creditors. We have serious business to discuss tonight and I want to discuss it." At this point there is another great commotion at the door but it only proves to be a city doctor bringing in another tenant for a slab.

"I seem to recognize that face," states Corum.

"Advance and be recognized," I orders.

The new slab tenant sits up and who does it prove to be but Garry Schumacher of the *Evening Journal*.

"I am sorry to interrupt the meeting this way but I wish to say that Gypsy Rose Lee just phoned me to say she is putting on a special burlesque show for you political poten-

tates and would like to have you come down to the Irving Place Theatre at once."

There is a mad rush for the doors as Schumacher finishes. I think it's terrible that politicians can't get together and discuss things seriously. Going to burlesque shows indeed! I never heard anything like it. Those fellers were so eager to accept the invitation that Gallico and Griffin beat me to the only two front row seats left.

Watch the developments in this great campaign for the Dictatorship of the American Proletariat that has turned us all (including the Dictator) upside down. You'll read some startling news next month. Incidentally, turn to The Voice of America for proof that Durante is gathering strength.

The Voice of America

The North Pole Again

Your discussion of Cook and Peary is interesting in that it permits one to kid himself with "I thought so" when the war for public acknowledgment was on years ago. At that time the public was like the Irishman who said during the World War: "I'm neutral, I don't care who licks the Germans." Nobody seemed to care if Peary had nailed the flag to the North Pole or hung streamers from a May Pole. He was a hero, just the same.

Since, to quote an old revival preacher, "We must raise the Devil before we can shoot him," I am glad to note that REAL AMERICA is bringing before the jury of American readers this much mooted question. Perhaps we will be able to separate the grain from the chaff in the final winnowing.—P. W. L.

I am enclosing my check for \$2.25, for which please send me five (5) copies of REAL AMERICA for October, 1935, and four (4) copies of the same magazine for November, 1935.—Vihjalmur Stefansson, New York City.

The October REAL AMERICA appeared in Long Beach on Saturday, and I have bought six copies for my friends, and will buy more. This is not altogether because of a special interest in REAL AMERICA (and yet as I glance through it again, I think it ought to be, for it is a great magazine), but because you have made American history with your splendid article on Dr. Cook by Ted Leitzell. . . . We are all looking forward to the next issue with much interest. . . This ought to bring a great reaction, for I am sure the country is full of those who would like to see something done about it. But even if it doesn't, I think you ought to be happy in knowing it will bring a glow of happiness to the for-

Contributors to this department are requested to confine themselves to 200 words. Letters on any topics of general interest are desired. Names and addresses of writers must be given, not necessarily for publication. Anonymous letters are never published in REAL AMERICA.

giving, understanding, sad heart of one who is loved, admired, and respected by all who know him—Dr. Frederick A. Cook.—Eileen O'Connor, Long Beach, Calif.

Production for Use

Upton Sinclair's article about Production for Use and not for usury may be taken rightly as the Golden Rule text or basis for a Real America today.—B. Abendroth, Pierce, Idaho.

The present system of capitalism in America is the outgrowth of a past and necessary development which science and invention have caused to be outmoded. . . . The fault in the system is the outgrowth of a condition that once existed, and was as necessary in the past as it is unnecessary to the future. . . . Production for use is the outgrowth of thought, applied to an intensive study of social economy, and is the scientific basis of a planned economy. It is the practical answer to the honest ministry of the country, and detrimental only to the selfish, greedy, and thoughtless class, smug in the warmth of their imbecility. . . . After six years of mass misery, and over 2½ years of pump priming, with the records showing even greater unemployment, and prosperity, such as it is, due

to this spending, what intelligent mind dares call this only a depression?—Paul C. Hill, Bloomfield, Mo.

In the circular letter that now accompanies all personal "little" letters written by Mr. Sinclair to his hosts of devotees, he pleads for the friend to "buy one of his books and read it as a letter from him." This is propaganda salesmanship.

Since the first paragraph is an acknowledgment that the defeated Epic nominee for governor in 1934 was "broke" as a result of making said race for Epic honors, he, the defeated but wiser man, plays up on the revenue end of his present mending of his "financial distress." . . . Through his salesmanship he restores the royalty from his many "priceless" books on what ails the genus homo ganged up incognito politico. That is going some: to use the profits of the profit system to knock the profits out of private capitalism . . . these "better-than-anybody-else" heroes who chisel in on the front seat of the "Production for Use" bandwagon usually out-Tammany Tammany and get away with it.

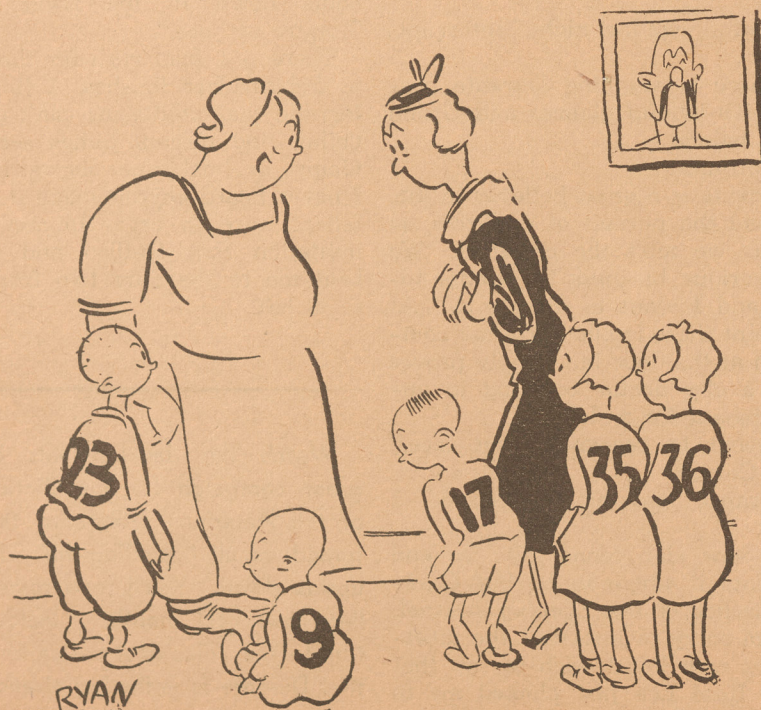
The biggest joke of all is that Epic, while geared to the highest speed in the Socialist realm, is willing to steal the Democratic livery. . . . Shades of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson! What would they say of this post-humous child that is inviting the ghost of Lenin to sovietize the misguided sons of dear old Uncle Samuel?—Edgar D. Brown, Bellflower, Cal.

What do other readers think about production for use?—Ed.

A Loyal Union Member

I subscribed to REAL AMERICA last month and I think you have a very fine magazine, but I have one severe criticism to make. For a magazine that boasts the union label, you make a serious mistake in printing a story like *Collective Bargaining* in the December issue. For myself, I think I speak for a great many more of your readers, I would like to see you retaliate with a story giving the other side of this labor problem.—Jack E. Townsend, Minneapolis, Minn.

Collective Bargaining was selected by our editors because it was a short story of outstanding merit that reflected the reactions of a very human and aging man to a changing world. It was not in any sense anti-union propaganda; in fact, it has received caustic comment for being both pro- and anti-chain store. It was not, nor is any fiction, printed in REAL AMERICA for the purpose of furthering or hindering any cause. We will gladly accept and publish any story of equal merit that reflects another point of view, provided it is not written for the purpose of propaganda. In the meantime we give practical support to the institution of collective bargain-



"Joe got the idea at the Rose Bowl Game. He never was much at remembering names."

ing by carrying the union label on our masthead.—Ed.

Is Major Bowes a Major?

I enjoy your magazine; it's fearless and outspoken, and I am sure it tries to be fair.

Can you ascertain just where Major Bowes received his commission as Major? Where did he serve? Was his name Bowes before he embarked in the showmanship racket?—C.C.C. Blodgett, Houston, Texas.

Answer by Phil Roman

He is a major in the United States Reserve Corps, receiving the commission while on the west coast where he was well thought of even before he came to New York. His name is Bowes, and he was born in Cincinnati. His wife was Margaret Illington who died about a year ago. I wish I could tell you more about his military service, but I've been unable to find anyone who knows much about it.—Phil Roman.

Outspoken

After reading your magazine I've come to the conclusion that a good deal of tinsel decorates our high and mighty business leaders and supposed-to-be public benefactors.

They all seem to have more ways of getting around the laws than Thurston has ways of pulling things out of hats.

I now believe, more than ever, the saying that goes, "You can shoot the burglar, knock down the pick-pocket, refuse to buy the get-rich-quick stock, but what chance have you against the man who sings psalms on Sunday, and on Monday adds \$2.00 a ton to the price of coal, ten cents to gas, and three cents to sugar?"

Don't change the policy of your magazine under any condition. It may not reform the world, but it will help, and it is damned good reading.—Harold Ziegler, Cincinnati, O.

We won't.—Ed.

The Next President

Thomas Jefferson, like Franklin D. Roosevelt, was a man for the people. The following is from page 195 of *The Outline of History*, Part 2, published in 1929 by Funk and Wagnalls:

"Tho denounced as an atheist from every pulpit and as a radical from every forum, Jefferson defeated Adams for the Presidency in 1800."

This is the forerunner that predicts the re-election of President Roosevelt. When any dyed in the wool Democrat compares this fact with modern conditions, it will bring him back to life.—J. H. C., Chicago.

We agree with you.—Ed.

Durante Wins by a Nose

After reading and listening all summer to the ten million or more words sputtered over the radio and in the press, in which not one constructive idea was chattered by the various so-called pieces of Republican presidential timber, winding up by one particular stock promoter for foreign countries whose past record as a "Rugged Individualist" in the art of doing nothing is best remembered by at least fifteen million unemployed, and

whose gift to half starved war veterans on July 28, 1932, was bullets, gas, and flame; and after reading in *REAL AMERICA* the sound ideas and good reasons for choosing his cabinet members in Jimmy Durante's run for DICTATOR, I have decided to give Jimmy my support.

There are many things in Jimmy's favor, and should he only win by a nose it would be a landslide.—E. C. Bersch, Chicago.

We're for Durante, too, if we can be part of his cabinet.—Ed.

Another Presidential Candidate

We should have in the White House a man who is thoroughly familiar with government and economics from a scientific point of view, a man moved to action by logic and facts rather than one who must rely upon selfishly motivated advisors and political hunches. He should be nominated on a Third Party ticket with associates of similar characteristics who have not previously engaged in politics. The label of greatest appeal for such a new party is "The Liberty Party." The man who, in my estimation, amply meets all of the qualifications for this office in these critical times is Dr. C. O. Hardy of Brookings Institute, Washington, D. C.—Geo. W. Christians, President, Crusaders for Economic Liberty, Middleport, Ohio.

Any other candidates?—Ed.

Huey Pierce Long

Requiescat In Averno

We have, it appears, an invincible tendency to uncritical eulogy of the dead. Let a man be however vile, he can achieve, when the life-spark passes from him, a kind of canonization. Not the lawyer nor the doctor nor the priest can convincingly justify our custom of posthumous praise; they content themselves

with damning the "bad taste" of him who would question the procedure; they speak in hushed tones, and prattle of "reverence" and "charity" and benignantly raise their fingers to their lips:

Once Alexander Woollcott, in a letter, coined a word to describe this custom of posthumous "reverence" and "charity." I do not know whether he has ever made that particular word-coinage public, but it ought, I think, to be made so. The word was "epitaffy."

During his lifetime, although to great degree he could muzzle his own state and his own press, and although to somewhat less degree he could sway in his favor many thousands of simple minds, Huey P. Long could not escape criticism that was sincere, direct, biting and angry. Thinking men arose to call him a blackguard and a bully, and to brand his activities as socially wrong and evil. And then with dramatic suddenness Huey Long died. He died at the hands of an assassin—always the surest route to becoming a popular martyr—and with his dying breath he begged to be let live "because he had so much work yet to do." That speech was of a kind calculated, as they say in the movie blurbs, "to tug at your heart-strings." It was the kind of speech that acts directly upon the emotions and anesthetizes the intellect, the kind of speech that makes it possible for demagogues to win the masses.

Hardly had Huey Long breathed his last breath when the floodgates were opened and the treacle began to pour. It was recollected—and published—in a thousand places, that for all his possible political wiliness, Huey Long had been at heart a buoyant friendly fellow. His brutality, his tyranny, became in the language of the eulogia a mere prankishness, a boyish roguery. The despot was a despot no more, but only a kind of

(Continued on page 88)



"—an now I'm sorry I done it, but
it's too late to go back."

The Lunch and Listen Club

American Oil and the Money Lords of London

By E. J. COSTELLO

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES: Whereupon Their Lordships having disposed themselves luxuriously, the Chief of the British Secret Service in America spoke as follows:

My Lords: You have been pleased to require from me a further report on the state of our Morgan satrapy, the United States, and especially the current campaign to wheedle our erstwhile Colony under the domination of our beloved Britain in the matter of the threatened European war. With this command I hasten to comply.

I trust Your Lordships are not unduly agitated by reports that many malcontents in the States object to our plans. As one of your agents so aptly suggested in another connection some years ago, your present loyal subjects in America, with the aid of your time-serving newspapers over there, will be able to "terrorise, sterilise and standardise—in a word, to 'Americanise'—the minds of the American people so that their conduct and even their thoughts conform scrupulously to the common pattern British ingenuity has laid down for them."

Thus Your Lordships need have no fear but that Italy will in due course be deprived of American oil and petrol, so that Mussolini's mad Ethiopian slaughterfest will be prevented from destroying British domination in Egypt and South Africa, and in India. In this connection may I congratulate Your Lordships on your cleverness in getting our London orchestra comedian, Jack Hylton, past the American immigration authorities, in order that (while we are applying oil and other sanctions against Il Duce) he may soothe the silly people over there with Britishised tunes on behalf of Standard Oil, which is the American manifestation of our own beloved Royal Dutch Shell. It is especially appropriate that Jack sings every Sunday night that lovely English ditty—"We'll all be friends; all pals together."

ALSO, may I congratulate Your Lordships on that deucedly clever bit wherein J. P. Morgan "lent" from his Buckinghamshire farm the four Percheron horses which were attached to a wagon carrying a stack of wheat, when London's new lord mayor, Sir Percy Vincent, drove in medieval pomp and circumstance from ancient Guildhall to the Royal Law Courts to take his oath of office. Morgan's wheat and horses were highly symbolic of

Your Lordships' blessed programme on behalf of the British-American union.

In order to emphasize to Your Lordships the course the varied activities of your loyal agents in America will probably take in the present world crisis, I can do no better than to quote from a report made to you, I think, by Mr. Nicholas Foist, otherwise Agent 231, a few months after the signing of the Armistice in 1918.

"Entry in the World War," says that report, which, dated June 10, 1919, is entitled "Patriotism and Bamboozle," and bears the official file number, Secret Archives 113,056, "officially converted historical fear of England into practical friendship, overturning the foundation of established patriotic belief. The American made public profession of his faith in the new patriotism and sought by deeds to demonstrate his devotion. None considered himself safe unless bedecked with flags, buttons, shields, and feathers, which we sold to professing patriots to ward off suspicion from them. None dared to eat before we, their allies, had had our fill. We encouraged the common people to spy upon and denounce their neighbours; and an orgy of persecution followed which our Secret Commission investigated (White Paper on American Atrocities, Appendix 15)."

IN ANOTHER PLACE in the same report Your Lordships will find it stated that so effective was the propaganda work of our English agents in America that it was "considered near treason to use German silver, to hear German music or to have German measles."

In the present world crisis the Italians, or any other people Britain chooses to war against, will serve just as well as the Germans did in a preparedness programme involving patriotism, buttons and feathers. As Agent 231 has so well stated, "we must, in short, now bring America within the Empire. God helping us we can do no other!"

In this connection may I suggest that you contact immediately an outstanding American who has been loyal to International Moneylords. He is Mr. John W. Davis, who recently has been rendering herculean service in the matter of the public utilities holding company bill, which slipped through the last American Congress in spite of our efforts to prevent it. This bill, as

Your Lordships well know, is particularly dangerous to the status quo, upon which your money power over the masses rests. Mr. Davis, thank God, is patriotically *morganizing* the courts to declare it unconstitutional.

I fancy Your Lordships already know all there is to be known about Mr. Davis. What with his long term of service at the Imperial Court of St. James', you have had ample opportunity to observe his avid absorption of Royal British culture. It was an extraordinarily splendid thing that we once made him president of the British Union of English Speaking Peoples—I think that is the title. As you know we have so many of these astonishing raspberry societies which provide tin medals for simple American snobs, that I am sure I may be pardoned if I have not kept track of them all.

MR. DAVIS IS A MAN who can look eye to eye with Your Lordships upon the divine right of Moneylords and the American Liberty League to enjoy exclusively all the good things of earth. He has never gone off on the foolish tangent which denies that people who are lucky enough to have jobs are only entitled to enough to eat so that they can continue to slave for the bankers, and enough to wear that their naked and toil-deformed bodies may not shock the tender sensibilities of our Colonial knights and ladies.

In conclusion, I would be remiss if I did not express the sincere appreciation of our forces in the United States for Your Lordships' many past favours. Much has been accomplished, but there still remains much. Our work has been costly; it will continue to be costly, particularly as the venality of the editors and politicians over there has never been surpassed on God's green earth. But the return of the American colony to the bosom of Britain will be cheap at any price.

Please have no fears as to results, Your Lordships. All our agents in America most explicitly understand the tremendous significance of the great propaganda battle for another war we are now engaged in; the battle that, in everlasting tribute to our illustrious Mr. Cecil Rhodes, of whimsical memory, must end some day in the reunited states of the British-American Union; the battle to compel universal acceptance of the complete domination of the Moneylords of London!

More Quint Letters

From Young America

I am a boy ten years old. I think the poor Dionne babies should have more time with their mother and daddy. I think they should have lots of time to play with their sisters and their brothers. I think they should live at the hospital for a while, where they will get lots of good things to eat.

I was in a hospital last winter. I cried. Mother made me stay. She said it was best for me. I had a burnt leg. The Sisters saved my life and my leg. I had lots of good things to eat. I was always glad to see Mother and Grandma and Uncle Pat. I know what it is to want Daddy so much I hurt inside.

So you see how I know that the Dionne Babies would like to live at home. Their daddy would play horse with them. Their mother would talk to them, love them, and hear them say their prayers. At home you feel warm inside. At the hospital, lonesome and cold inside.

I will be very glad when they are strong enough to go home.—Ardean Rathbone, Lincoln, Nebr.

What God Hath Given . . .

Some reasons why the quintuplets should be returned to their parents:

FIRST: The family is God's institu-

From the hundreds of letters received, we could only print a few. Accordingly, we have compiled a Roll of Honor list of writers who have earned an honorable mention from the excellence of their letters. Incidentally, the vote as to whether the quints should be returned to their parents or not was almost evenly divided.

tion. The Creator of all mankind has placed his people upon the earth in families, which are units of society, uniting the members of each household by blood relationship. The child is a gift to the parents. Who then, has the right to take it away?

SECOND: The quintuplets should be returned to their parents for the sake of mother love—a love divinely implanted within the mother heart. No love on earth is comparable to it. Mother above all others understands the cry of her child, and can soothe pain and heartache when the efforts of others fail. She can look into the bright eyes of her babe, and see new worlds of possibilities ahead for him or her.

THIRD: The fond love of a father and the ambition he has for his child

should be considered. How inhuman to tear from his embrace these five little girls who came as a realization of his dream of home and family. They need his strong arm of protection about them now, and when older, his advice and protection. Many a girl has made "father's advice" the anchor for her safety when the waves of temptation and vice beat about her barque.—Mrs. Waldo W. Moore, Bucatunna, Miss.

A Reasonable Compromise

In my opinion the quintuplets should neither be kept where they are, at least after they are two, nor be given back unconditionally to their parents. Many of us feel a good deal of sympathy for the parents, yet we feel it would be unthinkable for the babies to have anything but the best of care and supervision.

It should be possible for the older Dionnes to be gradually given more and more complete custody of their babies, if they show themselves willing to cooperate in keeping up the standard of living the world insists upon for the quints. . . We want the whole family to live together in a big new house, with harmony and contentment replacing the present antagonism and distress.—Mrs. D. W. McAulling, Monrovia, Cal.

Roll of Honor Contestants

Nellie M. Johnson, Wichita, Kans.
Mrs. Margaret Murdock, Linton, Ind.
Mrs. Frank E. Davis, Winfred, S. D.
R. R. Allen, Nashville, Tenn.
Betty Gundry, Rockford, Ill.
Mechi Hara, Troutdale, Ore.
Aleta Morrisette, San Francisco, Cal.
Bula Mae Risby, Ukiah, Cal.
Mrs. H. Salvini, Columbus, Ohio
Lillian Meaghi, Petaluma, Cal.
E. O. Meyer, Dallas, Tex.
Mrs. E. F. Carr, Stapleton, Neb.
J. C. Leonard, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
J. W. Andrews, Aylmer, Ont.
H. A. Cole, Shattrick, Ok.
Elizabeth Rathbone, Lincoln, Neb.
T. A. Thorsen, Seattle, Wash.
Josephine Mishmarsh, Pueblo, Colo.
Hazel Thomas, Manassa, Colo.
Mrs. F. M. Kennedy, Butte, Mont.
Dorothy Grebence, Pueblo, Colo.
Rev. K. Ostenkoetter, Richmond, Ill.
Mrs. T. A. Hemphill, Lawrence, Kans.
J. C. Wheelon, Salt Lake City, Utah
Norton Hunter, Richwood, W. Va.
Gene Farrell, Minneapolis, Minn.
W. J. J. Brennan, Laramie, Wyo.
W. G. Montgomery, Cowden, Ill.
James W. Smith, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. H. Vandermolen, Fond du Lac, Wis.
Mary F. Moore, Decatur, Ga.
Mrs. P. F. Cornwell, Atlanta, Ga.
Burton T. Wilson, Binghamton, N. Y.
Alberta L. Whaland, Baton Rouge, La.
Mrs. P. H. Stetzer, Pangor, Wis.
Dorothy Branch, Wellsburg, W. Va.
Clara Luxheim, Chicago, Ill.
Evelyn Wilson, Moose Jaw, Sask.
Larston D. Farrar, Birmingham, Ala.
Mrs. Reba K. Mumford, Mt. Airy, Md.
Mrs. R. H. Ward, Greenwell Springs, La.
Ada Francis, Chicago, Ill.
Florence Coombs, Cleveland, Ohio
Mrs. Nellie Ansel, Minneapolis, Minn.
Mrs. Cecelia McNulty, Lincoln, Neb.
Geo. E. Morris, Ross, Ohio
Mrs. Pattye C. Allums, East Point, La.
Winifred Churchill, Hollywood, Cal.
Mrs. Chas. Fiorenza, Everett, Mass.
Carina Rampulla, Everett, Mass.
Elsie Simon, Chicago, Ill.
Louise E. Turk, Alexandria, La.
R. Groves, County Chambly, Can.
Overton Albright, Chicago, Ill.
Ruth Dorothy Calkins, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Percy Cola, Winooski, Vt.
John Tityk, Central Falls, R. I.
Mrs. Addie Small, Indianapolis, Ind.
Gladys Welch, Tunbridge, Vt.
Nellie Smith, Pawnee, Ill.
Gene V. Kelly, Rochester, Ind.
N. P. W. Holliss, Brampton, Ont.
Samuel H. Stuart, Louisville, Ky.
George H. Seigle, Missouri Valley, Ia.
Edna H. Spink, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Mrs. Edith B. Ewing, Port Orange, Fla.
Wm. J. Howell, Charleston, W. Va.
H. Dueysen, Chetek, Wis.
Beulah Wullenwaber, Bancroft, Neb.
Eva Brown, Alhambra, Cal.
Mrs. O. K. Weeks, Los Angeles, Cal.
John T. Davison, M.D., Murphy, Cal.
Mrs. A. E. Daugherty, Goodspring, Nev.
Anthony Doyle, Astoria, L. I.
Mrs. Margaret Baker, Los Angeles, Cal.
Mrs. Alicia L. Rooney, San Antonio, Tex.
S. G. Shaw, Seattle, Wash.
H. E. L. Pelgreen, Juneau, Alaska
Kenyon Wade, Ashland, Ore.
Thora Eigenmann, San Diego, Cal.
Wm. L. DeJean, Opelousas, La.

Charity Chiselers

How Organized Gangs Prey on the Fear and Generosity of Business Men in the Name of Holy Philanthropy

by DE LYSLE FERREE CASS

General Manager, Illinois Intelligence Bureau

The Illinois Intelligence Bureau, of which Mr. Cass is president, is an organization to protect business men against the fraudulent or near-fraudulent operations of gangs that highpressure in the name of holy charity. From his many years of contact, Mr. Cass is in a position to write ably of these frauds.

WHILE I DON'T KNOW the origin of the slang term "phoney"—meaning imitation or fake—I am certain that, of all the many synonyms descriptive of confidence game swindles, "phoney" is the most apt because the majority of such propositions are handled over the phone.

Few persons realize the extent to which petty larceny racketeering is organized and systematized in metropolitan centers of this country. Some idea, however, of the seriousness of the problem may be gained from the fact that in July, 1935, the City of New York officially appropriated \$122,000 for the mere investigation of rackets within its own municipal limits. In Chicago there are approximately thirty different, definitely established firms of charity promoters operating at the present time. Of those, the leaders—known to us of the Illinois Intelligence Bureau as the "Big Eight"—week in, week out, employ ten or more professional solicitors of both sexes. There are about 200 professional confidence men regularly engaged by those promoters, who handle, out of their own private offices, about 75 percent of all the appeals made to the generosity of the business public in the names of charity, civic cooperation, patriotism, union labor, religion, education, and politics.

The promoters use those 200 solicitors *interchangeably* and they largely congregate in the same taverns, racing books, and similar haunts each noon and evening. That is why, when a busy executive deems that his time is worth more than the \$2.50 or \$5 asked over the telephone for a pair of tickets to some ostensible charity benefit and tells his phone pleader to send some one over to pick up the check, even that small donation is sufficient to put one's name on the

promoter's sucker list. When any person goes on *one* such, he simultaneously will appear on every one in the city.

Tom meets Dick or Harry that night at their hang-out and says: "I know a mooch out on West Harrison Street who will go for anything to do with crippled children [for instance]. He's good for anywhere from \$5 to \$25. I'll tell you who he is if you'll split 50-50 on whatever you get out of him. I can't go back myself, because I got his check on another deal this afternoon and he might recognize me." The smallest donation that is innocently given to the wrong sort of appeal is sufficient to keep the donor pestered for literally years afterward.

If he subsequently becomes "wise," toughens up and keeps saying "No" to every approach for the next six months, he still will not discourage his pestering callers, nor secure immunity from professional hounding—not after his name once has appeared on a promoter's sucker list. The promoter thinks that the prospect refused probably because he was busy at the moment with other things; that maybe he had a grouch that day, or that perhaps the solicitor's canvass was not forceful enough.

The promoter trades on a certain trait in human nature. He knows that, if any man is inherently philanthropic and inclined to pity (let us say) cripples or orphans, he may annoyedly refuse all donation appeals on the subject for months, but inevitably a day will arrive when he wakes up in the morning to find the sun shining, the birds singing and himself feeling good; or he may unexpectedly enjoy a rush of good business. And, when that time comes, he is going to weaken and fall for the same old gag all over again.

ALL PROMOTERS WORK with sucker lists. The play is always upon the known susceptibilities of the prospective victim; never on selling him the possible merits of any proposition. Curiously enough—within our own experience as an agency functioning for the exposure and suppression of charity rackets—all the people we interview in order to afford them protection may be roughly divided into just two classes: (1) the man who is so aggravated by our revelation of how he has been deluded that he is only too glad to work with us to put an end to the nuisance; and (2) the man who, strange as it may seem, actually is *resentful* of our exposure of how ingeniously he has been deceived. The underworld has a saying that "a sucker hates to be waked up," and this axiom, in a surprising number of instances, seems to be true. Several years ago I had occasion to call upon the president of one of Chicago's largest banks—a man of considerable prominence, since deceased. I submitted to him a list of more than thirty fake charities to which the banker had been more or less regularly donating.

"Anyway," said he patronizingly, "even though some of the things to which I have been giving may not be entirely worthy, I have the personal satisfaction of knowing that when my office door closes behind one of those solicitors he says to himself: 'Rufus Blank—there's one good scout!'"

The complacency of the banker over that assumption was so overbearing that I could not resist correcting him. "That may be what *you* think, Mr. Blank, but allow me to tell you what undoubtedly really happens when your door closes behind one of those professional solicitors. He has a hearty laugh at your expense, and



"Hello. This is Bishop O'Donnell speaking . . ."

his comment most likely is: 'Rufus Blank—another sucker!' " The vanity-wounded banker told me then to get out unless I wanted to be forcibly ejected.

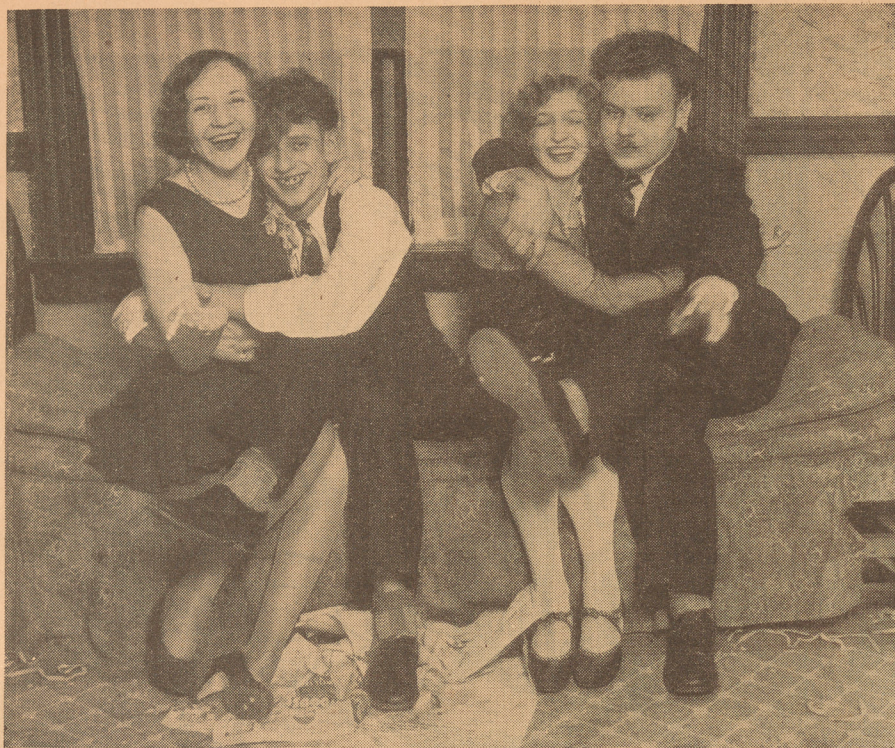
THERE ARE CERTAIN established charities which the average man thinks he knows all about; regarding which he feels that no investigation is needed. In Chicago, for instance, there is a certain well-known fraternal order hospital, and also an annually vaunted Catholic benefit event. Both, in themselves, are entirely estimable and worthy charities; have done excellent work for years past. Even in times of bad business, the

average member of that fraternal order, being approached for a donation, would strain a point and dig into his pocket to give something. However, if that loyal brother only realized that for four years past the raising of funds for the hospital has been in the hands of professional promoters, who, under contractive arrangement, are getting 70 percent of the gross amount of money they raise, it is extremely unlikely that he would donate anything to it.

The Bureau's analysis of a legitimate charity drive is that, after reasonable sales and operating expenses are deducted from publicly-given funds, the remainder of the money

contributed—actually the majority of it—then should be devoted to the strictly philanthropic purpose for which it was donated. If the diversion of intake exceeds 25 to 35 percent, if that fact is kept carefully concealed from the givers, and if the money is secured by false pretenses—for example, impersonation by the phone solicitor that he himself is some prominent individual on the charity's executive board, or is its operating director in person—then even that otherwise legitimate charity has lent itself to rank deception and allowed itself to be turned into a fraud underserving of public support.

(Continued on page 75)



Half-Past Sex O'clock

By
**MIRIAM
ALLEN
deFORD**

This Analytical Look at our Emotional Clock Warns Us that it Is Later Than We Think

A FEW WEEKS AGO my friend Beatrice gave a party. It was one of those parties where people bring their friends, and some of the guests don't even know the hostess. So it was not strange that when I stopped by to go with Louise, I found a family argument in progress; Betty couldn't see why she might not go, too. Betty is Louise's daughter; she is just eighteen, while Louise, like the rest of our crowd, is in her thirties.

"But, darling," Louise was objecting, "you'd be bored to death. There won't be a soul there under thirty."

So far, the conversation was an echo of what my own mother might have said to me on a similar occasion when I was eighteen. But my mother would have gone on: "It will be so stodgy and formal." Louise continued: "It's sure to be one of those wild parties, and you know how you hate them."

In the end, Betty didn't go. I was profoundly thankful for that, about two A.M., when the party had really started to get going. That was the time I went upstairs for my scarf and opened the wrong door and startled two very intimate couples. In my hasty retreat, I stumbled over a third couple in the bend of the stairway. No, Betty wouldn't have liked it at all.

But she wouldn't have been shocked; it takes far more than simple heterosexuality to shock Betty and her gang. She would merely have been contemptuous.

You see, our emotional watches

stopped somewhere about 1915, and we have never had them repaired. We were in our 'teens and early twenties then, and we had Discovered Sex. We were the Lost Generation, the Jazz Age, disciples of Scott Fitzgerald and, later on, of Ernest Hemingway. The more serious-minded of us leaned to the post-Wellsian earnestness of Floyd Dell or the avuncular councils of Judge Lindsey. We were *This Side of Paradise*, and the New Freedom had somehow got tangled in our hair.

I would not have it understood that Beatrice and my other friends are denizens of the underworld, or that all of us practised what we preached. At Beatrice's party there were far more couples on the dance floor, and more clustered around the bar, than there were in dark corners or in vacant rooms. But our pose—and every generation has its pose—was and is to do what we pleased, and nobody was to mind or seem to notice.

Of course we gossiped—people always gossip; but there was more amusement than censoriousness in our bits of scandal. If one spoke always of "John and Sue" for a year or two, and a year later John was living with Irene and Sue with Dick, it was good form not to consider that anything of importance had occurred—whether divorces and marriages had intervened (or had ever existed) or not. One simply invited John and Irene to Christmas dinner instead of John and Sue, or made a date for bridge at Sue and Dick's instead of at Sue and

John's; and at big parties all four of them might meet quite casually and cordially.

THE ROAD ON WHICH WE STARTED, in the first fine flush of our adolescence, we have continued to traverse. To be sure, we have pretty well settled down now; not many more changes of partner can be expected at our age, though naturally nothing would surprise us. Nearly all the unmarried couples have been quietly married, with apologetic explanations about "my job," or "with mother coming to visit us," or "it was so difficult to travel." Some of the most pronounced and promiscuous varietists in our acquaintance have lapsed into a placid and legal monogamy, a few of them with the further shackles of a Blessed Event; some of them are dead, several by their own hand; and the few who remain are beginning to seem a little grotesque, now that they are definitely entering the dental plate and bald pate stage, and can no longer pretend to their latest conquests that they were too young to remember the first Armistice Day.

We still keep our pose; that is perpetual. Our watches stopped at sex o'clock and will never be officially rewound. But so many things have happened since we were twenty-one. For one thing, we have approached or passed that dread climacteric of forty, that moment after which it is useless to feign even to oneself that the year's at the spring any more.

For another, we have undergone and are still undergoing the prolonged attrition and dismal harrowing of an abysmal economic depression. For a third, the experiment noble in purpose has gone its way, and we must meet the conditions of an era in which alcohol is once more promoted from the secret cellar to the pantry shelf. And, for a fourth, while all these things have been slowly coming about, the door on which the next generation was knocking has been thrust open, and we must give way, as gracefully as possible, to the new stars of the afterpiece.

THIS NEW GENERATION which has now burst in upon us and is taking the forefront of the stage has grown up under conditions very different from ours. The lives of its members were not cut in twain by the war years; the war, with all its devastation and derangement, is to them merely a half-remembered episode of early childhood, already removed from the realm of emotion to that of history. Many things which had to be learned and accepted by us have been familiar to them from the dawn of memory—automobiles, aviation, motion pictures, the radio. These things have changed the face of the earth, but they arrived after the change. Their cataclysm is not the world war, but the world depression.

Even if complete economic recovery were possible, there is no likelihood that a new jazz age would follow by reaction. The world has grown too small and too unstable. In our youth, up to the moment of the murder of Archduke Ferdinand at least, we lived still in a relatively self-contained environment. We could foretell (or thought we could) anything of vital importance likely to occur in the economic world about us; there would be good times and bad, there would be political changes, but the economic system as a whole would doubtless at the close of our careers resemble in all fundamentals that at the beginning. The emphasis, so far as change was concerned, was social, not economic; personal, not general. Now that is all transformed: an invasion of Ethiopia, an affront to Japan, a cabinet upset in France, send a thrill of apprehension into every home in America.

IN SUCH A WORLD AS THAT, with possibilities and examples of integral alteration confronting us on every side, with almost no eventuality too wild to be unthinkable, even we of the erstwhile Lost Generation are considerably shaken. What, then, must such a state of affairs do to those whose only conscious world is so insecurely underpinned? It is not

strange that in every country where profound economic changes have already occurred—in Italy, in Germany, in Russia—it is youth that is the mainstay and backbone of the new forces.

In the recrudescence of nationalism, the imminent threat of war, the widespread propaganda for new social systems to supersede the outworn democracy of the western world, it is the next generation after ours which is chiefly concerned, because it is they who will be sacrificed or who will triumph.

Every country which has undergone its revolution knows that old and wise teaching of the Jesuits: Give me a boy until he is seven and then you may do with him what you will. Little Germans prattle, "Heil Hitler!" little Italians tender the Fascist salute; just as little Russians lisp *The Internationale*. Their older brothers and sisters who have now passed adolescence are growing up in a world where the economic question is paramount, and where such personal concerns as sex are merely incidental. The emphasis has shifted, and probably not even war could restore it.

We, on the contrary, exalted the necessary, pleasant, and valuable business of sex into a position of improper importance. We isolated one function of the complete human being, a very vital one to be sure, but not more vital than the curiosity of intellect or the solidarity of social feeling or the urge to industry, and made it supreme and pre-eminent over all the other constituents of our makeup, with consequent suppression or truncation of all the rest.

That was the mistake and failure of our generation—one of them, at any rate. If the generation following ours can learn the lesson rightly, and not rush to the other extreme of asceticism or of infantile deviation from normality, it can accomplish far more to justify its existence than we ever did—and perhaps we shall prove of ultimate service to progress, if only as horrible examples. From my own observation, I think that on the whole it is learning that lesson, and learning it well; so that its attitude will represent no mere swing of an unceasing pendulum, but an actual upward turn in the spiral of social evolution.

Our whole trouble was that we were the first generation, at least within the memory of living man, to have been able to talk freely about sex. Our parents and grandparents did most of the things that we have done or do; the only difference is that they never mentioned them publicly.

It was with us, the post-war young people, that society first shed its masquerade. Freud and the literature which followed him gave the final impetus to that disrobement. First we discussed the generalities of sex, then we progressed to specific instances and personal cases. Because of that removal of inhibition, we actually thought, many of us, that we of our generation had *discovered* sex. So did Columbus think that he had discovered America: but America was there all the time.

After the first excitement, America became an interesting place, and perhaps one worth visiting, but hardly the paramount topic of the age. The

(Continued on page 73)



IT WAS ALWAYS HOT DURING FAIR WEEK, but the country folks cared nothing for the heat; it was good growing weather for corn. Over the fairgrounds, thousands of little rubber balloons, popularly known as McGinty whistles, were blown up, and the air released with a high long drawn waugh—waugh! Dozens of country boys paraded the grounds carrying small ornamental feather dusters with which they tickled the pretty girls on the back of their necks, the tip of their noses, or under their chins.

Perhaps, as you sauntered over the fairgrounds with your girl chum, looking at the exhibits, you saw the very fellow of whom you had always dreamed—tall and dark and stalwart. He had on his best Sunday suit, but you knew that he was from a farm the same as yourself. From his walk, his powerful hands, his tanned face, you knew that he was a free man, a tiller of God's good earth.

All that day you saw him—strangely, at intervals. Of course, he wasn't following you; you two just happened to run across each other. Secretly, you were roaming about, just waiting for another of those intoxicating looks.

This would happen on the first day of the fair.

The second day, things would have progressed to where he flicked you with his little feather duster, or hit you on the back with his rubber return ball. That evening, as your folks' wagon pulled out of the fairgrounds, you would see him on his horse, starting for home, also. He would wave good-bye at you, boldly, and receive a wave and your sweetest smile in return.

The next day would be Thursday, the big day at the fair.

You got away from your folks as early as possible, and as you and your girl chum came walking over towards the grandstand, he would be waiting—watching for you. There would be another fellow along, too, but not as nice looking. They would come right up like they had known you always, and he would say, "How'd you girls like to take a ride on the merry-go-round this morning?"

You liked his voice. In a few moments you were paired off, sauntering towards the midway of attractions. That day was only a couple of hours long; the shortest day of your life up till then. There was so much to do, and see, and tell each other. You had all of eighteen years to review, he twenty-one or twenty-two.

Friday, the last day, you brought him around at noontime to where, under the giant maples was spread the bounteous picnic dinner.

You timidly introduced him to Pa

A Tale of Twenty Years Ago in A Setting We All Remember

by
**MABEL
THOMPSON
RAUCH**

Author of "Cabbage Rose"



County Fair in Little Egypt

and Ma. They asked him to "set and eat." You saw, pretty soon, that your father liked him. Pa knew of his father and where their farm laid. They talked men talk—about the weather and the crops and the races.

Perhaps, after dinner, you would all go with him to see the blooded Jerseys, or the Poland China boar, or brood sow, on which his father had won the blue ribbon. His folks would be there, and everybody would be introduced all around, and right away you could see that they all liked and respected each other.

And then you drifted away—together—alone, for it was the afternoon of the last day at the fair and your magic hours would soon be over.

Perhaps, you gave him one parting kiss down in the shelter of the grove where the teams were hitched, for nature works fast in those hot summer months down in Little Egypt—one kiss that, hastily snatched, burned its way into your innermost being, and you—you knew that this—this was your man, forever.

You saw him sometimes in town on Saturdays, and ate ice cream soda with him at the new confectionary. And on certain Sundays he made the long drive and spent the day at your home.

By Christmas time you were engaged, and often married in the springtime—as soon as they could get

the house up on the forty acres his father had given him. And the next year you came to the fair, a happy young married couple; but it never lost its romance and glamour for you, for if it hadn't been for the fair, you two would never have met!

BUT NELLIE HINDMAN, of all the country girls reared within a radius of the county fairgrounds, had a different romance. The young fellow whose glances had told her heart that here was the one man for her, was not a farmer. He was not even a town boy from the county seat. He was the parachute jumper with the balloon outfit that each year sent up the big gas bag in the center field of the race track and gave the county folks their one great thrill of "death defying and daring" throughout fair week.

Nellie had known from the first that her folks would never accept him as one of themselves, so after his leap the last day of the fair, they eloped.

She placed a hastily scribbled note on the top of Ma's best cake plate in the market basket setting in their wagon, giving her mother the address of their next fair stop. Her note was never answered. Neither were the other letters which she wrote her folks during the two years she and her husband were away.

THE LAST YEAR, they had played the county fair circuit up in Iowa, but now they were back in Southern Illinois.

Nellie was filled with innocent pride when they arrived with the rest of the attractions in her former county fairgrounds. Now they could let Pa and Ma see that in his line, her Tom was getting ahead as fast as any land owner.

Two years ago, just a 'chute jumper; this year, Tom returned as owner of the balloon outfit with a professional lady jumper. After all, Nellie knew that Pa and Ma would like Tom if she could ever get them together, for he had been raised on a farm the same as herself. He had just happened to run away with a balloon outfit as a boy, because he couldn't stomach a mean step-mother at home. Tom and she were getting ahead, and he was the best and kindest husband in the world.

But the first day of the fair, none of Nellie's folks had attended. On the second day, she saw her younger sister with some neighbors. The two girls ran into each others arms.

"Oh Clemmie! How you've grown!" cried Nellie. "Where's Pa and Ma! Aren't they coming to the fair this year? They haven't—" Her voice choked in her throat as she thought of the possibilities of illness or death during the lapse of two years' silence.

"No, no, Nellie—they're all right. They're coming tomorrow, the big day. Pa had to wait so late for the thresher this year, they're just finishing the wheat this morning."

CLEMMIE AT ONCE liked Tom as a brother, and was thrilled with all the paraphernalia of the balloon outfit. The sisters plotted together, then laid a little plan for the morrow.

"I won't breath a word about see-

ing you, Nellie, Pa mightn't come. He still wants to act mad 'bout you running away, but if he ever meets you and Tom, face to face, and sees you're happy and doing well, he'll make up. I hear him and Ma talking at night, after they go to bed—I know.

"When it's time for the ascension tomorrow, I'll get 'em to come right over here by the race track fence where they can see Tom giving all the orders and fixing everything, and after the lady jumps, you and Tom walk straight over here to the fence where we are, and we'll get everything friendly and happy again."

"I sure want to see Ma," said Nellie, "I want to ask her about something—"

WHEN CLEMMIE got her folks to the appointed spot at the race track fence the next day, the big balloon was already being filled. The pressure in the giant bag was beginning to buoy it up to where it was self-supporting. The lines holding it up were released.

"Look at her! She's sure filling up now," said Clemmie. "She'll be ready to go before long!"

As the man applied the kerosene in increasing quantities, they could hear the voice of the tender inside the big bag, calling the height of the flames—

"Six feet!" Another dash of kerosene.

"Nine feet!" Another spurt.

"Fourteen feet! Eleven feet!" They stood listening.

"Fifteen feet! Eighteen feet!"

The danger point was reached. The dashes of kerosene were decreased as the calling continued.

The big bag had taken up the remaining slack. The circle of men were holding it to the ground by the binding rope around its mouth. The walls of the balloon were now as tight as a drum.

"Oh—Kay!" came from the inside.

The fireman ceased to apply the kerosene. The tender put the big safety cover over the opening, inside the balloon, and squeezed under the bottom of the big bag to the outside. He removed the damp sponge from his nose and mouth.

"She's ready to go!" he said to Tom Yost, the owner, as he mopped the grimy perspiration from his face.

TOM'S FACE was a trifle pale. He looked nervously towards the little dressing tent, and then at the great hulk hovering over him. He seemed to be torn between two conflicting emotions.

He turned and walked towards the stretched out parachute, stopping to examine the cutter that would release it from the balloon. He minutely scrutinized the parachute, and carefully separated the cords leading to the ropes on the trapeze.

"Look," said Clemmie, pointing, "that's not the lady that made the jump yesterday. She had dark hair—"

The figure of a pretty plump girl, her fair hair gleaming in the sun, had appeared at the door of the dressing tent, clad in the red tights and spangles of the professional parachute jumper.

Yost hurried over to her.

"Listen, Nellie dear," he said, placing his hand fondly on her arm, "I'd better make this jump today—I just got a feeling I'd better—the way things are now—"

"No, no, Tom! I'm going to make the jump—you promised last night that I could. Anyway, we advertised that a lady would make the jump, and we can't go back on our promises. That isn't good business for us. Trixie'll be well again, time we make our next stand at Marion. You know I jumped four times last season, and

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MERRICK



"... as you sauntered over the fair grounds with your girl chum."

it's been all right. I'd rather make the jump today than any other time. Right here on our own fairgrounds—with Pa and Ma watching, somewhere in the crowd—"

She smiled up at him lovingly.

Yost looked at her intently for a moment in silence, trying to reassure himself.

"But Nellie—maybe now, you shouldn't—"

Nellie smiled at him again, gayly. "It won't hurt me, it'll be all right, Tom. Let's go—everything's ready!"

"THE BALLOON FELLOW seems kind of nervous and worried, don't he?" asked Clemmie's father, as he watched the proceedings from where he leaned on the racetrack fence. "I wonder what's the matter?"

"Yes," said Clemmie, "I wonder what is the trouble? I wonder who's the lady that's going to jump? It's too far to see much from here—"

TOM TOOK NELLIE'S hand and they walked up to the trapeze. He slowly picked up the bar and pulled out the slack. Nellie smiled again to hearten him as she stepped between the two ropes of the trapeze. He placed the bar across the seat of her tights as she grasped the ropes on either side.

Then he walked nervously towards the balloon, again examining every inch of the rigging. He went around it, giving the circle of men their last instructions. The giant bag towered over him, weaving to and fro in the slight breeze like a great, animated monster.

Tom hurried back to Nellie.

"Now listen, honey, I'm going to—"

"Everything's all right, Tom," she cut in, smiling at him. "Everything's fine. Don't worry."

"Are you sure you—?"

"Sure, Tom."

Yost hesitated. To his ears came wafted the merry-go-round music from across the racetrack.

"Wait till the sun shines, Nellie, And the clouds go drifting by—"

Impulsively, he caught her to him and kissed her lips.

"OH, PA! MA!" cried Clemmie, beside herself with excitement, "It's Nellie! It's Nellie! That's her husband, Tom Yost! They're here at the fair this year, Tom owns the balloon and something's happened to their lady jumper. Nellie's going to make the jump today!"

"All right, men!" shouted Yost. "Let 'er go! Get back out of the way!"

The great bag left the earth, veering a little to the southwest. As it took up the slack in the parachute and rigging, Nellie swung back against the trapeze bar, running along the

ground, pulled by that irresistible force until she was almost under it.

When the balloon swung her into the air, the suddenness of it caused the bar to jerk from under her, and up behind. Her hands slipped down on the ropes until the trapeze bar was across the backs of her wrists.

She hung dangling in the air as the great bag soared up—up—up—

EVEN NOW, IF she let go, it meant sure death. She struggled, tried to raise her feet to the bar.

She missed.

She tried again, and again missed.

She hung still.

Whispers of awe, groans of agony, gasps of horror, and prayers of mercy came from the crowd, as they realized her terrible fate.

Now she struggled again, making a supreme effort.

But it was no use. She was helpless.

Gertrude Stein vs. James Joyce

In many minds Gertrude Stein is coupled with James Joyce, whose unique style of writing has caused many readers to tear their hair. Read a sober literary comparison of the two by a well known midwestern critic.

Next Month's
REAL AMERICA

"Give her the signal to cut loose! Shoot the gun! Shoot the gun!" shouted the man who had tended the fire.

Tom, half demented, threw his arm across his eyes, shutting from sight what he could no longer bear to see. He whipped the big revolver from his pocket and rapidly fired it five times into the air, the prearranged signal for the jumper to cut the parachute loose.

"My God! It's no use! It's no use! She can't even reach the bar!" he cried in agony, as he looked up again.

HE SAW the faint struggle of the tiny figure and knew that it was her last farewell to him.

As she hung motionless and helpless, an awful hush descended over the fairgrounds. Every eye was fixed on the girl who was now being borne higher and higher, growing smaller

and smaller to view.

Barkers, performers, standkeepers, and all the rest of the folks on the grounds dashed to the open places among the trees to stare at the thing they dreaded to see—the tiny doomed form dangling in the heavens.

In the grandstand, women hid their faces on their husbands' shoulders, men stood gazing, horror-stricken, but were unable to take their eyes from the awful thing impending.

Moments passed.

How long could she hold on?—Oh, God, how long—?

Women fainted. Men held their breath—and then—

Another shot sounded in the death-like stillness.

It awakened Nellie's family from their horror-stricken daze.

They saw that two men had knocked the revolver from Tom's hand, that it had exploded harmlessly in the air.

"Oh, God!" he moaned, as they held him tightly, "Let me die! Let me die, too!"

Clemmie, her soul torn with agony, held her mother in her arms, trying to shield her eyes from what must happen.

Her father hung on the racetrack fence, saying over and over again, "Oh, God! Forgive me! Forgive me! This is more than I can bear!"

SUDDENLY, THE GREAT CONCOURSE of human souls, straining their faces upwards, saw a column of smoke beginning to spurt from one side of the great inflated bag. Slowly it increased in volume as the rent in the wall caused by one of the bullets from Tom's revolver grew larger.

The balloon no longer ascended. It even seemed nearer. It was slowly coming down.

The onlookers held their deathlike stillness for an instant. Then pandemonium broke loose. For a short time it raged; then it hushed as the crowd realized that Nellie was not yet saved.

Could she hold on?

The great bag slowly descended, drifting south beyond the fairgrounds. A concerted rush in that direction was made by hundreds of men.

When they reached the high fence enclosing that side of the grounds, they climbed and swarmed over it by the dozens. With Nellie's father in the lead, they raced across the slope of the rising meadow to the south, and up the hill to its top, crowned by the white tombstones of the old Evergreen Cemetery.

There, among the graves of the silent sleepers, lay Nellie's limp crumpled form.

HER FATHER, on his knees, held her lifeless body to his breast.

The ropes of the trapeze lay along the ground. It took the combined efforts of two men to pry her fingers from their twisted strands.

The crowd parted, making way for the sparse form of one of the town's leading physicians, Dr. Lee.

They stretched her on the long blue grass that had eased her fall while he gently examined her.

"There's life—her heart's beating. Bruises, but no broken bones—" He drew a little vial from his inner pocket. "Let's try this—"

NELLIE OPENED her great blue eyes onto life again, and turned them slowly from one loved face to the other.

"Father—my Tom," she said.

And so they met.

Tom Yost reached across Nellie's supine form and took the older man's hand in his powerful young grasp.

"I'm selling the balloon outfit tomorrow," he said. "I'm through. Mr. Hindman—couldn't you use another willing hand on your farm—I was raised in the country myself—"

"Call me Dad," said Nellie's father, as he wrung Yost's hand in return. "You know, Tom, all we ever had was Nellie and Clemmie—I've always wanted and needed a son."



"She hung dangling in the air as the great bag soared up—up—up—"

Here Are the Answers to Aviation Questions

See Page 14

1. Air travel is rapidly increasing. The number of passengers carried in 1935 will be double the figure for 1934.

2. The average cost of air travel is slightly under 6 cents a mile, which is more than railroad fares on day coaches. However, for extended trips, air expense amounts to about the same as train expense, when other costs, such as Pullman and meals, are considered.

3. Automobiles are at present the most dangerous transportation, with the 1935 toll running about 36,000 killed. The first eleven months of 1935, there were no fatalities in railroad wrecks in the United States. Many were killed in private airplane accidents, but on the regularly sched-

uled trips of the air transport companies, more than 160,000,000 miles were flown in the first eight months of 1935 with only four deaths—an average of one killed in every forty million miles of flying.

4. All aviation companies are constantly making experiments to reduce the hazard of flying. The low fatality rate substantiates this.

5. Commercial planes may be used for national defense by installing bomb racks and machine guns.

6. The largest plane is the new Douglas Sleeper Transport, to be put in service by American Airlines in February.

7. Stratosphere flights probably will be established about four years from now. This will mean much faster fly-

ing, with speeds like 350 miles an hour becoming commonplace at an altitude of 35,000 feet.

8. There are many organizations for young Americans for education in aviation. One of the leaders is the Junior Birdmen of America, with more than 300,000 boy and girl members.

9. Some experts predict speeds in the stratosphere of 1000 miles per hour 50 years from now.

10. All the trans-Atlantic flights have aided materially in helping to solve the problems of regular trips, and many ideas are being studied. The Clippers now in service are entirely suitable for trans-Atlantic service as soon as international complications are solved.

A Friendly Call

A "First" Story, Complete in this Issue, by
Our Most Recent Discovery in Fiction Writers

by H. C. SCHARY

HE WAS A QUEER LOOKING OLD MAN with his broad-brimmed straw hat that dipped off his lean face at a ridiculous angle, leaving his frayed white goatee standing out conspicuously like a painter's worn brush.

He smiled up at the woman who finally opened the door for him a few grudging inches. He had been pressing his thumb on the door bell off and on for the last five minutes.

"What do you want?" she snapped, holding her foot in the narrow angle of the opened doorway.

"I've come to see if my old friend O'Leary lives here," he drawled in a tired voice. "And I've come a long way," he added, leaning wearily against the door post.

The woman's lips came together in a firm pale line. She cleared her throat. "What Mister O'Leary did you want?" she asked sharply. "San Francisco's chuck full of O'Leary's."

"I've got it right here, ma'am," he answered, fumbling in a pocket of his coat. "Used to call him 'Mack', though." He pulled out a soiled slip of paper. "Here, 'tis, ma'am. Name and address. Had the hotel clerk look it up for me and write it down."

"Let's have it!" she snapped, reaching out.

The old gentleman let it go, reluctantly.

"Hmmm. Hotel clerk's writing, did you say? Might be anybody's!" she speculated. She read the name aloud. "Horace McCormack O'Leary," and laughed harshly. "Never heard anybody use the Horace end of it for years. They all call him Mack. Where'd the hotel clerk find this?"

"City directory, ma'am," he answered, politely.

"Want to see Mack about anything in particular?" she asked, and a sinister look crept into her dark eyes.

"Just a friendly call, ma'am," he answered, courteously. "I'm looking up some old acquaintances while I'm in town, here. Took a trip up only last week from Hollywood. A friend gave me a ride. You see, I've got friends all over the country. Used to be a traveling man."

"How long since you've seen Mack?" Mrs. O'Leary asked, sweeping him with a shrewd glance.

The old man hesitated. "A long time, ma'am. A very long time," he repeated, with a tired drawl.

Mrs. O'Leary opened the door a little wider. "Well, maybe you'd like to come in and set down, if you're tired. Of course, Mack won't get home 'til late, tonight."

She led him into a darkened front parlor. "There's an easy chair over there in the corner," she told him, pointing toward it as she proceeded to raise two of the window shades halfway up. "Now, if you'll excuse me a minute, I'll go and see to some things I've got cooking."

WHEN MRS. O'LEARY came back a few minutes later, she had smoothed back her dark graying hair and put on a clean kitchen apron.

"So, you've known Mack a long time, Mister—er— You haven't told me your name."

"Beg pardon, ma'am. I most forgot. The name's Lafayette, though there's no French in me that I know of," he smiled.

"Hmmm," sniffed Mrs. O'Leary. "Didn't think you were French. You look more Southern with that big hat of yours and them chin whiskers."

"I am a Southerner, ma'am, I am indeed," he assented proudly.

"What hotel are you staying at, Mister Laf—?"

"Lafayette, ma'am," he told her, graciously.

He thought for a moment. "It's right off Market Street." A little color stole into his pale cheeks. "Funny," he smiled, cocking his head to one side, "Reckon, I've clean forgot the name of the hotel, but it's right down town—"

"Off Market Street," Mrs. O'Leary reminded him, with mock suavity.

"Yes, ma'am, and it's near Powell Street too, but my memory goes back on me, sometimes."

"Mack's does, too," she told him with a shrewd smile, "when he's trying to keep things from me."

Old Mr. Lafayette coughed slightly. "How'd you find the house?" she asked quickly.

"Oh," He leaned forward a little. "That was easy. The hotel clerk told me to take a Number Twelve car—I have it!" he exclaimed, brightly. "It's the Whitestone Hotel."

He took out a clean white handkerchief, monogrammed, and wiped his forehead. Mrs. O'Leary rocked silently in a chair opposite.

AFTER A PAUSE, "You haven't any relatives here, Mister Laf—fee-yet?"

"No, ma'am, I ain't, but I've had lots of acquaintances in my day and some of them used to live here," he drawled. "You see, I used to travel all over the country for an old Southern firm. They've gone out of business during these lean years," he added, with a sigh.

"I'll say they've been lean!" Mrs. O'Leary affirmed, vehemently. "Just look at this house! Can't spend a nickel on it. It's hard enough to keep up the interest on the mortgage. Mack's a sly one! Put's the house over in my name so's I'll help him pay it off with the money I get from the boarders!"

Old Mr. Lafayette coughed. "It sure hit me too, ma'am," he agreed. "And now that my wife's gone—"

Mrs. O'Leary cleared her throat. "If you've come for financial assistance—" Her voice was cold.

The old gentleman raised his hand, protestingly. "Heaven forbid, ma'am, I've got a son in the East who helps me out." He sighed, wearily. "Well, I'd like to have seen Mack," he said, as he got up to go.

He shook hands with her at the front door. "It was indeed a pleasure to meet you, ma'am," he smiled. "And please remember me to Mack."

"I will," she nodded, holding the front door open for him.

He stood hesitatingly in the cool breeze feeling in the inside pocket of his coat.

"Mack ain't much for keepsakes, I suppose?" he asked.

(Continued on page 73)

One Thousand and One Stag Nights

An Attempt to Record, With Accuracy and Fidelity, What Happens When the American Male Steps Out With "The Boys"

By PHILIP BERKELEY



Henryk Photo

THE AMERICAN STAG is the least publicized of all American masculine diversions.

But it is the best known.

Slyly mention to any male of your acquaintance, from eighteen to eighty, that "Such-and-Such Lodge (or Club) is giving a stag next Monday night for members and their guests"—or that "So-and-So Company is throwing the Annual Frolic for divisional heads and territorial salesmen"—and if he doesn't give you a knowing smile and reply with enthusiasm "Boy! I'll be there!" you can regard him with suspicion: he is not one hundred per cent American; what's more, he has no legal right to the claim of being a real he-man.

No one knows the history of the Stag, because apparently no one has ever bothered to record any impressions of this peculiarly American form of indoor sport that has been tickling the Rabelaisian risibilities of masculine funny bones since America itself was a squawling infant. I have searched diligently and found nothing to authenticate its source but the very logical belief of some old-timers and more erudite scholars of Americana that the somewhat refined but still very bawdy American Stag we know today sprung from such glamorously notorious roots as the public demonstrations, dances, skits, tableaux and obscenities put on in the infamous holes, saloons, dives, and gambling houses of Sydney-Town in the early days of San Francisco's Barbary Coast—thus the "private" Stag we know today might very logically be a

direct result of such exhibitions finally being driven from public view, to carry on behind locked doors.

I personally know this. My father took me to my first stag when I was about eighteen—his father initiated him when he was that age or younger—and I've heard my grandfather chuckle and tell about the hilarious stags he attended as a young Victorian—and he had heard his father tell about the rough and rowdy stags they had in his student days, lamenting that the Victorians were a bunch of softies!

THE AMERICAN STAG is unique today as the last remnant of vanishing masculine independence: *no women are allowed on the audience side of the footlights.*

My work as a newspaper man has taken me into many stags and smokers, club shows and annual frolics, held in various cities from New York to California, and they are all the same.

Like burlesque (with which it has much in common), the routine of the stag never changes:

The crowd is a polyglot collection of business and professional men, politicians and officers of the law, and reporters.

The Big Show is preceeded by a dinner. The food at all stags is very bad. Otherwise everybody would immediately have the impression they were at the wrong place and get up and walk out. The bad food acts as a sort of green light to go ahead, that you're in the right place, everything's

okeh.

At the beginning the fellows are a trifle quiet and reserved, because everyone is not fully acquainted. But after wrestling with a tough piece of meat such as they serve at these affairs, you gladly welcome a restful interlude of conversation, and before you realize it the entire room is on a more intimate basis and people you never have seen before address you as "pal."

The ice-cream-and-cake has been served, cigars and cigarettes are passed, and your tired business man is ready to be amused and, we hope, rejuvenated.

There is an improvised stage at the far end of the ballroom. As tables are cleared away, the fellows, hanging onto their chairs, make a mad rush in that direction.

ROOM LIGHTS ARE DARKENED. A spotlight is thrown in front of the stage. One of the fellows from the Program Committee steps into the light, blinks his eyes, throws out his chest, and says:

"Well, boys, before we start the Big Show I think we ought to pay a little tribute to the president of our organization. (Applause.) He has worked hard all year for the club—blablahblablah—. (Applause.) Now, if our good president will just step down here I would like to present him with a little gift that is a token of esteem, a little gift that shows just what we boys think of our president."

The president steps into the spotlight on wings of applause, very self-

conscious, laughing nervously, doing all he can to appear nonchalant.

He extends a hand to receive the gift just as the speaker draws from his pocket and with a great sweeping gesture, presents him with a chisel, decorated with a pink bow. Then the speaker quickly grabs the hand holding the chisel and pushes it up high for everybody to see. (This bit of puckish humor was maliciously premeditated and I thought the president, his face the color of a red onion, was going to sock the speaker, but the grace of fate saved him. Much laughter follows this, and another big round of applause. The president tries to shrug it off while the funny man, a merry twinkle in his eye, says:

"Do you get it boys? Do you get it?"



They all must get it because they all laugh and applaud again and whistle. (If the boys don't get such sledge hammer subtlety as this, next year the funny man had better try something with the force and impact of a steam roller.)

Embarrassed and flustered, the poor president literally runs from the spotlight to the protecting shadows of the room.

NOW THE FUNNY MAN gives them another long-winded oration about the club raffle which helps defray a portion of the huge expenses in producing the Big Show. Last year they sold boxes of candy containing lottery tickets which won such amusing gifts as silk teddies, Genuine Spanish Shawls (from Brooklyn), cigarette cases, beads, and slum jewelry. "But this year it's going to be different, fellows. It's going to be a country store, fellows, a country store. Just

look at all these wonderful baskets of food! And look—a surprise!—(three men in the background stand up, each holding a duck, a goose, a chicken)—some guy with a lucky number is going to win a swell dinner!" Somewhere a voice shouts: "Hey, Bill! Let's have a duck dinner and you bring the ducks!" (Applause and a terrific outburst of laughter at this, accompanied by melodious squawks from the duck.)

"Will we all buy a ticket? Of course we will! The show cost us a lot of money this year, fellows, and we want to break even if we can—so everybody buy a ticket! Only twenty-five cents. That's all boys, two-bits, and you get a lucky number. Everybody wins something! You can't lose!"

Ticket sellers circulate through the room. There is much fumbling and a few tickets are sold, but it is no landslide. Finally the funny man jumps up and says:

"Let 'em go six for a quarter! (loud protests from the few who have just paid twenty-five cents for one)—nickel a piece—we've got to get this thing started—six for a quarter!"

It's a sell out! The raffle takes place, numbers are called, and lucky winners move forward to claim their prizes, which they receive amidst a bedlam of booing, cat calling, shouting, and Bronx cheers. The fortunate winner of the handsome duck brings down the house when the duck quacks and flaps its wings. (Remember this duck, you'll hear more from him tonight.)

NOW THE BIG SHOW IS ABOUT TO BEGIN.

Chairs squeak and feet scrape as the boys square themselves for what the program committee has promised is "the biggest and best show we've ever had!"

This is really the "nicest" part of the show; that is, the nicest, so far as the absence of vulgarity is concerned. There is always a "nice" part to every stag, usually staged by some local dance school promoter who makes a business of parading her little group of teen-age students before tired business men, receiving a not insignificant fee, and no end of free publicity: proud mamas will read about the great success the Dotty Darling Dancers were at the Dinky Dunk Tired Businessmen's Revue and right away rush little Emma to Miss Dotty Darling, having visions of little Emma lightly dancing her way to fame from just such a modest beginning!

Miss Darling steps into the spotlight and receives a miniature ovation. They all know her. Dotty Darling's Dancers have been the nice part of every annual frolic for more years

than Dotty cares to remember. She smiles sweetly and bows.

Dotty says: "I've worked very hard. I have a *thrilling* show for you this year—reallling *thrilling*—and I know you're all going to *love* it! I've been working with you boys on every show now for a long time—(smiles coyly and laughs)—huh! if I don't watch out I'll be telling my age!—and every year I've tried to make Dotty Darling's part of the show better than it was the year before. Now, this is a good clean show. I don't allow my girls to do any strip acts. In fact, Dotty Darling is strictly opposed to stripping (senses this doesn't go so well with the audience, so she makes a lightning facial transformation and laughingly continues)—but I know, when you see *my* show



(points to funny man at her side, who is now being very funny)—when you see my show you're going to say it's better than *his*! (Applause.)

Somebody in the darkness yells: "Oh DOTTEE! Oh, TOOOOOTS!" and Dotty fires back: "Who knows me well enough to yell out at me in that fashion? Who! I ask you, who?"

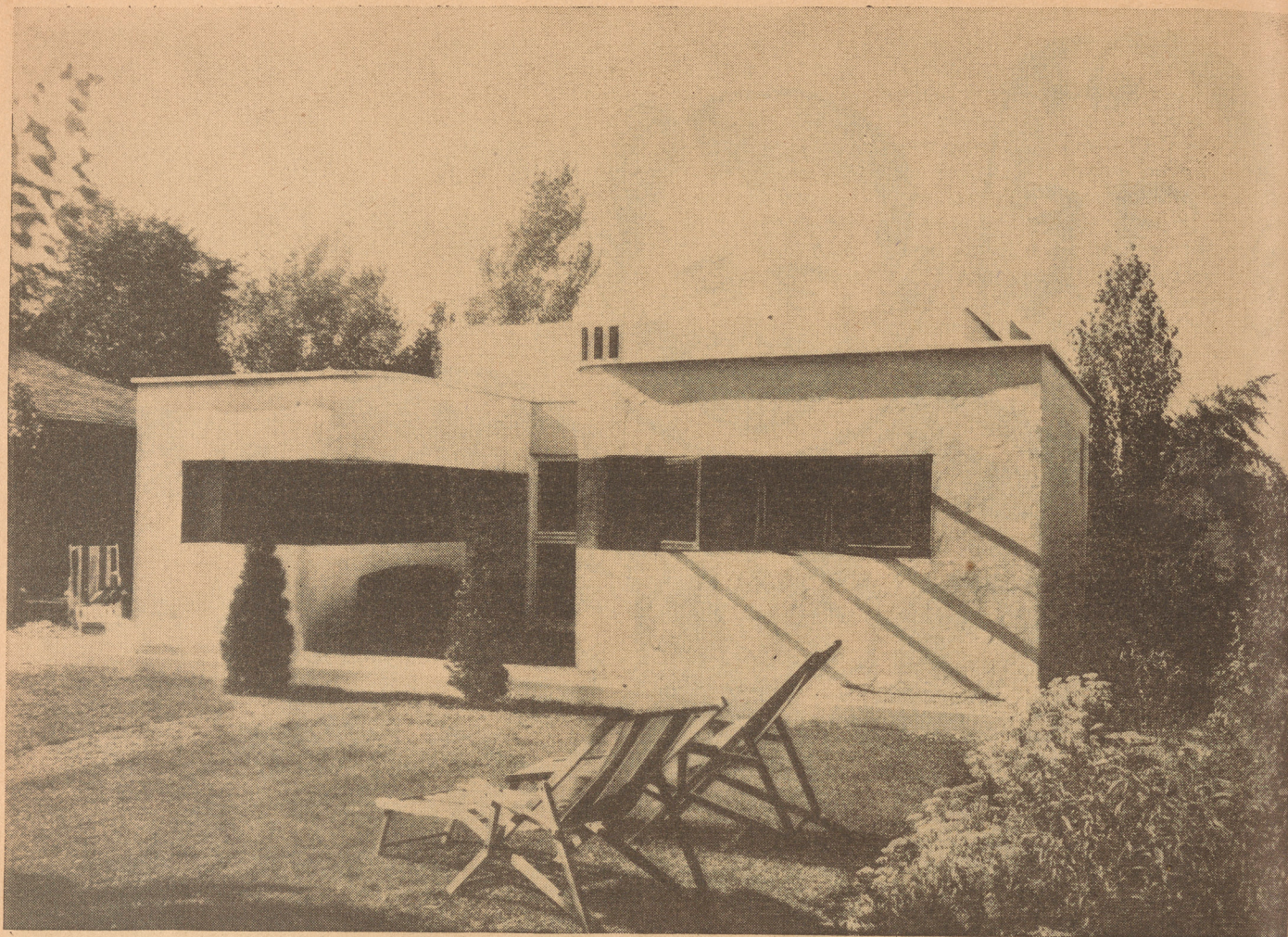
No one answers. She smiles again and, feeling she has properly reproached the fresh person, Dotty gives the orchestra the signal to strike up the music. Curtains part and the famous Dotty Darling Dancers float out to the tune of *The Object Of My Affection*. They dance on and off, through several tunes, never doing anything but a simple and silly strut. Tonight's monotony is broken by one forlorn little hopeful not ten years of age. She does an adagio number. There she stands: wild-eyed, ill at ease and afraid, in the glaring spot-

(Continued on page 80)



REAL AMERICA'S NEW YEAR'S PARTY

The revelers: Congressman Jennings Randolph (p. 13); Author Ernest Hemingway (p. 9); Professor Thornton Wilder (p. 70); Prankster Gertrude Stein (p. 8); Airman C. R. Smith (p. 17); Editor Fulton Oursler (p. 25); "Geographer" Gilbert Grosvenor (p. 50); Philosopher Howard Vincent O'Brien (p. 6).



A concrete home in New Jersey

Good News for Home Buyers

By HIRAM KNOX



Before

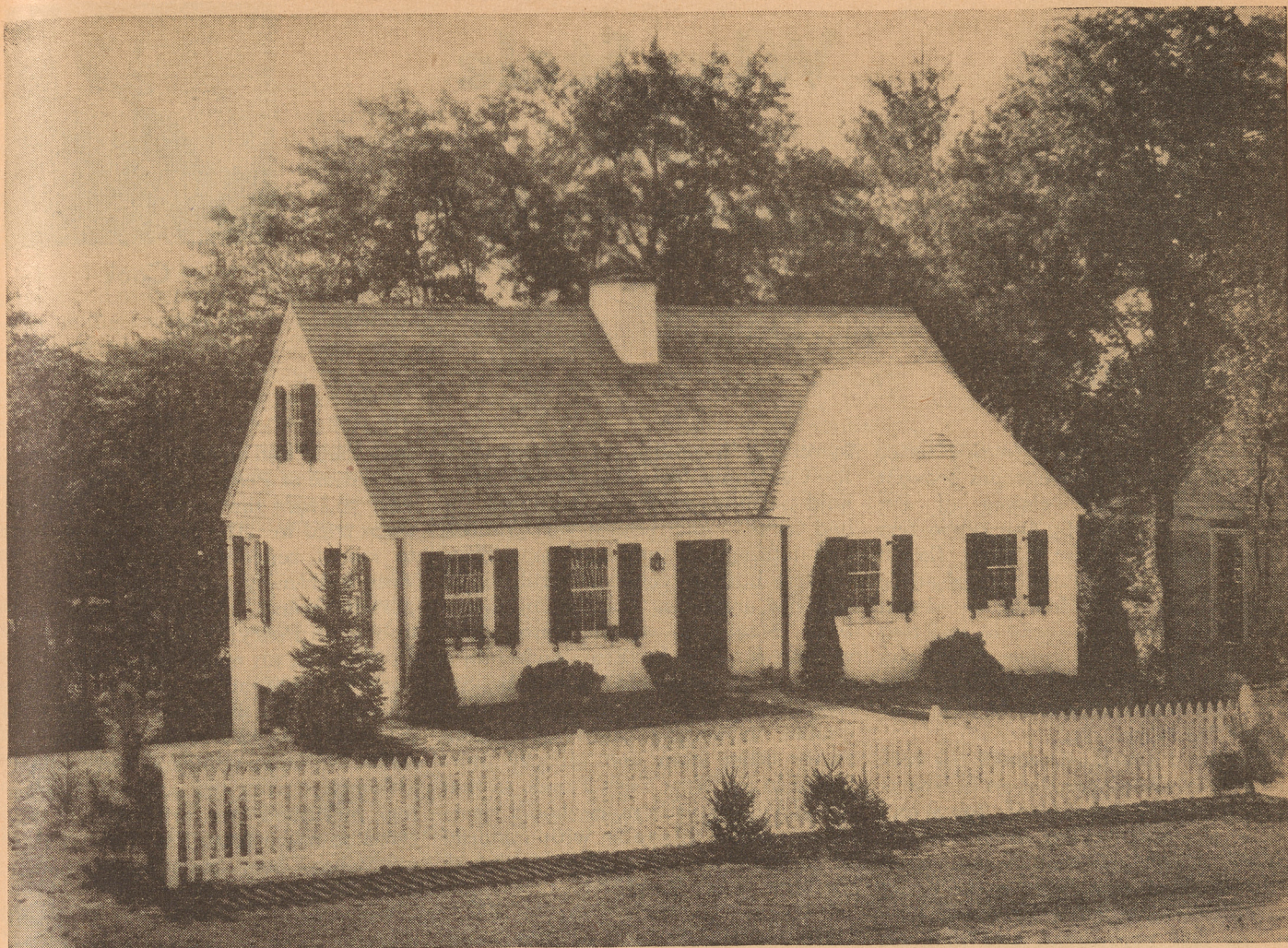
CUTTING HIGH, CLEAR AND TRIUMPHANT through the national capital's talk about the government's housing and building activities restoring American prosperity, the joyous cry now resounds:

"The home buyer gets a break from Uncle Sam!"

And a bigger, better or more abundant break has seldom come to Mr. John Citizen, unaccustomed as he is to breaks of any sort worth mentioning.

This classic among breaks is the fact that the man who wants to buy a home can do so with a mortgage that may run twenty years, and he may pay off the debt in monthly installments amounting to no more than he would have to give up as rent for a house and lot of that type and cost.

Nor is that all. With this kind of mortgage, he puts to flight the money



Made possible by the FHA

From the Federal Housing Administration

lenders whom he used to fatten with exorbitantly high fees and interest rates, and he escapes the clutches of the cheap-skate builders whose habit it was to palm off on him jerry-built houses with floors that sagged and windows that warped when the first long rain came along.

John thus sits at ease in the driver's seat because the Federal Housing Administration has developed a mutually insured nation-wide standardized home mortgage, the purpose of which is to make home building attractive and convenient for the average American and home mortgage lending safe for banks and other private financial institutions. It is in reality the Single Mortgage System.

ANYBODY WHO HAS TRIED the old-fashioned system of paying for a home with a short-term mortgage (three or five years) knows the heartbreaks and

(Continued on page 84)



After



Peary

Who Stole the North Pole?



Cook

By **TED LEITZELL**

The first two articles in this series dealt with the various charges brought against the polar claims of Dr. Frederick A. Cook by the supporters of his rival explorer, Robert Edwin Peary. By a careful analysis of every major charge it was demonstrated that not one of them was credible, and that to date there has never been any reasonable evidence to indicate that Dr. Cook was untruthful in any portion of his story.

The third article examined the record of Civil-Engineer Robert E. Peary, who has been considered, for many years, the outstanding American explorer. From his own testimony it was clearly shown that he could not possibly have reached the North Pole on his last expedition, and that his early career was fraught with dishonor and false claims. The article concluded with quotations from the National Geographic Society officials who rubber stamped Peary's claim, and showed that they had announced him successful after an examination of his data that was shockingly casual and incomplete.

This article, the last in the present series, reveals how Peary secured Congressional recognition, and discusses the attempts of various individuals to falsify history. Finally, it will answer the question that is the title, "Who Stole the North Pole?"—Ed.

AFTER THE COMMITTEE ON NAVAL AFFAIRS adjourned the Peary hearings in March, 1910, Peary was left with many months to popularize his claim. In the meantime Dr. Cook was in retirement, recovering from his terrific nervous ordeal, and the Peary partisans concentrated on a steady campaign of generalities about their hero and a continuous attack on the claims of Cook. Peary, although making every effort to convince the public that he had been on an official mission in searching for the Pole, had had the

This is the fourth of a series of stories about the famous Polar controversy, written expressly for *REAL AMERICA*. The others appeared in the October, November, and December issues. Copies will be mailed to any address in the United States or Canada for 25c each.—Ed.

incredible insolence to request that the Coast and Geodetic Survey withhold publication of the soundings he had taken.¹ His request was granted, and nothing was published concerning his trip but the vague generalities he released, including a series in *Hampton's Magazine* which were ghost written for him by Elsa Barker in a secret apartment at 151 East 123rd St., New York City. Mrs. Barker was unable to secure much data from Peary other than that already published in the *New York Times*, so that her story was little more than a repetition padded liberally with material extracted from Dr. Cook's articles in the *New York Herald*.²

DURING THE SUMMER of 1910 Peary made a trip around Europe, collecting the honors which had been awarded him by foreign societies and universities solely on the recognition granted by National Geographic. None of them saw a line of his original data, although the Royal Geographic Society of England received copies of some of his observations after the special gold medal had been awarded.

By January, 1911, Cook's fake confession³ was widely publicized, and the time was ripe for Congress to reopen the Peary hearings. They were resumed on January 7, 1911.

The action of this committee is, in many ways, far more reprehensible than the laxity shown by Geographic's committee. After all, Gannett, Tittmann, and Chester were friends of Peary. Although they were financially interested in his success, there is little doubt that they believed in him implicitly. It seems probable that they considered their examination a mere formality. If Peary said he had been to the Pole, they took it for granted he had been there.

The Congressional Committee, however, had had an opportunity to see

that there had been no scientific examination of Peary's data. It was their duty to learn the exact truth. Two of them tried to. The remainder seemed to resent reflections on Peary. All were extremely negligent in one important point: they took testimony only from Peary, Tittmann, and Hugh C. Mitchell, an employee of Mr. Tittmann's Coast and Geodetic Survey, who had been privately employed by Mr. Peary to recompute his observations.⁴ No other witnesses were called, although during the summer Henson had published two articles that differed so much from Peary's that they might have been the story of another expedition.

Peary testified for several days, and made a sorry witness in spite of the help given him by friendly Congressmen. He was fluent and precise in describing the Peary system, the food they ate, and other points that had no bearing on the question, but became very vague and evasive on many questions of importance. He admitted to the statements previously cited about his observations for longitude and compass variation and testified that he never rode more than five minutes at a time.

A FEW EXAMPLES will illustrate his evasiveness and indecision. When questioned about his compass, he admitted that he did not know the variation and then changed the subject to dogs. He couldn't say whether observations could be faked, where the log of the *Roosevelt* was, on what date or where he had met the Geographic committee, or when he had taken his North Pole photographs. Some questions about his early record were met by a reference to a recent speech of Congressman Moore's. He stated that his longest single day's march was fifty miles, but claimed a three-day average of 54 miles. He compared his return speed with that of Bartlett by saying he had been sixteen marches to Bartlett's thirteen, which sounds somewhat different from 15½ days compared to 17½. He

¹Congressional Record, 1st session, 64th Congress, Vol. 53, Part 14, p. 317. Hereafter, all references to the *Record* will be to this volume, unless otherwise specifically noted.—Ed.

²Mrs. Barker later became an ardent spiritualist and was able to produce "Messages from the Living Dead," which she claimed were authentic communications from the Hereafter.

³*REAL AMERICA*, November, 1935, p. 28.

⁴*Record*, p. 288.

An Authoritative Answer to the Famous Polar Controversy

introduced some data prepared by Grosvenor, which compared his march in air-line miles with other marches on land in route miles, and compared his questioned claims of the 1909 expedition with unwitnessed claims for earlier marches.

Congressman Englebright was a loyal friend of Peary's. He introduced some of the records made by Alaska racing teams and by mail carriers over beaten trails, all tending to show that Peary did not claim excessive speed. Here the comparison was in statute miles actually covered, as against Peary's airline geographic miles, but even then Peary had a higher average than most of the mail carriers.

Hugh Mitchell then took the stand, after an introduction by his superior, Mr. Tittmann. There was no reference to the fact that he had been privately employed by Peary. However, he did state that he had done his work during the preceding month, which was December, 1910, more than a year after the Geographic Committee had placed its rubber stamp on Peary.

MITCHELL'S COMPUTATION of Peary figures is mathematically correct. If Peary took the observations when and where he said and if the low altitude is accepted as reasonably accurate, Mitchell has placed his position as closely as possible. Furthermore, Mitchell stated that in his experience the figures could not have been faked. This is absurd; any bright college student, with a few hours' instruction in navigation, could give a set of figures for a series of observations that would place him in very close to the Pole. It is simply a matter of giving the sun's altitude, after correcting for its steady spiral ascent. More difficult problems than that are

A Comparison of Cook and Peary		
	Cook	Peary
Claimed Discovery Date.....	April 21, 1908	April 6, 1909
Early record for courage and determination..	Excellent	Excellent
Early record for honesty and ability.....	Excellent	Poor
Quality and suitability of equipment.....	Excellent	Fair
Were sufficient instruments taken.....	Yes	No
Average daily speed with white witnesses..	—	9 geog. miles
Average daily speed to Pole without white witnesses	15 geog. miles	32 geog. miles
Average daily speed to land without white witnesses	13 geog. miles	30 geog. miles
Longest day's march with white witnesses...	—	20 geog. miles
Longest day's march without white witnesses	29 geog. miles	65 geog. miles
Longest 3-day march with white witnesses..	—	45 geog. miles
Longest 3-day march without white witnesses	68 geog. miles	163 geog. miles
Have others who travelled same ice equalled or exceeded speeds claimed?....	Yes	No
Were longitude observations taken?.....	Yes	No
Number of latitude observations between land and Pole.....	7	3
Were compass variations observed?.....	Yes	No
Was navigation adequate to reach objective?..	Yes	No
Were definite physical data given by which story could be checked?.....	Yes	No
Was daily log published?.....	Yes	No
Is story misleading or ambiguous?.....	No	Yes
Does story agree with witnesses?.....	Yes	No
Is story reasonable and probable?.....	Yes	No, impossible

worked out backwards every day in college physics laboratories.

Mitchell's report on Peary's observations is valuable because of the strange contradictions. Peary testified that he was carrying 70th meridian time, but Mitchell said he was carrying 60th. Mitchell attempts to prove that Peary's watch was not more than five minutes in error with the ship's chronometer going to and from the Pole because tidal observations, taken by other men before and after the Polar trip, checked within five minutes. That is like saying the watch in my pocket carries correct time because the clock on the Wrigley

Building is not more than five minutes fast.

There are enough more contradictions and pieces of sophistry in the *Record* to fill a book, but we have seen enough to know just how much credence we can place in Peary's word. Had these facts been placed before the public, Peary would have been laughed out of the country. But they weren't. I will quote from page 285 of the *Record*:

"The public never saw this published hearing. It was practically suppressed. The Senate library has not a copy of it; the members of the congressional committee have none; Senators and Congressmen have tried in vain to procure copies." The hearings were not inserted in the *Congressional Record* until 1916.

On January 21, 1911, the committee reported in the document entitled, "House of Representatives, Private Calender No. 733, Report No. 1961, 61st Congress, 3rd Session." Copies of this report are obtainable in some libraries.

IT IS WORTH NOTING that the original bills had been rewritten so that Peary was *not* recognized as discoverer of the Pole, he was *not* awarded a medal, and he was *not* promoted. Some of this was due to a letter written the committee by Secretary of Navy G. von L. Meyer, on February 10, 1910. I will quote from it:



Arctic ice where Peary broke all records.



Gilbert Grosvenor

Editor of the National Geographic Magazine which boasts each month that it helped Peary discover the Pole.

"It would appear that the bill in question is framed for the purpose of rewarding Civil Engineer Peary for having reached the North Pole, and while having successfully accomplished this self-imposed task is most commendable . . . it seems inappropriate to confer upon him a title for which his previous education, training, and service have not fitted him.

"It is therefore recommended that in the title of the bill and in the fourth line thereof the word 'Commander' be changed to 'Civil Engineer,' the latter being Mr. Peary's correct official designation, and, further, that instead of appointing him a rear admiral and placing him upon the retired list as such, that he be retired as a civil engineer with the rank of rear admiral and with the highest retired pay of that grade under existing law."

Peary was, therefore, never a line officer of the United States Navy; his rank corresponded with that of medical officers, dental officers, supply officers, chaplains, professors of mathematics, and naval constructors. They are not part of the fighting force of the Navy. Peary, after retirement, was addressed as "Civil Engineer Peary, U.S. Navy."

The report of the committee is a specious presentation of Peary's case. It tells of the report from the National Geographic Society and from the board of governors of the Royal Geographic Society, which we have discussed before.⁵ It tells that Peary was

charged with the duty with which he was engaged, that he was specifically commissioned to reach the Pole by his superiors, the President and the Secretary of Navy. To support this contention it had Peary's orders to take tidal observations (there was no mention of a polar expedition in them), and a letter given Peary in 1903 when he was granted leave for his 1905-06 expedition. It also had the letter from the Secretary of Navy, which spoke of Peary's "self-imposed task."

FURTHER SOPHISTRY appeared in a learned statement that a slight, and to Peary unknown, error in his time sent him slightly to the left of the Pole, although the committee had been told that Peary took no observations for longitude and did not, therefore, know his time. It quoted the banality about Peary returning in 16 marches compared with Bartlett's 13, and gave the position of Bartlett's turning point erroneously. It compared Peary's average speed with extreme records made by other explorers under different conditions. It listed the honors awarded Peary, although testimony had revealed that none of these recognized anything but the verdict of the National Geographic Society. It even mixed up Peary's story about his marching procedure.

This report was highly misleading, although its actual errors in fact were few. It is not the report of a fact-finding committee, but the kind of thing that an attorney would file in supporting the claims of a client with a dubious case. It sounds as if it had been written by Grosvenor or Mitchell; at that, it may have been, for Congressman D. S. Alexander kept close contact with the committee, and he was, in the words of Fitzhugh Green, "a medium through which the Peary Arctic Club could keep its fingers on the pulse of the investigating committee." Grosvenor had written part of a speech presented by another Peary lobbyist, Congressman Moore.

Seventeen of the report's twenty-three pages were devoted to the report of the minority, which was written by Congressman E. W. Roberts. Mr. Roberts was honest in his investigation, but he was not a scientist. He showed very clearly that he doubted Peary, but he accepted Mitchell's statement that the observations could not have been faked, and concluded by saying:

"Assuming the astronomical observations upon which this chart is based to have been made by Capt. Peary as he states they were made—and there is nothing in the evidence to the contrary—I am forced to the conclusion that Captain Peary was

within a very short distance of the pole; sufficiently near to warrant the claim that he reached the Pole."

Once more we have the amazing situation of seeing Peary recognized because men without scientific training could not disprove his claim, whereas Cook was convicted because he could not advance mathematically correct proofs that he had been successful.

The bill was passed, after speeches on the floor which continued with the Peary type of misrepresentation. Congressman Alexander quoted Mitchell, ignoring the statements by Tittmann and Gannett that the observations could have been faked. Congressman Padgett stressed the point that all scientific bodies in the world had accepted proofs from Peary. The only dissenting voice was Congressman R. B. Macon, who called Peary's claim "a fake pure and simple," but this had little influence. Peary got his pension, and kept the North Pole in his back yard.

IN CONTRAST WITH this sorry tale of Peary's, Cook's story has an unmistakable ring of sincerity, and the portions of it that have been checked in recent years give startling verification. Donald MacMillan found his caches while crossing to Svartevog, and made much higher speeds on the ice north of Heiberg Land than Cook claimed. MacMillan was unable to find Peary's fictitious Crocker Land which Cook had failed to report, but did find indications of shoal water directly south of Bradley Land which Cook did report, and which has been seen by no other civilized man. Stefansson took many soundings which indicate a ridge of shoal water extending to the north from the islands west



Simeon D. Fess

Failed to answer when Fred High offered to prove his statement "a pusillanimous lie."

⁵REAL AMERICA, November, 1935.



Meeting of National Geographic Society Board

These men unanimously accepted the report awarding polar honors to Peary, putting the society in an embarrassing position from which it has not yet withdrawn.

of Heiberg Land past the shoals discovered by MacMillan.

Since both of these men have made a number of false statements in attempting to discredit Cook, their confirmation of his story is highly significant. The results of their soundings, added to the theories of R. A. Harris that currents indicate a mass of land northwest of Heiberg Land, make the existence of Bradley Land seem very probable.

Cook's story gathers weight if we consider what he would have done if he had been faking. By his account, he left Svartevog, marched almost straight north to the Pole, returned over approximately the same route to a point about fifty miles from land, and was then carried adrift far to the south and west. This forced him to winter at Jones Sound, and delayed his return to civilization by a full year. Had he been faking he could easily have made it back to Greenland in time to reach the United States in the summer of 1908, and would have been accepted without a challenge. Instead, his critics claim he deliberately loafed until he was forced to endure the terrible winter in the caves. There has never been an explanation advanced as to how he spent his time that seems one-half as probable as the story he brought back with him.

COOK CAN BE SUMMARIZED briefly as follows:

He gave the world its first description of the North Pole, and his description has been confirmed by the flights of Byrd, Amundsen, and Nobile.

He gave the world its first description of certain geographical features encountered on his journey, and every feature that has been checked has been confirmed while those that are still unknown are probably as Cook described them.

He told a story that is reasonable in every way, with no claims for speed or performance that seem doubtful.

His Eskimos confirmed his story in every respect, except regarding scientific observations which they do not understand.

His early record is one of unparalleled brilliance for honesty and ability.

The equipment he devised has been closely copied by every successful explorer since.

In a quarter century no one has been able to find a major flaw in any statement made by Dr. Cook, and his story has been under scrutiny by the keenest scientific minds of the world.

It is evident, therefore, that we have every reason to believe Dr. Cook reached the Pole exactly as he told the world on that September day in 1909, and that we have no reason for disbelieving him. The only question is whether he was one mile or five miles from the exact pin point that is the Pole, and that is unimportant, for he took a long series of observations over a two day period, and these are accurate enough.

WHEN COOK TOOK TO THE lecture platform, he rose in popularity and gathered a wide following, even though the press of the country was virtually barred to him. Peary made a very poor showing on the platform, and finally abandoned all lecture efforts after Cook developed the practice of attending and sitting in the front row.

The National Geographic Magazine remained loyal to Peary, and Gilbert Grosvenor exerted influence on his behalf, but after the dog, Bronte McCormick, was elected to membership in the society his political influence waned. Fred High, editor of *The Platform* and loyal friend of Cook's, bedeviled the National Geographic So-

ciety for years and is credited with forcing them to abandon their practice of selling memberships, which included subscriptions, for two dollars a year while charging three dollars for subscriptions alone.

Simeon Fess, at that time a representative from Ohio, jumped into the fray on Peary's side, at one time claiming he had driven Cook from the country. High started ragging High in the pages of *The Platform*. When Fess printed and distributed, at Government expense, 400,000 copies of a speech he never delivered, and said he had used none for his own use, High stated in *The Platform* (September, 1915):

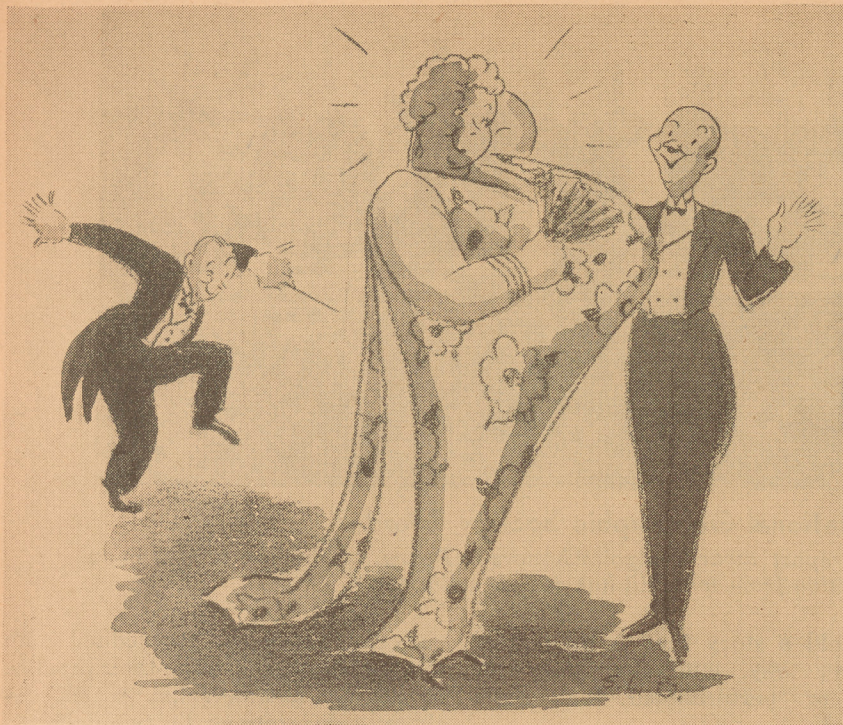
"I dare him (Fess) to call for the evidence I have to submit that his statement is a pusillanimous lie."

High sent copies of these to Richmond, Indiana, where Fess was lecturing, and offered Fess all the space he could use to reply, but Fess refused to accept and contented himself with calling High a blatherskite. Mr. High's latest comment on the situation is: "That was printed in 1915, and Fess is still festering."

DONALD MACMILLAN and Vihjalmur Stefansson have tried to support Peary with testimony of about the same veracity as their attacks on Cook which were discussed in the November *REAL AMERICA*. Stefansson waxed sarcastic about critics of Peary who had never been on the Arctic ocean, but he was never north of latitude 81 himself. MacMillan, in 1934, published *How Peary Reached the Pole*⁶, in which he attempts to answer some of the strongest points about Peary without seeming to do so. Example: "To keep a fairly accurate course toward the Pole, it was our

(Continued on page 66)

⁶Dubbed "The Book that Failed" by W. Henry Lewin in *The Great North Pole Fraud* (C. W. Daniel, London, December, 1935).



"... stick a pin in her pride and deflate her."

A Recipe for Unpopularity

*Making Your Erstwhile
Friends Hate the Very
Ground You Walk On*

By **MILTON WRIGHT**,—Author of "Getting Along With People."

WOULD YOU LIKE to be the most unpopular man or woman in your community? Would it please you never to be invited to social gatherings? Would it give you a thrill to have people look the other way when you pass them on the street? Would you enjoy never being invited to join in any social activity? Wouldn't there be some satisfaction in knowing that nobody ever spoke a kind word for you, ever wished you well, or would inconvenience himself in the slightest degree to do you a favor?

What a position of distinction! Nobody would work with you, play with you, or do business with you unless it were absolutely necessary. Think what a spur it would be to achieving your ambition. You would have to keep going at top speed lest someone else catch up with you. You would dare not slip, lest you be trampled under foot by everyone else. Everything you got you could keep—provided you ever got anything worth keeping—and nobody would be sorry when you passed on to that reward which is reserved for unsociable souls who try to make themselves unpopular.

You may achieve such unpopularity if you so desire. The process is quite simple. All you need do is observe a few simple rules. It doesn't call for will power or concentration, or a retentive memory, or the tiresome exercise of faculties usually needed in acquiring proficiency in other fields. In

fact, being absent-minded, careless, and inconsiderate will help you along towards your goal of complete unpopularity almost as well as will deliberately planned efforts. Let me show you how easy it is.

YOU ARE WITH A group of men and women friends. We refer to them at this time as friends, because very soon after you have started the tactics we suggest, the term will no longer apply.

"Well, Mrs. Higginbotham, your trip to Atlantic City certainly did you a world of good." Somebody says to a plump matron in the group. "I never saw you looking so well." Mrs. Higginbotham puffs up a little with pleasure at this. Now is your opportunity.

"Yes, indeed," you chime in without waiting to be asked for your opinion, "You must have had wonderful meals there. You look as if you had taken on about twenty pounds."

That's all there is to it. Just watch for somebody puffing up a little bit and then stick a pin in her pride and deflate her. No noise, no fuss, no excitement. Just when she least expects it, you quietly press your point. If you can say it with a sweet smile, so much the better; she'll have to bottle up an angry retort. And if a number of other women happen to overhear you, that makes it perfect; she'll realize that somebody will believe you.

The thing that makes your remark effective is that Mrs. Higginbotham is

a bit sensitive about her weight. Suppose, however, it had been Mrs. Snedeker, the lady who has had her face lifted and thinks nobody knows it.

"How do you preserve your charm, Mrs. Snedeker?" you ask with as much of a note of admiration as you can assume. "You don't look a day over fifty."

Now the sting in this choice bit of flattery lies in the fact Mrs. Snedeker actually is only forty-seven years old, and believes she looks thirty. From now on she will be your enemy. No further efforts will be necessary in her direction.

UNDERLYING THE SOUNDNESS of such tactics in making yourself unpopular is a fundamental psychological principle.

Once get that principle firmly fixed in your mind and you can't go wrong. Before we discuss it, however, suppose we take an example of how you might achieve unpopularity with men. Mr. Postwhistle, we will say, is telling the story about the Jewish boy who went to Oxford to learn to speak without an accent.

"And so at the end of a year the old man goes to the professor and says, 'Meester Professor, how iss my Louie doink?' And the professor replies—"

Here you jump in quick and finish the story for him:

"Meester Cohen, Louie is de smot-

test feller by de hull school."

After that, Mr. Postwhistle probably won't like you very well. He may be of a broad-minded and forgiving nature, however; in that case it will be necessary to repeat the process. Anticipating the point of a favorite story the second time cannot fail. So far as he is concerned, your unpopularity will be secure and permanent.

Next, you decide that Mr. Klink shall be elected to the fast-growing coterie of men and women with whom you are unpopular. He is a sort of amateur lawyer and likes to expound what he believes is the law of the land.

"You see there are two kinds of questions in every case," he explains. "Questions of fact and questions of law. The jury decides what the facts are and the judge decides what the law is."

"Always?" you inquire with as innocent an air as you can put on.

"Always," he replies, walking right into the trap, which you promptly proceed to spring.

"You must be mistaken," you sneer. "I heard one of the most distinguished lawyers in the city say only the other day that in a murder case the jury is the judge of the law as well as of the facts."



"... we like other people to look up to us."

Mr. Klink will recognize that you are correct and more or less gracefully will admit that he took in too much territory in his interpretation of the law. He also will begin to think you are not everything you might be as a charming companion. If you trip him up a second time your victory will be complete. You may pass on to other prospective victims.

IN PURSUING TACTICS of this kind you are on the sure road to unpopularity because you are relying upon

a deep-seated human emotion—the emotion of elation. Each of us likes to feel himself just a little superior. We like other people to look up to us; we also like to look up to ourselves. Not only do we like to realize how good we are, but we like to deceive ourselves and our neighbors just a little bit. Women like to think of themselves as possessing youth and beauty, and men pride themselves on their shrewdness, their strength and their knowledge.

This good opinion we have of ourselves gives us a feeling of superiority, or, as the psychologists say, of *elation*. It makes us feel safe and comfortable and secure. In spite of the economic emancipation of women, almost any woman has a feeling that her strongest weapon against adversity is her appearance. She doesn't want to think of herself as growing old or fat—provided she is inclined to plumpness—for that means losing her attractiveness.

In the case of a man, he may be vain about what he fondly imagines is his handsome countenance, but it doesn't worry him so much if his mirror forces him to admit that after all no one but himself can recognize nobility in his lineaments. To maintain his position in the world, he must rely upon his superior knowledge of things he is supposed to know about, upon his ability to see things clearly, upon such qualities as will make other people respect him.

An insult, as we all know, is far more efficacious than an actual injury. You will dislike me more actively if I break your pride than if I merely break your arm. The explanation is simple; breaking your arm is merely physical, something external; breaking your pride is spiritual, and that is hitting you where you really live.

TO GO ABOUT INSULTING PEOPLE seems like an easy thing to do, but if you would meet with the fullest measure of success, there is one point you must observe. There must be some element of truth in what you say. You might say to me, "Well, Brother Wright, I see you're looking sober this morning." Of course, I'm looking sober this morning, and every other morning. There would be no truth in the implication that I ever am anything different, and so the remark would roll off harmlessly.

But suppose you were to say, "My gosh, Brother Wright, every time I see you, you've lost some more hair." In that case I probably would wish you would mind your own business. I know I'm bald-headed, but I don't want to be reminded of it. It's the truth that hurts, and it is the hurt that will make you unpopular with me.

Do you get the idea? Just think up a list of things you can say and do that will lower people a little in their own eyes and in the eyes of other people. Here are a few suggestions:

Tell a woman her baby is ugly.

If a man has done a fine thing, point out an unworthy motive for his action.

Let a woman know that you know she has dyed her gray hair.



"My gosh, you've lost some more hair."

Don't let a man finish what he is trying to say.

Monopolize the conversation.

Fail to keep appointments, and when you do see the other person, make it clear that you don't care.

When a woman asks you to tell her frankly what you think of her new gown, be perfectly frank.

Accuse a man of double-crossing.

Tell anybody he has no sense of humor.

If a woman's hobby is bridge or a man's is fishing, let them know that you consider such things beneath intelligent people like you.

Brag about the money you have.

Always top the other man's story with a better one.

Belittle the hardship the other fellow has been through.

Talk about your own troubles.

We might go on, but those are enough to illustrate the general principle. They will do for a start, and as you go along, other examples will occur to you. Practice will perfect you in the art of making yourself unpopular, and in a surprisingly short time nobody will have anything to do with you. In fact, you probably will attain complete unpopularity long before you have fired all the arrows in your quiver and there will be nobody left to shoot at.

TO BE AS ACCOMPLISHED as possible in your chosen task of making people
(Continued on page 93)

MIRRORS OF AMERICA

Flag Mystery

YOU PROBABLY HADN'T heard about it, but we have it on the best of authority that the U. S. A. was minus a state recently. It seems that Rhode Island was ousted without ceremony kicked out, in fact.

A surprising chain of events leads us to this conclusion. First, there was some sort of ruckus in the state, and it resulted in practically every justice of the State Supreme Court being fired. They were replaced by others chosen by the legislature—a move that may or may not be unconstitutional.

This might have got by without much notice except that the Chief of one of our leading newspapers wrote (or caused to be wrote) an editorial—a scorching editorial, we might say—denouncing the unprincipled gentlemen who kicked out Rhode Island's Supreme Court. The Chief intimated

that, as far as he was concerned, Rhode Island was thenceforth washed up as a state.

A strange circumstance followed hot upon the heels of this scathing editorial. When the tenants of the skyscraper controlled by the Chief passed through the lobby of the building that night, they were confronted by a flag, the like of which they had not beheld for many years. The rumor spread that the Chief had carried out his implied threat and had, indeed, disowned Rhode Island.

But the whole thing fizzled out, because, the next morning, the missing star had returned as mysteriously as it had fled. Apparently, the Mighty One had reconsidered, and had decided to give Rhode Island another chance. Perhaps Rhode Island had heard about it and had got a new Supreme Court overnight. Or possibly somebody had informed the Mighty

One that it is unlawful to mutilate the flag. Or maybe he was reminded that Rhode Island was one of the Original Thirteen States, and to efface it completely, he would have to remove one of the stripes, too.

Anyway, welcome back, Rhode Island!

Drink Expert

WE WERE IN A grocery store the other day when a young man, all too obviously under the influence of the demon rum, came in to purchase some coffee.

"What brand?" asked the grocer.

"Hill & Hill," said the young man quickly.

The grocer gave him Hills Bros., and he departed quite satisfied.

Bone Surgeon

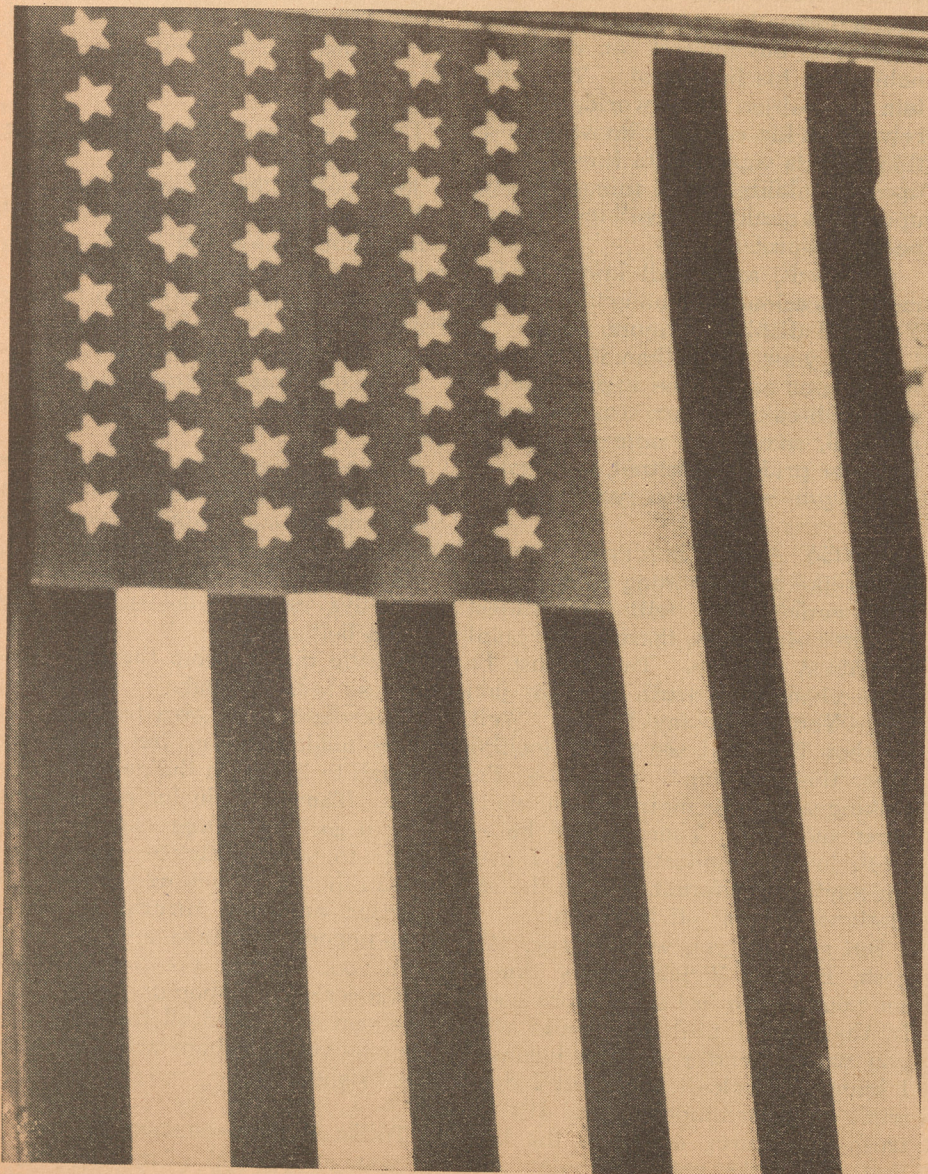
MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN, lately, about sudden death and automobile accidents, but not a great deal about the fellows who patch up the human wrecks.

We know one man, an eminent bone surgeon, who is constantly reconstructing the victims of automobile crack-ups. His name is Kellogg Speed and his record is the envy of lesser lights all over America.

The first time we saw him, at the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago—he operates at several other hospitals, too—we didn't know who he was, but we did like his jovial manner with the nurses, and the cheerful, friendly attitude he displayed toward his patients. We made inquiry and learned something of Dr. Speed's operations.

Despite his jolly nature, he is one of the most serious practitioners in the country. He never guesses about such a thing as diagnosis, doesn't operate until he knows exactly what he expects to do.

If a man comes in with a broken leg, Dr. Speed doesn't just set it and hope that it will mend. First he determines whether it can be set so that it will mend. He's had many cases—especially automobile accidents—where a leg not only is broken, but where the muscle is twisted into the break, creating a barrier to bone union that can't be overcome by setting, no matter how expertly it is done. In a case like this, Dr. Speed's skill counts a great deal. Since X-ray photographs show only bone, there is no way of telling from this whether flesh has been twisted into the gap or not. Dr. Speed doesn't conjecture about it. His sensitive fingers, long since practiced, are his guide.



The Mysterious Flag

Informal Snapshots of the Nation

We heard of a woman who lay in a small hospital for six weeks before an X-ray disclosed that the bone wasn't knitting. She finally went to Dr. Speed for an operation, and had a pretty tough time of it, but thanks to his expert surgery, is on her feet again—and walking. Her leg was broken above the knee and Dr. Speed performed what is known as a bone transplant. He cut a piece of bone from her good leg and notched it into the break in the other leg.

SUCH AN OPERATION requires infinite skill. It probably wouldn't be so difficult if the doctor could use his hands, but he can't—except to handle his instruments. Everything must be done with instruments; the bone that is taken out and fitted in must not touch anything that isn't sterile. Otherwise, there would be great danger of infection.

Also, the time element enters into it a great deal. The patient can't be kept too long under an anesthetic, for one thing. But most important is the blood that is lost if an incision isn't closed quickly. This is particularly true of an incision into the thigh. Sometimes, after a bone transplant, it is necessary to give the patient a blood transfusion before he is taken from the operating room.

Not all surgeons can do bone transplants. Many of them use silver plates, which sometimes are all right. But there are frequent cases of where, after six or seven years, the silver causes a bone infection, which means another operation and considerable trouble for the patient.

THE VICTIM of an automobile accident is often in for a long siege because of the ignorance of well-meaning friends or kind-hearted strangers, Dr. Speed says. There are numerous cases when the right treatment of a crash victim would save him an operation and many painful days in the hospital. This is brought about by people who, witnessing accidents, and wishing to help the victims, gather them up in cars and rush them to the nearest hospital. This usually makes the injury worse than it was.

The thing to do is to stretch the victim out on the ground and call for an ambulance. If you don't know how to give first aid, wait until the ambulance arrives and let the attendants do it. A good first aid job might even save the victim's life. And it should be done by somebody who knows how.

Anyway, you might remember all



this if you ever have a broken leg or witness a serious injury.

Larceny

ONE OF OUR contributors asks "Who Stole the North Pole?" For all we know about it, it might have been done by Gertrude Stein. We hope she doesn't write a book about it, though. Imagine what it would be like . . . "the north pole is a pole is a pole is a pole . . ."

Crime Story

ONE OF OUR operatives in Wisconsin sends in the following report: A man called up the sheriff thus:

"Hello! Is this the sheriff?"

"Yes."

"This is John David, 235 Fifth Street."

"Who? I don't quite get you."

"John David. David! You know, David killed Goliath—"

"My gosh! I'll be right out."

The sheriff hurried to 235 Fifth Street, placed John under arrest, and demanded the body of Goliath. Our correspondent didn't say what happened after that.

Polar Service

SPEAKING OF STEIN and the North Pole reminds us of a yarn which should be of interest in literary circles. It concerns Rockwell Kent,

who at present is spending most of his time in Greenland gathering local color for a book he is writing.

It seems that Kent is situated quite a distance from the nearest general store, and his Eskimo handyman has to make regular trips via dogsled to bring back provisions, etc. Neither the Eskimo nor the storekeeper can read English or any other language, so Kent draws pictures of what he wants. He had been getting pretty good service, and had never needed to send the Eskimo back because of a misinterpretation of his drawings.

Then, one day while he was drawing the list for the Eskimo to take to the store, he absent-mindedly sketched a girl at the end of the list. You can well imagine Kent's consternation when the Eskimo returned the next day. The provisions were neatly piled on the sled and on top of the whole works sat an attractive Eskimo girl.

Old Faithful

MANY PEOPLE WHO HAVE bathed in the Atlantic don't even suspect it, but they've swum in water that sprang from the "Old Faithful" geyser in Yellowstone National Park.

"Old Faithful" erupts at intervals of seventy minutes to an average height of 150 feet, the water falling down in heavy masses around the vent. Part of it drains off into the nearby Firehole River. This stream forks with the Gibbon River to the north, eventually winding up in the Yellowstone River which flows into the Missouri in eastern Montana.

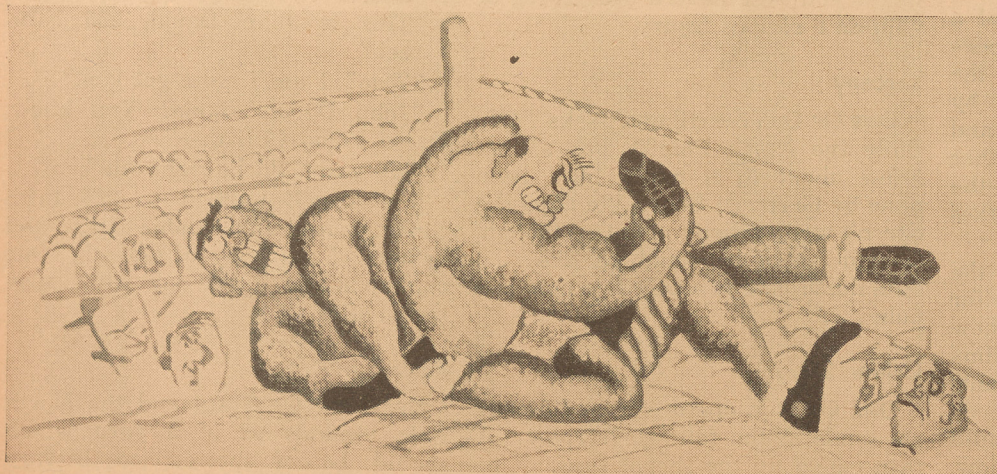
Past the banks of the Missouri through six states and joining with the Mississippi just north of St. Louis, the waters of "Old Faithful" flow with "Ole Man River"—possibly right past your back yard—into the warm stream of the Gulf of Mexico.

The currents eventually carry it to the Atlantic Ocean, and people swim—

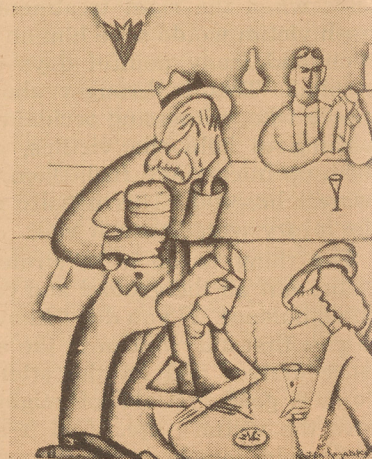


"But, Mom, I wanted 'em to play Santa Claus."

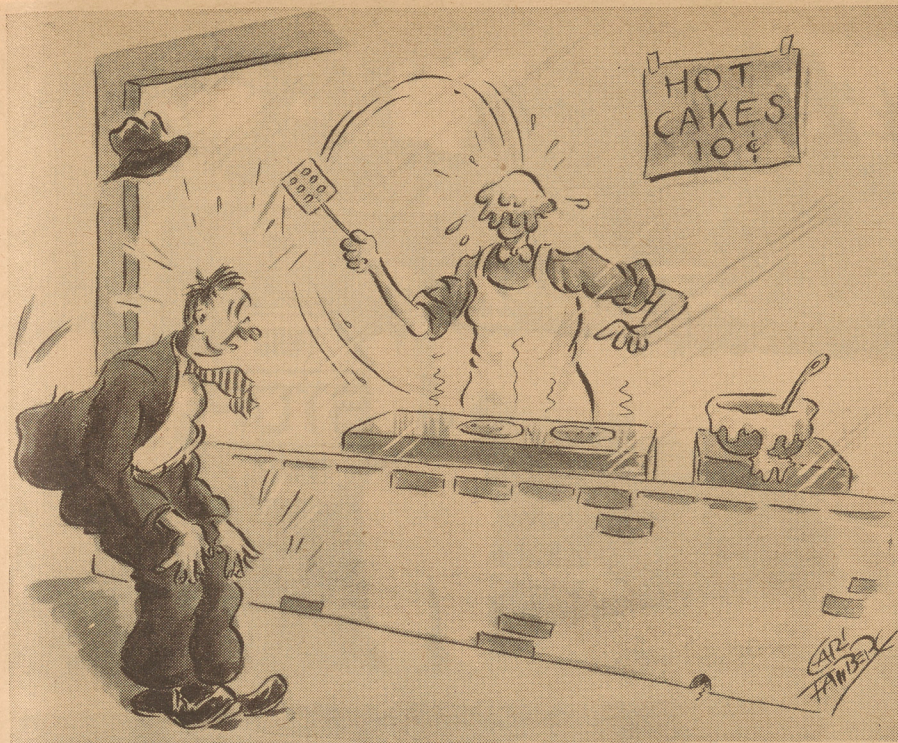
AMERICAN IMPRESSIONS by ROGALSKI



Sports



Recreation



"Hah, I've waited all day for him to do that!"

ming at Atlantic City or Coney Island can truthfully say they've bathed in the waters of "Old Faithful."

Weddings

TWO BLOWS STRUCK US on Thanksgiving day, just after we were wishing we hadn't eaten so much turkey—or should we say too many turkeys? First, there was the 85-year-old Civil War vet, looking like he was good for fifty more years, who went to New York to get married. Then there was the Wedding Greeting from California brought to us by Western Union: "IT'S THANKSGIVING TO YOU BUT TO ME ITS THE FOURTH OF JULY."

Political Item

IN A PRIMARY ELECTION at York, Pennsylvania, one of the successful candidates listed among his expenses \$4.20 for chewing gum. No doubt his campaign slogan was "Wiggling in with Wrigley's."

Marriage Boom

DO YOU REMEMBER, during the World War, that if you were married, you were automatically put in Class 4 of the draft? Well, a lot of single men, who don't crave to shoot any firecrackers at Mussolini in case of war, haven't forgotten it. The marry-

ing business has experienced a considerable upswing since the war talk started, and the sales of wedding rings have boomed. One man, in Boston, recently reported that his business has been eight times ahead of normal since the possibility of war developed.

Fowl Joy Ride

A LADY OF PENN YAN, NEW YORK, discovered that three hens, more than a mile from home, were stealing a ride on the rear bumper of her car. We hope the chickens didn't have to walk back.

Tragedy in Court

OUR SYMPATHIES are extended to the juror who, in the performance of his duty as a citizen, suffered a casualty to his trousers. As he was seating himself, he heard the terrifying sound of a rent in the seat. When he timidly informed a bailiff of his mishap, the message was relayed to the judge, who held up court, ordered an appropriation for a new pair of trousers, and sent the juror to the nearest clothing store to recoup his loss.

Pool Playing Parson

WE JUST HEARD of a Sunday School class that meets every Saturday afternoon to play an hour of pool, or, if you prefer, pocket billiards. First time we ever knew of a Sunday School class meeting in a pool hall, so we went out to investigate. It isn't a pool hall at all, but a tony billiard parlor with lots of fancy little gadgets for your convenience. In case you don't believe us, the recreation parlor is Milo's, at 5252 Broadway in Chicago.



Fine Arts



Diplomacy

What the Hitch- Hiker Thinks of the Motorist

By
**MELISSA
BRANSON**



"ABOUT ONE CAR IN FIFTY will pick up a hitch-hiker," was the opinion of Ray Duncan, a college boy who hitch-hiked from Los Angeles to Chicago. He said: "Experienced hitch-hikers stop just outside of towns and wait for rides in order to avoid being stranded between towns. I ignored this rule and got stranded in the rain between two towns 41 miles apart. I stopped at a farm house to inquire the distance to the next town and the farmer, thinking I might want to spend the night, told me it was two or three miles, when it really was 29 miles."

"I learned from experience that tourists never notice hitch-hikers. Their cars are loaded, they are too much in a hurry, and they don't like strangers. The hitch-hiker's only hope is a truck, a salesman, a bunch of fellows, or a man travelling alone."

Ray was one of two young men of my acquaintance who recently hitch-hiked across the country. Gordon was the other boy. He came to California from Minnesota because his parents had taken him out of school and he wanted to finish high school. These two boys represent the two classes of people who hitch-hike: The college boy who is looking for romance and adventure, who wants to go places and see things; and the person who has found home or economic conditions undesirable.

RAY DUNCAN REPRESENTS the college boys who reason that they have not enough money for car fare, and that

many motorists are lonesome. Ray said he was green at the methods of securing rides, but was successful anyway. He naively observed that one motorist told him that she picked him up because she liked his smile. Ray has undoubted charm and has acquired a technique of turning it on at the right time.

"My first trip was to the Chicago Fair," he said. "I took twenty dollars with me, and stayed nights at tourist cottages and hotels."

"While I was in Northern Utah, a man, woman, and little girl picked me up and took me with them on a picnic. We made an appointment to meet the next morning and they took me another hundred and fifty miles. The man was a Mormon and pointed out all the places of interest in the Mormon country, but tried to convert me to the Mormon faith before the day was over."

"Rides came easily as far as San Bernardino, but I waited there for several hours for a ride to Barstow. When I tried to move east from Barstow I met with dismal failure, and after a half day's futile thumbing I gave it up and turned north towards Salt Lake City. But Barstow is in the middle of the desert, and very few cars except those driven by tourists are travelling that country."

"I spent the night in Barstow wondering how I was to get out of it. The next morning after a series of failures I weakened and took the bus to Las Vegas. From there travel was smooth

to Salt Lake City, and from there east across Wyoming was simple.

"BUT AT A TOWN called Pine Bluffs, about 41 miles from Cheyenne, I became rather discouraged. I had pulled into Cheyenne about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and, not wishing to waste the three remaining daylight hours, I walked to the edge of the town and displayed my thumb to the cars that shot by. All along the road I met other fellows (and girls) engaged in the same business. One of them had been in the same spot, he said, since 9:00 o'clock that morning. 'The best way to get out of this town,' one of them told me, 'is to grab yourself a handful of box cars.' But I, emboldened by my success strode cheerfully out on the highway, thumbing as I went. I walked until dark with no success, and finally found myself ten miles from town on a lonely road in the rain. I caught up with a fellow hitch-hiker in the same plight, and together we walked on until about midnight, when it began raining in earnest, and we retreated to the hay in a farmer's barn. I slept poorly and by dawn I was up and walking again."

"I walked all the way to Pine Bluffs, a total distance of 41 miles, and arrived there about two in the afternoon, footsore and weary. There were hitch-hikers there, too, who had been vainly seeking a ride all that morning, and they said that if a freight came into town soon they were going

(Continued on page 68)

The Fanatical Religion of Atheism

The Professional Atheist Denounces All Religion as Bigotry, but Is Fanatically Intolerant Himself

By **PETER WILSON**

AMERICA, TRADITIONALLY LAND OF THE FREE, has less religious persecution than any nation in history. It is predominantly Christian, with orthodoxy of some slight economic importance, but it has its share of foreign creeds, free thinkers, cultists, atheists, and agnostics. For the most part, no one pays much attention to another's belief; aside from a little internecine strife between different Christian sects, and a few stupid laws against blasphemy, Sabbath breaking, and the teaching of evolution, there is seldom any religious furor here.

Yet, America has a formal society of militant Atheists, the *American Association for the Advancement of Atheism*, battling for what it considers justice, ranting and raving against the "superstition" of the masses and the injustices to free thinkers. It has a definite program of ten points, including such demands as taxation of church property, elimination of chaplains from public pay rolls, repeal of laws restricting rights of Atheists, etc. No fair person can quarrel with the justice of these demands; after all, if the pious wish to worship in cathedrals they should be willing to pay their bills, and not force non-believers to contribute indirectly to their support through the tax rolls.

On the Atheists' part, these demands show a spirit of tolerance, a willingness to live and let live. Accordingly, it is a distinct surprise to attend an Atheist meeting, and find it seething with intolerance, more bigoted than the most fantastic church.

THE ORGANIZED ATHEIST has forgotten the meaning of "tolerance." He is a zealot, fighting every manifestation of religion with every invective he can command. He denounces every form of liberalism but his own, and is nearly as vociferous in his attacks on the "cowardice" of agnosticism as he is in baiting the Pope.

Chicago has its Atheist Forum. So has New York. So have other cities.

For an admission fee of fifteen cents you can hear a lecture or debate on some subject more or less connected with religion. The regular speakers will be followed by a group of free lancers, who heartily damn the Bible, Christian Science, anti-evolutionists, and anything else they don't like. Some are good speakers, some indifferent, and some rotten. A few of them have definite thoughts to contribute, but most of them are childish exhibitionists who pay their admission fee just so they can have an opportunity to take the floor and spout their pet theories to an audience.

RECENTLY A SPEAKER NAMED Jelsen was hastily secured to fill a blank left in the program when Dave Tullman, longtime radical, Atheist, and soap-boxer, apostatized his religion of Atheism and turned Christian. (Dave is now lecturing on Atheism and Communism in California churches.) Jelsen talked on Christian Science, but obviously did not know much about his subject. He sketched one of the familiar theories about the origin of religion in the savage's inability to explain natural and psychic phenomena, and then carried through to the Christian Science belief that illness and discomfort were only il-

lusion. From here he progressed to ridicule against the Christian Scientists who are inconsistent enough to exterminate such pests as bed bugs and rats, and then proceeded to a vicious attack on the present social order, likening all who have incomes from dividends or rents to insect parasites that must be exterminated. This met with warm approval until he began explaining the particular methodology he advocated for righting the wrongs of the world. This stirred up a hornet's nest, for in a group of Atheists one can find a dozen different political beliefs.

Dr. A. G. Coplan, chairman of the meeting, said that modern medicine is just as full of superstition as Christian Science, and insisted that no one has ever proved that bacteria caused disease. (Coplan holds that disease is caused entirely by environment—that bacteria are defense organisms set up by the body like the accepted theories about leucocytes, that sanitation prevents disease by elimination of wastes which ordinarily affect the body in a manner similar to the accepted protein theories of allergy.)

George Pollock, who conducts a Friday night Open Forum, denounced the speaker as being more dangerous than a capitalist, said he was a Trot-

BIBLE PATRIARCHS

THESE PORTRAITS ARE WARRANTED TO BE AS RELIABLE AS ANY THE CHURCH CAN PRODUCE



Facsimile of Atheist Literature.

skyite, working to set the different radical elements against each other. Communists, Socialists, and Anarchists followed each other in picking his theories to pieces and taking their own slap at things as they are. Every speaker showed the same fervor exhibited by a "Holy Roller" revivalist.

Gus Schonberg, Atheist, Radical, and protagonist of Nudism, came back to the subject of Christian Science by reciting the usual cases of Christian Scientists who let their babies die without medical aid or who call in physicians for themselves when they really become ill. Then he insisted that all Christians were crazy, afflicted with "religio-dementia;" if they weren't crazy how could they believe the things they do? He concluded his proof satisfactorily by saying, ". . . while on observation work in the Dunning Asylum I noted a distinct parallel between Christians and Dunning inmates; not one realizes that he is suffering from his particular illusion. They're all crazy and don't know it."

THE INTRODUCTION OF POLITICAL DISCUSSION is not hard to understand. For ten years they have been holding meetings and proving, time and again, that there is no God, that if there is one he is doing a hell of a poor job, that Christianity has caused manifold woe to mankind, that it has held back progress, that it is intolerant, etc., etc. They have covered the ground so many times that it is all old stuff to them. Much of it is logical, too; a visiting Christian finds their arguments pitilessly convincing. But they need variety in their meetings, and since many of them are political radicals, it is only natural that they should introduce their own political beliefs.

Occasionally they pull a good piece of burlesque. On one occasion the New York Forum held a mock trial of God. They assumed that He was present even if they couldn't see Him, because that is what the Christians teach. Then they presented their case, charging God with being accessory to murder. The evidence concerned a little girl who had been held imprisoned in a closet for four years, finally dying of malnutrition. Since God, the All Knowing, was aware of this brutality, it was His duty to inform the authorities. Failing to do that, He was guilty of being an accessory to her murder. Q.E.D.

NATIONAL LEADER OF THE ATHEISTS is Charles Smith, an ex-Baptist minister from Tennessee, who organized the society in New York about ten years ago. During the anti-evolution agitation in Arkansas in 1927, Smith loaded his suitcase with Atheist literature and set up Arkansas headquarters under a large sign proclaiming "God is a Ghost." He was arrested and convicted of blasphemy, refused to pay his fine, went on hunger strike, and appealed his case. He was finally kicked out of jail when some unknown person paid his fine. Atheists insist that this was done by a Christian who was afraid to have the state laws against blasphemy tested in higher courts.

The national program includes magazine advertising when they have any money, and the distribution of innumerable tracts attacking religion. Some of these are funny. One is a cartoon of Old Testament patriarchs, outlining some of their little weaknesses. Noah is pictured as the first drunkard, Abraham seduced his hired girl and turned her out, Lot got drunk and slept with his daughters, Jacob

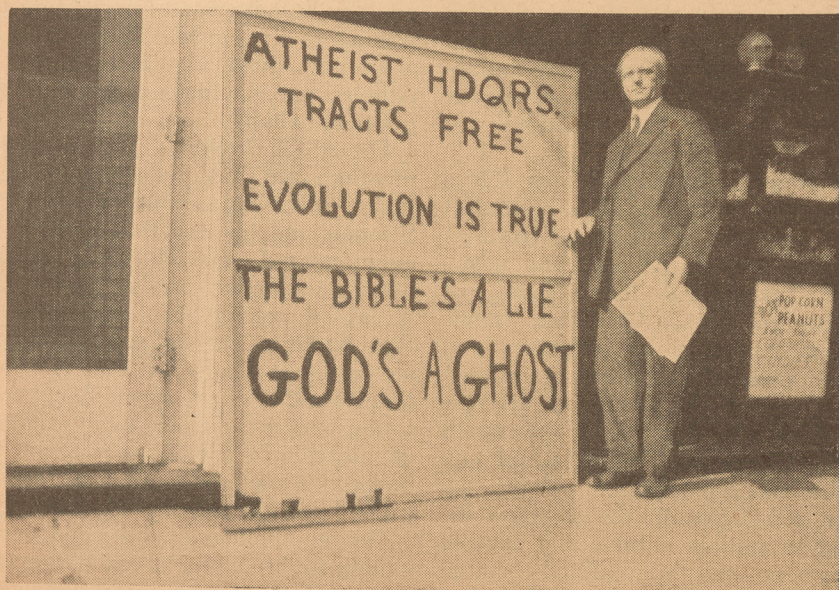
was a swindler and bigamist, David was a polygamist, adulterer, and murderer, etc. All of this is given on the unimpeachable evidence of the King James version of the Bible. Other tracts are serious: reprints from Bertrand Russell, discussions of evolution, careful analyses of tax exempt church property, and a sober proposal that we celebrate a Blamegiving day to supplement Thanksgiving day. This tract states, quite logically, that if God is to be thanked for bringing us food and ease, he should be blamed for bringing us drought and misery.

A STRANGE FEATURE about the organization is that it is definitely not a racket. Admissions seldom equal the cost of conducting meetings. Postage, printing, and other minor expenses more than absorb the profits from selling tracts. Donations are few and far between. Nevertheless, the leaders carry on, digging into their own funds to keep the movement alive.

Some of them are unselfish in their devotion: they believe that man is burdened by a mass of tradition and superstition, and that if this burden is relieved the mind of man will carry us forward to better things. Others are actuated by the same motives that lead men to join lodges and fraternities. A third group consists of the embittered "have nots" who change their tune the minute they find themselves in a position to profit by apostasy.

Most of them possess what psychologists call an "anti-type" mind. They are unalterably opposed to things as they are. They receive a terrific emotional kick from intellectual discussion. In ancient Rome they would probably have been Christians, scurrying through the Catacombs, submitting cheerfully to martyrdom when they got caught. During the middle ages they would have been celebrants of the Witches' Sabbath. In Spain they would have been racked by the Inquisition, and died with a smile on their lips. Colonial America would have found them allied with their fellow free-thinkers, Paine and Jefferson, in the radical agitation that led to the American Revolution.

Today, they have seized on Atheism as a means of protest against the established order, instead of being shrewd enough to capitalize on their radicalism like the LaFollette's and Nye's. They are a little too sincere, too susceptible to self-hypnosis. They carry their anti-Christianity to such extremes as denouncing music like Schubert's *Ave Maria* or Gounod's *Easter Mass*, and paintings like da Vinci's *Last Supper*. They take their intellectual by-play so seriously that they attack opposition with the same



Charles Smith Propagandizing in Arkansas.

(Continued on page 83)

They Steal, They Murder, They Live in Constant Terror of the Law—They Don't Know How to Help Themselves—And Society Has Not Learned How to Help Them



"Well, do you think you can be a good boy now?"

Criminals Don't Know What it's All About

By BEN L. REITMAN, M. D.

"KEEP THE CRIMINAL IN JAIL! If a man is arrested he must be guilty. Give him no mercy. Send him to jail, and keep him there!"

"Most crimes are committed by paroled criminals. The ex-convict is always a dangerous man. He can never be trusted!"

These statements contain considerable truth. Men and women who are arrested and charged with crime are very often guilty. It is accurate to say that one can not commit a crime while in jail, at least not against the public. If pardoned or paroled, the criminal is quite likely to go out and commit a worse crime. It is absolutely true that most men who have stood trial in our criminal courts in recent years have had criminal records. Society is wise to guard itself against criminals and ex-convicts.

Every criminologist, sociologist, and student of behaviorism will agree that the above statements are more-or-less true. It is a tragic indictment of our social system that they should be. We have learned to care for the insane, treat them humanely, and cure many. We know how to handle infectious disease, and protect the

public by isolating the individual patient. In the past few years society has been learning to care for the aged, widowed, and unemployed. By exercising the same diligence and intelligence, we can solve the problem of crime. The solution is here, whenever the public is ready to accept it.

AFTER FORTY YEARS of intimate experience with every type of criminal, in and out of jail, we are convinced that there is something fundamentally wrong with our present police, judicial, penal, and parole systems. We have seen that the majority of college and university graduates become successful professional and business people; they seldom become criminals. We have also seen that most men and women who graduate from our jails and penitentiaries do become habitual criminals. Why?

The answer to that question is society's attitude toward offenders. We love the college student and want to help him; we hate the criminal and want to punish him. We have not outgrown the Old Testament theology of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." No matter how loathsome a

criminal may be, society can not afford to be vengeful. Hate breeds hate, and it is easy to show that we can not punish anyone without punishing ourselves.

The literature on crime is enormous. There are literally thousands of books in existence dealing with the subject, and the presses are constantly grinding out more. There are college courses devoted to criminology. Lecturers discuss the subject every day of the week. But the more we write, teach, and talk about crime, the more confused we become.

There is something fascinating, sinister, and terrible about crime, but there is nothing unusual or mysterious about criminals. They are ordinary human beings who eat, live, and act, except when engaged in crime, just like other people. They have the same emotions, and wear the same kind of clothes.

In spite of the book describing their big ears, narrow jaws and low forehears, their hypo- and hyper-glandular activity, their special kinds of insanity, and their specific criminal characteristics, criminals are identical

(Continued on page 78)



ZOOLOGY

Parade of the Animal Kingdom, by Robert Hegner, assisted by Jane Z. Hegner. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York; 675 pp. Price \$5.

This book, I should think, would fill with despair all other writers of animal books, for it seems to leave nothing more to be said. The Hegners have told it all.

From the protozoa to the primates—from the amoeba to the apes—it covers the entire world of animal life. Dr. Hegner knows his animals (having spent forty years studying them) and he knows how to write about them in a lively, informal style at once informative and captivating. Skipping scientific jargon, of interest only to students, he concentrates on the things that most of us want to know. Of snakes, for example:

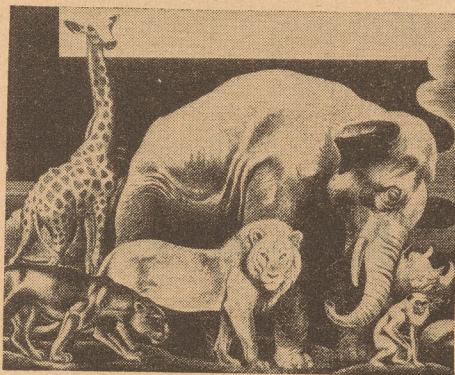
"Snakes," says he, "are very highly specialized reptiles that have lost their legs, and even most of the bones and muscles inside of the body to which the legs are attached in other types of reptiles. . . . Snakes have no eyelids and hence their eyes are always open; they are covered by a transparent cap. . . . The tongue of snakes is long and slender and forked at the end; it is not poisonous, but serves as an organ for detecting vibrations in the air. . . . In some of the poisonous snakes certain teeth are hollow fangs and serve, like hypodermic needles, for carrying poison into their prey. Teeth that are lost are quickly renewed; this includes the fangs, hence a snake from which the fangs have been removed soon becomes dangerous again.

"It is the general impression that snakes move rapidly, but this is a mental delusion, due probably to fright, since actual measurements have shown that one of our swiftest species, the blue racer, never travels over 2½ miles an hour. . . . Snakes shed their skin as a whole, beginning

at the lips and turning it backward and inside out. . . . Snakes do not chew their food but swallow it whole. Animals several times as thick as the snake can be swallowed because the bones of the jaws are loosely connected with elastic ligaments. When a snake swallows, the backward-curved teeth on the jaws on one side hold the prey while those on the jaw on the other side are thrust forward into a new hold. . . .

"Snakes do not chase people nor deliberately attack them, but will run away if possible. They do not fascinate nor hypnotize people or other animals, although animals may be frightened to a standstill. Poisonous snakes are not injured by their own bites or the bites of other snakes of the same species, but are poisoned by the venom of other species. . . ."

So much for snakes. In like manner he treats all the other creatures, from the aardvark to the zoophytes, and his text is illustrated with 743 photographs, many of them truly remarkable and most of them showing the animals in their native habitats.



BIOGRAPHY

Celebrities Off Parade, by William Dana Orcutt. Published by Willett, Clark & Co., Chicago; 287 pp. Price \$2.75. Unconventional, to say the least, are these portraits of Theodore Roosevelt, G. Bernard Shaw, William Dean Howells, Edward Bok, Mark Twain, and a score or so others. And also refreshingly candid. Particularly the part about William James. Determined to discover the meaning of James' "pragmatism," Orcutt attended a "popular" lecture on the subject. Armed with notebook and pencil, he sat in the front row, listened to the professor's "popular" exposition, and became more and more hopelessly confused as the lecture proceeded. Later, he sat beside James on the trolley car to Boston and mentioned his futile attempts to add to his mental stature.

"But you were taking notes," said James. "Surely you are carrying home some new grains of wisdom."

The baffled pupil silently opened his notebook and pointed to its single entry: "Nothing is the only resultant of the one thing which is not."

Holiday Reviewed By

"Well," said Professor James, "that simply shows how we philosophers exercise our prerogative of concealing ourselves behind meaningless expressions."

The Inside Story of Huey Long, by Carleton Beals. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia; 414 pp. Price \$2.50. We've published a good deal in these pages, off and on, about the late Kingfish of Louisiana, and in this month's Vox Pop one of our readers pays a brief tribute to his memory, but for an impartial and comprehensive picture of Huey Long's life—and what a tempestuous life it was!—I know of nothing to compare with this book by Beals. Clown, knave, buffoon, or messiah—call him whatever you will—Huey was an amazing paradox and an extraordinary man. How dull the Senate will be without him!

Garibaldi, by Paul Frischauer. Published by Claude Kendall & Willoughby Sharp, New York; 365 pp., with bibliography and index. Price \$3. With keen insight and facile phrase, Mr. Frischauer has visualized for us one of the most incredible figures in all history: A common sailor who became the prophet of his people and the symbol of freedom throughout the world.

Stalin, by Henri Barbusse. Published by Macmillan; 315 pp., with index. Price \$3. Our author whips a blend of philosophy into his panegyric of Russia's present ruler, and ends up with an argument for communism.

SCIENCE

Unsolved Problems of Science, by A. W. Haslett. Published by Macmillan; 317 pp., with index. Price \$2.

The two most important problems of science—the Creation of the Universe and the Origin of Man—are the two we know the least about. The latter, probably, has been more violently discussed than any other; and yet, strangely, we know even less about it now than we thought we knew thirty years ago.

"Some time, somewhere," sententiously remarks Dr. Haslett, "there must have been a first man. That man must have had an ancestry, in part at least in common with that of the great apes. . . . It would be impossible, even if there were no other evidence, for anyone approaching the problem impartially to decide that man was the one exception to the evolutionary

Books

EDWIN BAIRD

process. Yet we do not know in what country the first man walked and hunted, or the date of his beginning within so much as a million years."

Other unsolved problems: The Weather Cauldron; Messages from Space; Other Worlds; The Riddle of Sex.

FIREWORKS

Wake Up, America! by William Williams. Published by Roberts Publishing House, Chicago. Price \$2.

Mr. Williams views America as a vast panorama of conflicting and interlocking ramifications. From a detached perspective made possible by his background as farmer, merchant, banker, and financial engineer, he has compressed a critical survey of the American scene into one volume.

He attacks the problem by tracing each major social and economic problem to its origin, and then discussing it with a refreshing freedom from pedanticism. He is frank and outspoken, and plays no favorites. New Deal partisans will boil at some of his views about the Roosevelt Administration, but will cheer lustily at his stand on certain major New Deal policies. Wall Street will praise his faith in the Constitution and in the honesty of American capitalism, but damn him heartily for his dispassionate analysis of financial trickery. He denounces the financial methods of utility companies, but believes the TVA is unsound.

Nobody will agree with everything that Mr. Williams has to say, but no one can read the book without receiv-

ing new ideas about cherished beliefs. Personally, I disagree with many of his opinions, but every statement he makes is backed by solid reasoning. One important point is this: for every bit of destructive criticism he offers a constructive suggestion.

Wake Up, America! may or may not be a great book, but it is certainly going to provoke a lot of controversy and comment.

T. L.

DRAMA

The Pulitzer Prize Plays, edited by Kathryn Coe and William H. Cordell, with an introduction by William Lyon Phelps. Published by Random House, New York; 856 pp., with bibliography. Price \$3.50.

From the unabridged text of the sixteen plays presented in this volume (half a million words at least), I select the following bit of dialogue from *Of Thee I Sing* and toss it into the political pot:

Throttlebottom: You see, I don't know anything about being President. . . . Isn't there some book I could read?

Wintergreen: Yes. I'm writing one. "What Every Young President Ought to Know."

Throttlebottom: Has it got pictures?

Wintergreen: It's got everything! Tells you just what to do. Of course, the first four years are easy. You don't do anything except try to get re-elected. . . . The next four years you wonder why the hell you wanted to be re-elected. And after that you go into the insurance business, and you're all set.

AMERICANA

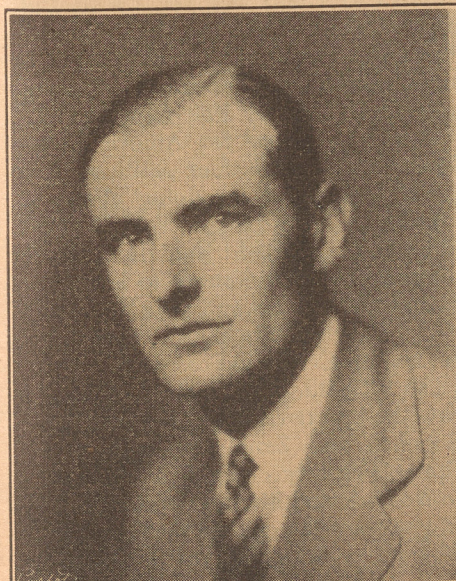
Land of the Free, by Herbert Agar. Published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston; 305 pp., with index. Price \$3.50. Big business, credit inflation,



stock market booms, and the robber barons landed America in the ditch, says Mr. Agar, and he'll get no argument from me about that. Nor will I argue with his closing paragraph: "The first man who stops bribing our people with promises of pottage, the first man who dares take a high line with the American public, will get a response that surprises him. My prayer is that he will not be a fascist, that he will be a man who chooses to revive America." Fact is, I've no argument with anything in this book. It's packed with good hard common-sense. And there are a dozen or so reproductions of oil paintings in the back—"America, as Interpreted by Her Artists"—that are well worth studying.

A Book of Modern Views of New York City. Published by I. S. Seidman & Co., New York, for Rockefeller Center, Inc. Price \$1. Pictorial panorama of Manhattan. Every first visitor to New York should get one for himself and another for the folks back home.

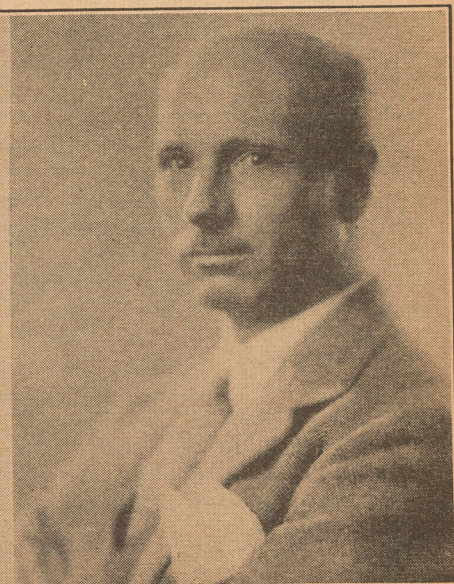
(Continued on page 93)



Herbert Agar

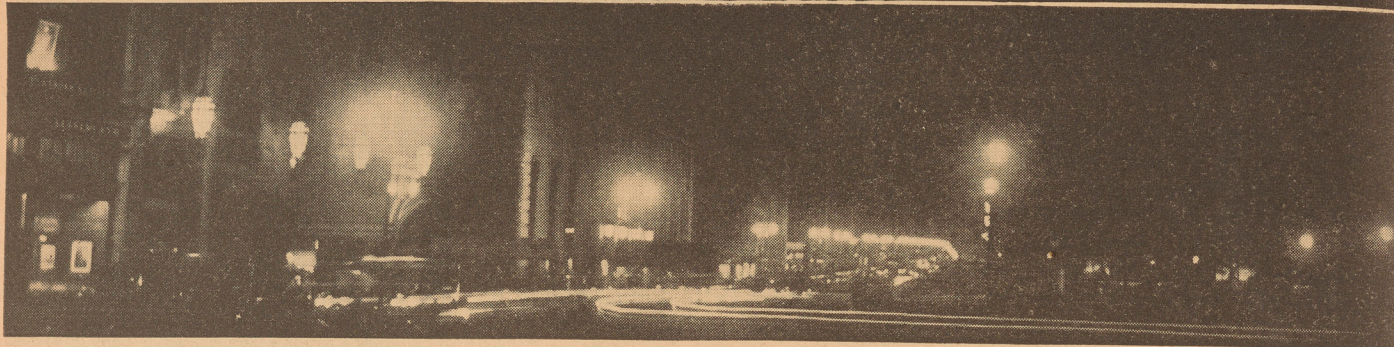


Carlton Beals



Rockwell Kent

Manhattan Runaround



GOTHAM GOSSIP FROM MARCUS GRIFFIN

BROADWAY'S UNDERWORLD CAT-WALK is as hot today as the streets during the last days of Pompeii. More than half a dozen big shot gangsters are said to be lined up for Potter's Field spots and bullet-riddled shrouds. The knocking off of Arthur Flegenhimer, alias "Dutch" Chultz, numbers racket king and beer runner par excellence, was merely a smooth-out to enable a big downtown mob to take over whatever strongholds remain on White Light Boulevard.

There was nothing personal in the Dutchman's sudden exit, except the peeve of an aggressive and powerful political boss who fell out with the policy tycoon. The disgruntled politician fronted—and doubtless has already accepted a vice-presidency—for a four-handed mob deal.

Outside professional take-offs moved in from Philadelphia and Detroit, the grapevine whispers. It was a real grab for a racket, and the Dutchman, always slow-witted in an emergency, knew nothing about it until cold-eyed killers moved into the Big Burg. The numbers racket is estimated at a \$340,000 monthly gross, with a net of \$200,000 split ten ways, including protection and "party contributions."

Few mob tears were shed for Schultz, and the petty racketeers, including handbook men and shady characters, who had been lured into false payoffs the last few months, voted a round robin of thanks.

The new overlords—and of course they know nothing of the killings—are: Goldberg and Nahauss (Lebke and The Gurrah), Charles (Bugs) Siegel and Charles (Lucky) Luciano, Little Italy's Man of Mystery. A switch, however, is indicated. The Higher Up, whispers the underworld, fears an expose in view of the changing political situation.

PRESSURE RACKETS on the bookmaking industry is also indicated. Side

issues are many, including slot machines, fencing, and small time pari-mutuel racetrack operation.

The plum at present is the New York handbooking monopoly. It's a \$12,000,000 annual turnover, at present operated by "Frankie" Erickson, former Coney Island waiter and now a racket Mussolini. That the Big Four is going to effect some sort of deal with Erickson is inevitable. He's well organized, exceptionally popular and has "influence" behind and with him.

The lid may blow off tomorrow. Or it may take months. But blow off it will.

The prize is too great and the rewards too many for one man.

MARY PICKFORD, new president of United Artists, is raising the devil over showings of her first silver sheet effort, "Menders of the Nets," which is being screened at the Fifth Avenue Theatre here in conjunction with a revival of "Bertha, the Beautiful Sewing Machine Girl."

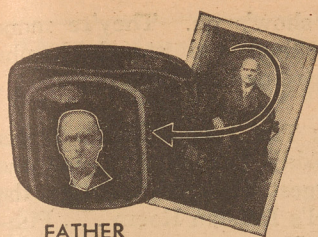
She already has started negotiations through her New York agents to purchase the reel. She figures, and rightly, that since she's demonstrated her ability as an actress, and won her way to the top of the celluloid heap, old pictures would be detrimental to her proposed ambitious projects. "Menders of the Nets" was overlooked when she bought up all her old pictures some time ago and stored them away at Pickfair and in the United Artist film vaults.

ALTHOUGH JIMMY WALKER was obviously affected by the tumultuous welcome accorded him on his arrival from "exile," the well-wishers unfortunately placed the popular ex-mayor months behind in his future moves. Inside information, backed by authoritative evidence, reveals that Jimmy has been priming for a political return for some time, but intended to do it without the usual ballyhoo

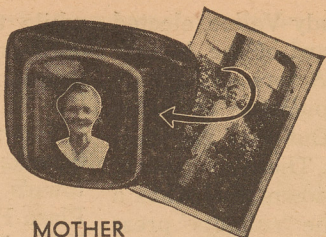
and raza-ma-taz. The spot? United States Senator from New York!

BROADWAY DUST AND DIRT: The secret's out at last. Political General James A. Farley holds his Saturday afternoon political discussions (when he's in town) from his cabinet in the Turkish bath room of the Hotel Biltmore . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will return to the States in time for the Christmas holidays, with possibilities of bringing a bride, Gertrude Lawrence, with him . . . With Al Lichtman joining Nick Schenck as an MGM executive, reports have it that the latter will retire as president in favor of Lichtman . . . If young Jack Eigen's head swells any more he'll be eligible for entry in the National Balloon Races next year . . . Metro is plenty peeved at S. Skolsky, N. Y. News Hollywood chatterer, for exposing Eleanor Powell's voice doubling in "Broadway Melody." Girl who sang was Margie Lane . . . Laying up of the *Normandie* for the winter will give engineers an opportunity to eliminate the vibrations that rattled state-room doors and snapped "Wild Bill" Lyons' magnificent moveable molars from his mouth . . . Incidentally, the mammoth liner failed to carry half the passenger list the line expected . . . Chalk up a score for American ship lines that pinned their faith on "one class" boats and are doing plenty all right.

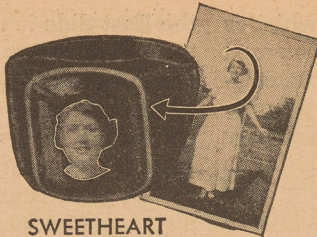
Despite vehement denials, it would surprise me exceedingly to learn that Italian liners are carrying munitions . . . Clayton Sheehan's resignation from 20th Century-Fox wasn't a surprise to insiders. Those in the know saw the handwriting on the wall when Schenck and Zanuck moved in . . . Steve Hamas has opened a beer saloon in Newark and Mickey Walker is willing to bet he can drink up all the stock, providing Sports Scribe Hype Igoe doesn't get there first . . . When Londos was champion, Promoter Jack



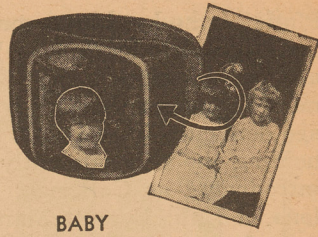
FATHER



MOTHER



SWEETHEART



BABY

What a whirlwind money maker!

NEW! NOVEL! SENSATIONAL!

PORTRAIT RING

**Brings a Golden Harvest
OF BIG, QUICK, EASY
PROFITS**

To Men and Women Agents

This is it! The hottest, most sensational, most gripping selling idea of the age! **THE PORTRAIT RING**—the ring that revives a beautiful old custom and brings it up to date! Men and women everywhere, rich and poor, young and old, want it to wear and to keep their whole lives long. Why? Because on this beautiful ring is permanently reproduced any photo, snapshot or picture of some loved one. Yes—reproduced clearly and sharply and made part of the ring itself so it can't rub off, come off or fade off. A tremendous hit! Men and women—even those without an hour's selling experience—are taking dozens of orders a day. Profits shower down upon them simply showing their sample Portrait Ring. And now, in your territory, **YOU** can cash in big, every day, with this sensational new success and make money so easily it will seem more like play than work.

A Priceless Remembrance That Sells to Everyone!

Once women carried pictures of their loved ones in lockets; and men carried them in watch cases. Those days are gone, but the desire to keep with one always a lifelike portrait of a beloved child, mother, sweetheart, father or friend is as strong as ever. Not until the amazing secret process for transferring pictures to rings was discovered, was it possible to revive this beautiful old custom and to satisfy the hunger of every human being to express again this grandest of all sentiments. How mothers and fathers will welcome this opportunity to wear a ring with the most precious setting of all—a picture of their beloved child! How happy every man and woman will be to keep alive the memory of a departed one by carrying with them always, night and day, this beautiful Portrait Ring!

\$1.00 PROFIT FOR YOU ON EVERY RING

Never before has anything like this come your way. No competition from anyone—no looking for prospects (they are all around you)—no carrying a big stock or putting any money into goods. Simply showing this ring a few times a day, if you only start with your friends and neighbors, will be enough to give you an endless flow of customers. Every person who owns a Portrait Ring shows it to a friend, and soon you have an endless chain of orders. Hundreds of customers write they wouldn't take a fortune for their rings if they couldn't get others. \$5.00 and even \$10.00 would be a small price for the **PORTRAIT RING**—but the immense popularity of this startling idea has made it possible to put a price of only \$2.00 on it! Think of it—and here's the most astounding news of all—of this \$2.00, **YOU COLLECT IN ADVANCE AND KEEP \$1.00 as your profit!** No experience needed—no sample case to carry—just wear ring on your finger, take orders and pocket your cash profits! We deliver and collect balance.

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**Just Mail Coupon For
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You Don't Risk a Penny!**

We cut away all red tape, we dispense with the wasted time of sending you circulars. We want you to send for a **SAMPLE RING** now and the minute you take it out of the beautiful Gift Box in which it comes, you are ready to go after the orders. Live wire men and women who sense the profit-power of the Portrait Ring will waste no time in writing letters, but will rush the coupon below for a sample ring. That's all the outfit you need. It will do all your selling for you. And we make it easy for you to obtain this sample, **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF A PENNY COST** under our liberal offer.

SEND YOUR RING SIZE NOW

PORTRAIT RING CO.
Dept. D-40, 12th & Jackson Sts.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Enclosed is photo. Please rush my individually made Portrait Ring and starting equipment. Will pay postman \$1.00 plus few cents postage. It is understood that if I am not entirely satisfied I can return ring within 5 days and you will refund my money in full.

Name

Address

City

State

(By enclosing \$1.00 with coupon you save postage.)

**Any Photo,
Snap-Shot
or Picture**

**Permanently Reproduced on a
Beautiful Lifetime Ring
Made to Measure to Fit any Size**

For only \$2.00 retail—look what you offer! A made-to-measure onyx-like ring adorned with the most precious setting in the world—a reproduction of the picture of a loved one. The ring itself can't tarnish. It will wear forever with ordinary care. The picture of the loved one is clearly, sharply reproduced with surprising faithfulness and becomes an inseparable part of the ring. It can't wear off, rub off, or fade off. There is the beloved face on the ring, a constant companion night and day. Each ring is individually made-to-measure and shipped in beautiful Gift Box. Picture returned unharmed with ring.

**All You Need Is a Portrait
Ring On Your Finger**

Just let your friends and everyone you meet **SEE** your sample Portrait Ring! That's all you need to do to take in dollars of profit by the handful! Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, husbands, wives, sweethearts—**EVERYONE**—wants it! Many folks order from 4 to 12 rings from one picture to give to friends and family. 10 orders a day are an easy goal. Even 20 orders a day are not too much to expect. And only 10 orders a day will pay you \$60.00 a week clear profit!

YOUR RING SIZE: Wrap strip of paper around second joint of finger, trim so ends meet. Measure strip down from top on this chart. Number at end is your size.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13

Pfeffer (who has blown more whistles than the entire traffic force) re-named all the wrestlers with Greek cognomens to conform with Irish patronage demands. With Danno O'Mahoney holding the title currently, Pfeffer is introducing as Corkmen, Eddie Malone, a Lith; Everett Marshall, German-Jew; and "Drop-Kick" Murphy. The latter's only contact with Erin has been through large drams of Burke's Irish Whiskey . . . Cherry and June Preisser spurned film bids to play in the new "Follies", their second . . . The Patricia Bowman-Everett Marshall romance is rumored deader than his new picture.

GIDDY GALLOPINGS ABOUT GOOFY GULCH: "Strip Girl," bankrolled by Bert Seeley, P. T. Barnum's grandson, rated the worst notices of the season. Incidentally, Gypsy Rose Lee, America's Number One Stripper, attended the premiere and giggled over star Mayo Methot's attempt to do a "strip." And by the way, Rose is as much a gypsy as a glass of tea is a novelty on

the East Side . . . Rudy Vallee, elected to the executive board of the American Federation of Actors, should do much, with his popularity, to bring back flesh shows. But why not elect Kate Smith, too? . . . There's a cabaret press agent around town who takes a girl with him when he "submits" press notices . . . Best trained night spot waiters are found at the Paradise, under the eagle eye of genial Albert Berryman; at Dempsey's under the able "George"; at Dan Healy's, where "Smiling Sammy" Michaels greets the customers, and at the Hotel Roosevelt, where Paul Chatterlaine, former war hero, holds forth . . . Charlie Bennett visited Governor's Army Base Island last week and, seeing a beautiful young lady near the officer's quarters, queried: "Who's Major around here?" Answered the young lady: "Nobody yet" . . . Of the 47 Manhattan College gridiron soldiers 40 have scholarships . . . Broadwayfarers are yelping long and loud about the pesty French Casino waiters and the concessionaire who hawk their wares

while the show's on. They're more obnoxious than the stench bombs frequently rained on the place . . .

TROTting THE TORso 'ROUND TIMES SQUARE: Eddy Duchin is doing the town's biggest class business at the Plaza Hotel's Persian Room . . . Publisher Pete Harrison is continuing his campaign to induce Charlie Chaplin to make six 2-reel comedies yearly. Chaplin still undecided. Although receiving many stage offers, former Screen Star Dorothy Mackaill nixes 'em all . . . Paul Benson, Vince Barnett of Broadway, had political big shots roaring with his impersonations at an "undercover" dinner last week. Latest Stem gag concerns the two uppity-actors who occupied adjoining suites in a Park Avenue Hotel. During the night one of the hams rushed downstairs to the desk and complained that the other actor had a goat in his room and the odor kept him awake. "Well, why don't you open the window?" asked the clerk. "What!" shrieked the ham, "And let my pigeons escape?"

WHO STOLE THE NORTH POLE?

(Continued from page 51)

custom to place the compass in the snow . . . and sight due north, allowing for a westerly variation of the compass of 112 degrees." This may carry weight with laymen, but it damages Peary's case with students, for Peary gave the compass correction at the Roosevelt as 95 degrees, and admitted that there were no further observations for variation. Furthermore, the 1912 British Admiralty Chart shows a variation at this point of only 70 degrees.

Fitzhugh Green's official biography of Peary attempts to put a halo on his head, glossing over much damaging material and ignoring other. How-

ever, Green is not a liar, and with the exception of certain errors in transcription his facts can be accepted. His book is valuable source material because he publishes correspondence of Peary's which is unavailable elsewhere.

J. Gordon Hayes must receive credit for stirring up the recent outbursts by Peary partisans that show definitely the emptiness of their case. In the November REAL AMERICA I referred to the articles by William Herbert Hobbs in *Science* and the *Scientific Monthly*, both occasioned by Mr. Hayes' book, *The Conquest of the North Pole*. Space did not permit an

analysis, because the material in question was that which we have considered in this article.

In *Science*, for April 12, 1935, Hobbs calls the book "a rare combination of misstatement of facts, of innuendoes, impugment of motive, omission of vitally important facts, and citations by page of Peary's works which when examined are found to be quite other than they are stated to be . . ." Another article was in *Scientific Monthly*.

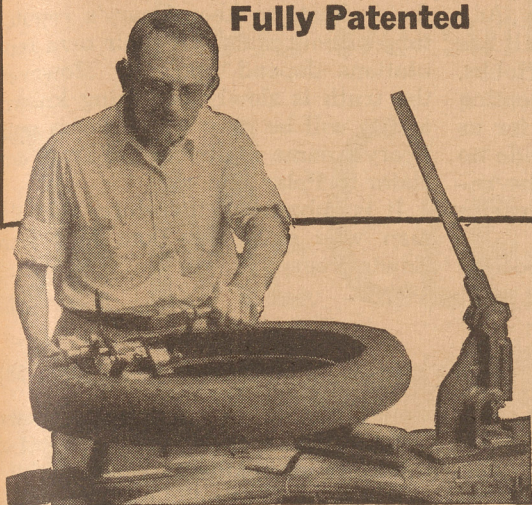
THE FACTS ARE that this description is much more applicable to Hobbs' articles than to Hayes, who is truthful and accurate. Hobbs, who must have known better, stressed Peary's recognition by foreign scientific societies. He adopted the Peary technic of describing "miles per march" instead of "miles per day," but even then made some errors of fact. He compared Peary's speed with that of others under totally different conditions, but ignored the possibility of a direct comparison with Bartlett on the same ice at the same time. He said that Congress made Peary a full Rear Admiral in the U. S. Navy, which is untrue. He spoke of the National Geographic and of Mitchell as expert examiners, and questioned Hayes' intellectual honesty for saying that the Royal Geographic Society had seen only copies of Peary's observations. From beginning to end, Hobbs built a debater's case for Peary; he was far removed from the dispassionate attitude expected in the



"Dear me, I must be on the wrong expedition."

**This Astounding Invention
Fully Patented**

5^c TIRE MAKES \$2.00 FLOOR MAT



The Most Sensational Business Opportunity Since 1929

Possibilities stagger the imagination. Actual facts take your breath away. Gigantic National market running into Millions. And You can now supply it with JUNK TIRES as your raw material. What a Business. What an unheard of Profit.

RESPONSIBLE, clear-thinking men (business executives; salesmen and sales managers; merchants; auto-men; smart mechanics) all dropping whatever they have to jump in on the ground floor. Already some have started. Read what they're doing:

Wm. Eagle writes: "Can't make mats fast enough. First week brought over 200 orders for \$1.00 to \$10.00 each."

Flash from Harris & Hawkins says: "Orders enough to keep 15 men busy all the time."

E. Gunter got big order from County Commissioners and now reports: "Just signed up order for all Grade Schools and High Schools. Selling mats as fast as we can make them."

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TRADE MARK REC'D. U.S. PAT. OFF

The "MILLION MILE" Mat



Think of a floor mat so resilient and springy that you almost bounce when you step on it—yet so tough that it is almost everlasting. What ease, what comfort for the worker who has to stand all day behind counters, at lathes and machines, on tractors and trucks, behind bank cages. And what long life you offer—a mat made from material that was designed and built to withstand the terrific wear and the tearing strains of a ton or more of bouncing, swerving, ripping dead-weight. A Million Miles of Tramping Feet could never wear it out. What a sales story. What a Product. And you make it from JUNK! Old style Mats never even started to cover the enormous market. Now schools, stores, offices, grab this good-looking, springy, long-wearing FABRIX Mat. No limit to market. And the profits are so big that you can easily afford to hire helpers, hire salesmen, and still have a fabulous margin on every mat.

INVESTMENT REQUIRED

Right now we will appoint and license one responsible man in each locality to establish a local factory with one set of hand machinery. The investment required is reasonable. Later we will appoint agents and salesmen and refer them to our regional

manufacturers for their supply of mats. Tests already made show FABRIX to be one of the best agent propositions ever invented. To the man who can both manufacture and sell, the possibilities are unlimited.

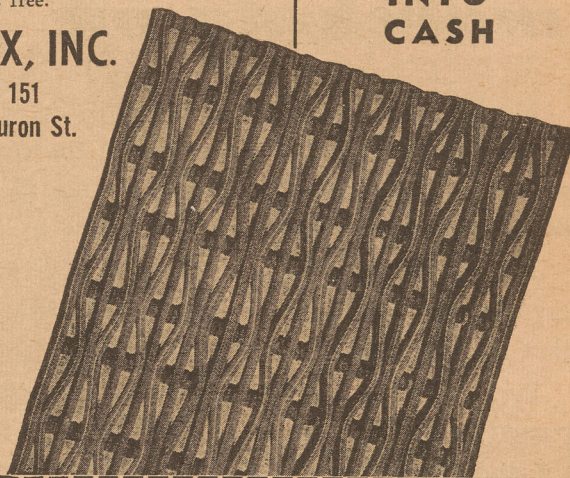
INFORMATION FREE

Rush your name and address and we'll send complete description of simple hand machine that quickly slices old tire into uniform strips; show you how patented method forms strips into thick, springy, long-wearing FABRIX Mats; how you can turn a 5c tire into a \$2.00 mat; how you can start your own business for less money than the down payment on a cheap car and build a big volume so big, so fast, that it will take your breath away. Capable men, responsible men, big men are the ones we want in this enterprise. If you're that kind, don't delay a minute. Write, air-mail or wire today. All information is free.

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official voice of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Dr. J. McKeen Cattell, editor of the publications, agreed that any errors on the part of Hobbs should be corrected, but when shown by the indisputable authorities quoted here, refused to make any corrections. This is a strange attitude for the most authoritative scientific publications in the country. However, these maga-

zines are the private property of Dr. Cattell; they are not owned by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Dr. Cattell has great confidence in Professor Hobbs, which is his justification for accepting the professor's statements. As far as I have been able to learn, he made no effort to verify the statement he received showing that Hobbs' articles were in serious error.

The National Geographic Society

and certain individual scientists and writers will undoubtedly persist in their efforts to keep Peary's reputation without stain, for their own reputations depend upon it. However, the truth is slowly becoming known, and it will be only a few years until Peary's name is dissociated from any claim to Polar honors.

It is submitted, therefore, that the man who stole the Pole is Robert Edwin Peary.

HITCH-HIKERS

to ride it out. They urged me to do the same. The freight came, and they all left with it. I was wondering sleepily if it would not be wise for me to get a cabin right away so that I could rest all that afternoon and night and begin again in the morning—when a coupe which I had drowsily thumbed skidded to a stop. I ran to overtake it, not believing my eyes.

"Throw your bag in the back in the rumble seat," growled the driver, before he opened the door. He asked me where I was going. 'East to Chi-

cago!' I replied. (I always told them that, even when I was but a few miles from L.A.) 'Alright,' he said, 'you stick with me. I'm going straight through.' I stuck and found myself at my destination exactly seven days from the time I started."

Ray had six dollars left and wrote home for fifteen dollars to return on.

RAY'S INSIGHT into human nature and his analysis of the people he met would do justice to a much older head than his. He continues: "Most people

(Continued from page 58)

would like to pick up hitch-hikers, but are afraid. Many smile. Most of them are sympathetic, especially the older ones. The middle-aged man is the best chance for a ride. He is more sympathetic. Young men have no sympathy. If the hitch-hiker looks the motorist in the eye and does not drop his head, his chances for a ride are better. Those who do pick you up are 'nice' people. Fools perhaps, but I like fools.

"Some motorists slow down, get you to running, then laugh at you and drive on. It is maddening when you are tired and hungry and cars go rushing past you.

"Motorists hesitate to pick up hikers when far from the big cities. Many people offered me food who did not have room for an extra passenger.

"Most hitch-hikers are sort of dumb, but likeable. Most of them are out for adventure, but they have a definite destination, and are not of the hobo class. There is a better class on the highway than on the freight trains.

"There is a peculiar sort of comradeship among hitch-hikers. There are no introductions. While not very intelligent, they are cheerful and agreeable, and are of the talkative, extrovert type. They have a lot of push, and are not bashful. They are as honest as the general run of people anywhere. I did not feel at home hitch-hiking, but was more successful than most.

"THERE ARE MORE GIRLS riding the trains than on the highways because they are safer on the trains. Truck drivers flirt with them, but do not give them rides. The girl hikers dress like boys, are virtuous, but rough and hard, and know how to take care of themselves.

"As to danger, there is more danger to the hitch-hiker than to the motorist. The hitch-hiker must refuse rides sometimes. Some motorists have been known to drive away with the hiker's clothing, and in some cases to rob him. Most hikers have a little money, many of them are college boys, and unscrupulous motorists take advantage of them."

"...but his soul goes marching on"

Huey Pierce Long is dead, felled by an assassin's bullet in the halls of Louisiana's capitol. There ended the career of the most amazing paradoxical, and, perhaps, the most influential figure who has appeared on the political stage for generations.

But did it end? The simple folk of farm and forest in Louisiana say that Huey is not dead, that this is just one of his smart tricks and that he'll be coming on the stage again to take them all by surprise.

Perhaps, in a figurative sense, these words are true. Huey has passed beyond his world of fun and strife, but the things he fought for, the ideas he developed, the spirit that was the man, lives on.

Gerald L. K. Smith was closer to Huey Long than any other man. He was with him when the bullet struck, with him when he died. Mr. Smith is going to tell the readers of REAL AMERICA how the soul of Huey Long is destined to go marching on, how he believes the "Share the Wealth" program will succeed.

Read

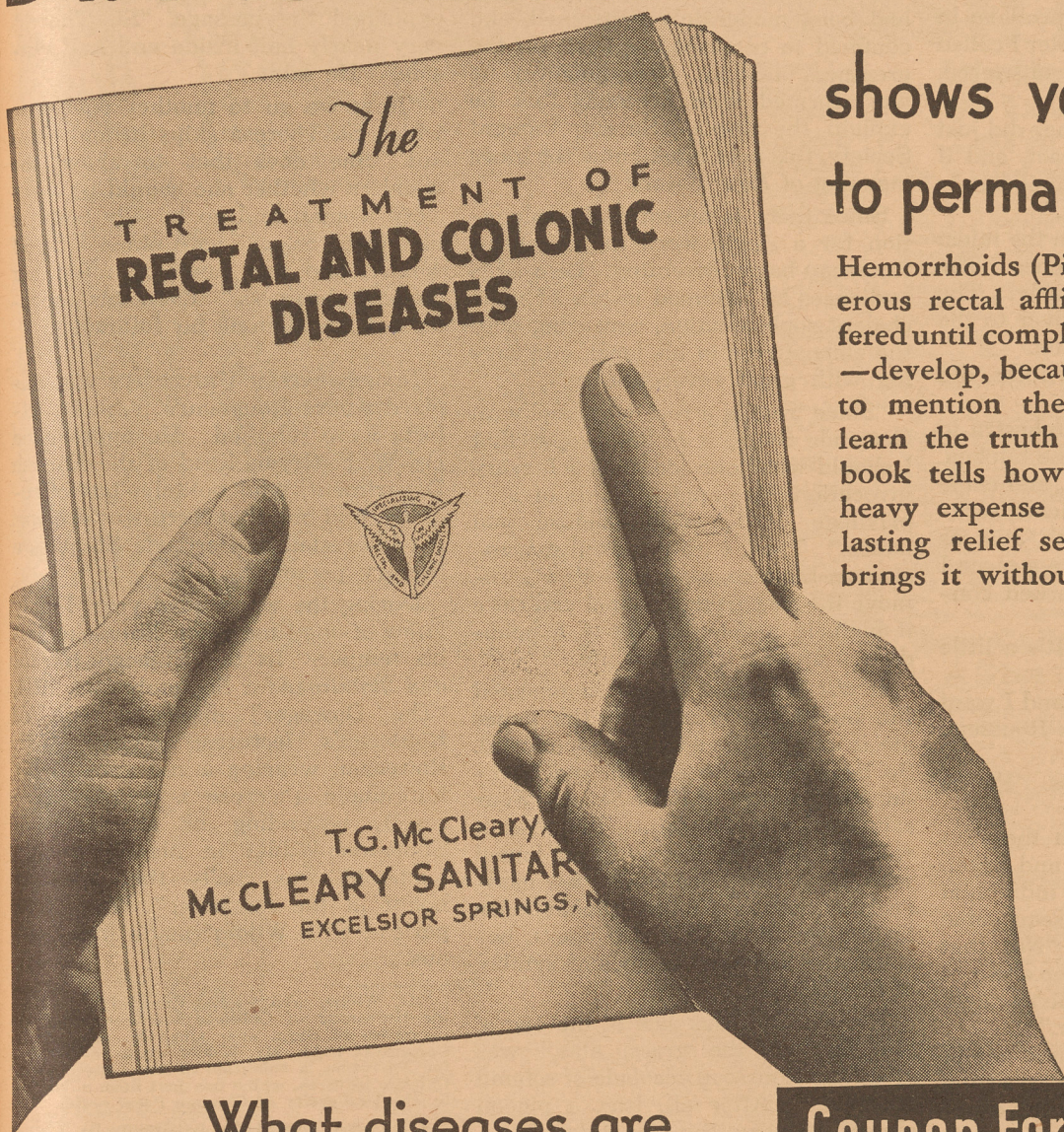
"After Huey Long, What?"

By GERALD L. K. SMITH

In Next Month's REAL AMERICA

If you are suffering in silence - in secret

Dr. McCLEARY'S NEW BOOK



shows you the way
to permanent relief!

Hemorrhoids (Piles) and other treacherous rectal afflictions are often suffered until complications—even cancer—develop, because people, not liking to mention these afflictions, fail to learn the truth in time. This new book tells how long suffering with heavy expense can be avoided, and lasting relief secured. The coupon brings it without charge.

Over 30,000 men and women during the past 30 years, have been freed from Piles and other rectal troubles by the mild McCleary method of treatment. A Reference List giving names and addresses, will be included with your free copy of Dr. McCleary's Book. By permission of these grateful men and women you are invited to communicate with them regarding their experience at the McCleary Sanitarium and Clinic.

All correspondence with us is confidential.

What diseases are
traced to these conditions?

Read the answer in Dr. McCleary's Book, which explains why medical authorities agree that such common ailments as headaches, liver and kidney troubles, indigestion, anemia, nervousness and other reflex symptoms may be directly caused by rectal afflictions. If you have Hemorrhoids (Piles), Fistula or any other rectal disorder, send for this book and ask any questions about your own particular case that you desire. There is no obligation for a personal reply. Literature comes in plain wrapper.



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CITY _____

STATE _____

Please mark X indicating your trouble.

GERTRUDE STEIN'S MAGNIFICENT HOAX

(Continued from page 11)

guests were Jill Edwards and Muriel Ellwood, English writer and dramatist. The subject for discussion was, of course, Stein.

Rousseau thought it would be a good joke if I made up as a maid. Our plans were carefully laid, with the split-second timing characteristic of radio. At exactly seven o'clock Rousseau began telling Muriel Ellwood about the terrible servant problem in America. Seven minutes later I called him from the lobby. He answered, very indignantly,

"I don't care if your mother did just die. You are under contract, and if you don't come up here immediately I will have you sent to jail."

I entered his apartment in the midst of a tense, disagreeable silence. The radio was playing very softly. The first thing I did was walk over to the radio and get another station.

"I didn't like that music, folks, did youse?"

Then I turned the jazz orchestra to full blast, and walked into the kitchen. I put on my apron and cap, and came out with a platter of cold meats, serving the guests individually. Just as the editor was about to take a piece I leaned over him and remarked confidentially,

"Don't take that piece. It's a little rotten."

He looked at me, aghast, and I went back to the kitchen. Then Rousseau called,

"We have some radishes. Please serve them, maid."

I stuck my head through the curtains, squealed "Yoo-hoo," and began shooting radishes at the individual guests like marbles. Rousseau came rushing over, exclaiming, "Not that way!" I dropped the platter and put my arms around his neck. He shouted, "Not now, not now, not now."

A few minutes later I came out of the kitchen. Miss Ellwood was sitting on the davenport with a horrified expression on her face. I sat down beside her and said,

"Well, dearie, how's things in England?"

She leaped to her feet and said, "I don't believe I should discuss that with you now." So I left the room.

Then Rousseau tuned in an orchestra and began dancing with Jill. The editor, as a matter of courtesy, danced with Miss Ellwood. I entered the room, grasped him by the elbow:

"How about the next dance?"

"Excuse me," he said stiffly, "I don't dance."

Rousseau came rushing over and roared, "The devil you don't!" Then I took off my cap and apron, and another of his little hoaxes was explained.

INTEREST IN THE OPERA was heightened when Grace Denton, leading producer and impresario, decided to bring *Four Saints* to Chicago. After tireless work with Elsie John, who was at that time associated with her, she announced in late summer that the opera would be produced at the Auditorium in November.

Until this time, Rousseau's publicity had been moderately restrained, and confined to constant emphasis on the greatness of Stein. Now, however, he was stormed with demands that he explain the opera. Surely, thought Society, this man must know the inner meaning of *Four Saints*!

Since there is no rational explanation for a single word in the opera, Rousseau began inventing. Before his audiences he assumed an air of nonchalant sophistication, appearing with the eternal rose in his lapel, and saying with great reverence,

"Since 'rose is a rose is a rose' with Gertrude Stein, it is but proper that I should wear one today as a literary invocation in appreciation of the privilege of appearing before you ladies." Then, with a soulful expression on his face, he would slowly remove the rose from his lapel and raise it high, in a combination of a benediction and the Hitler salute.

It was here that Rousseau expected the bubble to break, but the ladies ate it up and thought him wonderful. So he went on to explain the introductory passage of *Four Saints*, "Four saints prepare for saints, it makes it well fish." This, Rousseau explained with sober face, was Gertrude's modernistic method of telling the audience to prepare for a Christian opera, because the fish was an ancient symbol of Christianity.

The most famous aria of the opera, "Pigeons on the grass, alas," was given the Rousseau accolade of solemn reverence. After all, isn't a pigeon almost the same thing as a dove? . . . and isn't dove the symbol of the Holy Ghost?

At one point in the opera, having no connection with anything that happens before or after, a voice blurts out:

"If it were possible to kill five thousand Chinamen by pressing a button, would it be done?"

St. Theresa answers, in a falsetto voice, "Not interested."

Rousseau's sense of the comic reached new heights in explaining this passage. He elaborated on the intensive study he, and others, had given it. Finally, after building expectations to a fever pitch, he told that this symbolized Stein's contempt for the early Christians who spent long hours

debating such irrelevant points as how many angels could sit on the point of a needle. Most of the ladies gaped in awe at such superlative wisdom, while those who had sensed the hoax snickered shamelessly.

Rousseau was astounded at having these burlesque explanations received seriously by anyone. So, he reached a grand climax in allegory when he explained the passage, "St. Theresa very nearly half inside and half outside." He said:

"Now we go to another course in which St. Theresa skips in and skips out. She does that to show she wonders whether she should be a society woman and go to silly lectures like this one, or some other kind of woman and stay home to mind her domestic business." Even this audacity did not alienate his following.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY was one place where Rousseau's publicity efforts were rebuffed. He approached Dr. W. F. Bryan, head of the English Department, who politely, but effectively, told him that Northwestern was not interested in Gertrude Stein as a literary personage.

During the whole mad year, I only know of one time when Rousseau lost his temper. In the Chicago *Herald and Examiner* for September 26, 1934, "The Dowager" discussed one of Rousseau's lectures, saying, "Mr. Rousseau, wearing a red rose in his buttonhole ('a rose is a rose is a rose'), reminding us strangely of Thornton Wilder in his more elfin moments, was really the guest of honor at the luncheon." The comparison with Wilder⁸ made him furious.

⁸Mr. Wilder, who teaches Creative English at the University of Chicago, has been a valiant champion of Stein ever since he met her in Chicago in 1934. Mr. Wilder wrote the preface for *Narration*, a collection of her University of Chicago lectures, which has just been published by the University of Chicago Press.—Ed.

Chicago society's interest in Gertrude Stein, which was already approaching hysteria, reached a point of feverish intensity when Gertrude finally set sail for the United States and announced that she would appear in Chicago for the opening of the opera.

How did Chicago society matrons greet Gertrude when she arrived in Chicago? Who stormed the airport with roses in their hands? What great Universities took her so seriously that they paid her handsome fees for lecturing? What honors did Voorhies eventually secure for Stein after all universities refused her honorary degrees? Read the final installment of this gigantic joke in

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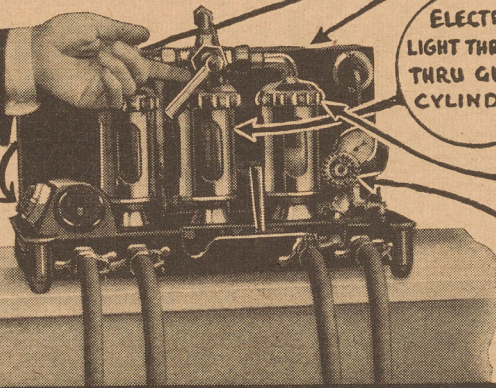
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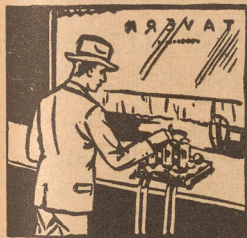
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THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

(Continued from page 22)

you'd cry, too, if it was Christmas and you didn't have anything and your folks didn't have anything, either."

Barney thought that over and guessed it was right. But it *was* Christmas and he *didn't* have anything, not even a dime in his pocket. And he didn't have any folks.

They were drawing near the crowds again and the boy began to hang back.

"I don't want to go that way," he said with determination. "I don't want to see those store windows and all those pretty toys again. I can't have any of 'em and I don't want to see 'em."

They stopped. Barney smiled; he had just thought of something.

"Say!" he said. "What's your name?"

"Billy."

Reaching down, Barney picked Billy up in his arms and grinned at him through the whiskers. Billy grinned back and regarded him with blue

eyes in which tears still sparkled.

"I like you," said Billy. "What's your name?"

"Barney. . . Now, you listen to me, young man. You're going home, do you hear? How do you ever expect to see Santa Claus if you don't ever stay home?"

"I don't." The small face took on a cynical expression that was oddly at variance with the childish features. "There isn't any Santa Claus."

"What! Why, of course there is!"

"You can't kid me," said Billy. "I know all about it. Santa Claus is your mamma and papa, and I haven't any papa, only a mamma, and she hasn't got anything to be Santa Claus with."

"Who's been telling you that?" Barney demanded.

"Nobody. I've known it for a long time. You don't expect a kid that's poor to believe in Santa Claus, do you?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, I *don't*!"

"All right," said Barney, smiling again. "I'm going to take you home and then I'm going to see Santa Claus and have him make a special trip to see you."

"You'll have to show me," said Billy skeptically.

"I will. Let's go home."

BARNEY STARTED OUT, and, with directions from Billy, they finally came to a little shack built against the back of a big warehouse. A dim light shone through one of the windows. Barney knocked at the door, still holding Billy in his arms. The door opened and he stepped inside.

It was just one small room. Over against the wall stood a cot on which the woman who answered the door had been reclining. She stood before Barney now, a worn robe thrown over her dress. At sight of the boy she cried out:

"Billy!" And took him forcibly from Barney's arms, hugging him tight against her.

"Where did you find him?" she asked Barney. "I didn't know where he was and I was so worried."

"Oh, we met down the street," said Barney. "And I thought I'd see that he got home safely."

He paused.

"Thank you so much," said the woman. "He is all I have and if I lost him—"

She didn't have to finish. Barney knew; he had been at the river's edge that night.

"I understand," he said simply. He moved toward the door. "Well, I guess I'll be going—"

"Say, wait a minute!"

It was little Billy. The blue eyes looked him over and there was a trace of disappointment in them.

"You said you were going to have Santa Claus come around here, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did," Barney admitted.

"Well, are you going back on your word?"

"Not a bit of it, old top," said Barney warmly. "You go to sleep and Santa will be here all right. You can bet on it."

"I better *could* bet on it," Billy declared. "Now, don't forget."

"I won't." Barney turned to the woman. "Good night."

"Good night. And thank you so much."

Barney backed out of the door and hurried away. Briskly he walked to the place on East Illinois Street where he had hidden his automatic. He uncovered it and covertly slipped it into his hip pocket. With a purposeful stride, he starting walking toward the Gold Coast.



"Shall we have rabbit stew or roast duck?"

HALF-PAST SEX O'CLOCK

(Continued from page 37)

same is true of sex. It is no longer necessary for us to commit adultery to prove that we are free souls, to violate an instinct for monogamy to show our lack of prudery, or to experiment in pathology to display our tolerance. Our placid acceptance of the idiosyncracies of others is all to the good, and may be offered as the one forward-looking contribution of the era of "flaming youth." For the rest, the youngsters are not thrilled by our middle-aged antics. Like Betty at Beatrice's party, they are only bored.

Their watches did not stop when ours did, and they are not interested in the agitations of our early hour. Time has marched onward since then. It is now at least half-past sex o'clock.

A FRIENDLY CALL

(Continued from page 42)

Mrs. O'Leary laughed harshly. "Not since I've known him, and that's better'n thirty years."

Old Mr. Lafayette laughed a small little laugh. "Well, then he wouldn't be interested in this here—" He drew out a worn, faded envelope. "Some old clippings," he explained.

Mrs. O'Leary thrust out an inquisitive hand.

"Well, if you'd care to have them, ma'am," he said, holding the envelope just beyond her grasp. "Maybe you'd be more interested than Mack."

She took a step forward and he slid the envelope into her waiting hand.

DOWN ON A STREET CORNER two blocks away he pulled out an old-fashioned gold watch and chain. He chuckled. "That Misses O'Leary will be awful mad when she opens up that envelope."

A car slid slowly to the curb and stopped. A man poked his head out. "Get rid of it?" he asked.

"I sure did," said old Mr. Lafayette. "Fine!" came the response. "That O'Leary woman's a tough old bird. We've been trying to serve her with that summons for weeks."

FULTON OURSLER

(Continued from page 25)

to travel. A magician par excellence, he can make your silver disappear. He does things to circulations, too, when he gets the mood. He does not play cards or shoot craps, even for fun; doesn't gamble, guzzle, or gallivant.

He has one regret: That there are so few fields of journalism to conquer. He knows there is no higher reward than Heaven, and poor Mr. Oursler silently frets about it.

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BOOMER CHALLENGES LIBERTY

(Continued from page 23)

which have been passed since the Civil War. The men who framed the Constitution were responsible only for the seven articles. And the first ten amendments were passed by Congress because of opposition to the unamended Constitution."

"It would not be an exaggeration to say that the Constitution is the most perfect document ever conceived by the brain of man," Boomer continued, ignoring Mr. Billings. "It is much more than a structural form of government; it is the most successful written form of government in the world. And yet certain scatterbrained theorists and glib-tongued demagogues seek to pass laws which are downright violations of this sacred document."

"During the last 50 years, 60 laws have been declared unconstitutional, and 57 of these have been passed by Recumbent administrations," declared Mr. Billings, jumping up and down in his seat. But no one paid any attention to him.

"It is necessary to awake from the hypnotic spell of Democratic slogans that lead us into tyranny and bankruptcy," went on Boomer placidly. "Such phrases can be made to glitter like the aurora borealis..."

"Epigram!" shouted Mr. Billings.

"I RESENT THAT," replied Boomer. "I've never spoken anything but platitudes in my entire career." [Applause.]

"The purification of liberty, the restoration of confidence in the rights of individuals to abuse their rights of individualism; from these are released the dynamic forces of initiative and enterprise, and these alone are the methods of the Recumbent Party. Liberty is an endowment from the Creator to every individual. Yet the present Administration is leading us further and further away from individualism and into the bog of regimentation. Is it necessary for me to cite the billions of dollars that are being spent on Government projects to prove that we are heading toward the poisonous and obscene doctrines of Communism?"

"Too bad they didn't name Pebble Dam after you, Mr. Boomer," Mr. Billings said sympathetically.

"The name doesn't matter," Boomer replied, inclining his head modestly. "The important thing is that the dam is finished. It's a great engineering job."

"But, Mr. Boomer, I thought you said that you objected to huge Government expenditures and to Government competing in business? Or is Pebble Dam an exception?"

"The only true hope of progress," said Boomer, staring frostily at Mr. Billings, "lies with the spiritual imponderables." [Applause.]

"The Democrats," continued Boomer haughtily, "point with pride to their expenditures for relief. May I remind them that during the last four years of the Recumbent Administration the deficits were nearly as large as those of the Democrats? But, unlike the Democrats, who are wildly throwing money around..."

"Don't you mean 'wisely' throwing money around?" interrupted Mr. Billings. By this time he was in something of a lather.

"I do not. There is only one wise way to throw money around, something only the Recumbents know anything about. As I was saying, unlike the Democrats, the Recumbent Administration made direct loans to the bankers..."

"That's what I call direct action," complimented Mr. Billings.

"Thank you. After all, the poor will always be poor. It's a problem you can do nothing about. The Recumbent Party has done nothing about it for years. Why should the Democrats suddenly set aside all tradition and attempt to do something about it? After all, the poor are used to being poor. But to a banker being poor would be a novel and a sordid experience. His sufferings would be doubly intensified. I feel sure that no member of the Recumbent Party would willingly stand by and watch a banker's suffering being doubly intensified!" [Applause.]

"BUT THE FACT REMAINS that during your administration there was a considerable deficit?" Mr. Billings inquired, holding his head in agony.

"Absolutely not. A loan to a banker isn't really a deficit. A banker can pay back the money he borrows while the poor man can't. That's what I call balancing the budget."

"I could think of another name for it," said Mr. Billings.

"Our New Deal opponents," went on Boomer, "have apparently forgotten the fact that it is the profit motive, as every banker knows, that is the key to sound finance. Never enter a business deal without assuring

yourself of a substantial profit. Never loan money without charging substantial interest. That's what I call balancing the budget."

"What interest did you charge the bankers?" asked Mr. Billings.

"The bankers support the Recumbent Party, which is equivalent to interest in any country," replied Boomer, a bit nettled. "But to continue, the Democrats accuse us of having no constructive platform to offer as an alternative to their wild orgy of spending and planning. But we have a program, a concrete program based upon sound and tested American principles. A program resting firmly upon basic realities, eternal verities, and hard, unflinching common sense. The coming campaign is to be a battle between sane and muddled thinking, between red-blooded Americanism on the one hand and intellectual demagogery on the other..."

"JUST WHAT IS the Recumbent program?" Mr. Billings asked rather impertinently.

"Well, in the main, our platform is to stimulate and utilize the great productive capacity of our people, to find the road by which we may attain the blessings of science and technology, and at the same time not to surrender one iota of our monopoly of private enterprise and personal liberty. There is only one way to do this."

"Don't tell me; let me guess," Mr. Billings said.

"I'll give you three guesses," said Boomer, smiling benignantly.

"You'll balance the budget?"

"You're warm," said Boomer.

"You'll abolish Government relief expenditures? You'll put every Government employee and every citizen now on relief back on the bread line? You'll send the C.C.C. youths back to the hobo camps—for obviously one kind of camp is as good as another—otherwise the C.C.C. might turn into a huge Fascist New Deal army?"

"You're getting warmer."

"You'll loan money to the bankers?"

A slow smile spread across Boomer's face.

"For a while there I thought you were a Democrat. But now I know you're one of us. Congratulations!"

It was then that Mr. Billings, abandoning all hope, drew a revolver from his pocket and shot himself in the head.

They took him out and buried him, and on his grave they placed this epitaph: *Here lies a good Recumbent. Like all good Recumbents he is standing pat.*

FAREWELL

Parson Jones was very blue;

His face showed consternation:

"Dem triflin' niggahs, suh," he said,

"Sent me my resignation."

—K. G. McLaughlin.

BEHIND THE SCENE

street or a country highway, our lives are threatened by this modern monster: The reckless motorist. Last year he killed 33,000 of us. This year his toll will be still greater. And nobody seems unduly alarmed. We accept it in the same matter-of-fact way that our remote predecessors probably accepted the man-eating tiger. . . . These philosophical reflections (if you care to call them that) were inspired by something I saw a few minutes ago, when a crash from the street took me to the windows of my apartment overlooking Lake Shore Drive. There I beheld the wreckage of a car that had dived diagonally through the traffic, crashed into a lamp post, plunged on across the parkway and bridle-path, finally coming to a stop against a stone bench. Miraculously, nobody was killed, but several persons might have been. Only a few minutes be-

fore, a group of people were standing at that spot and a company of cavalry had just trooped past. Suppose that crazy motorist had arrived three minutes earlier? . . . And suppose somebody thinks of something to stop him and all of his kind!

Every newspaper man—perhaps every newspaper reader, too—has heard the classic definition: "If a dog bites a man, it's not news; but if a man bites a dog, that is news." Cub reporters invariably hear it, before covering their first assignments, and the cub I have in mind went forth on his initial quest of news with the words burning in his mind. An hour later, vastly excited, he telephoned his city editor: "Hold the press, Chief! I've got a scoop! A broken fire-plug just wet a dog!"

E. B.

CHARITY CHISELERS

YOU WELL MAY ASK why any self-respecting, decent charity ever would lend itself to such a procedure. The answer to that is extremely simple. Let us say that you are Dr. Whatso of the such-and-such hospital. You are approached by a plausible-talking, well-dressed promoter. "Doctor," he says, "you have a worthy charity here, but you are broke; you need financial support badly in order to carry on your good work. Now, Doctor, you and your own volunteer workers are amateurs. In the past, when you have gone out with your annual appeal for contributions, all you ever have been able to get is a basketful of nickels. Now, we, Doctor, and our high-powered organization of experienced salesmen, are professionals. We think in terms of thousands, not dimes. Doctor, if you'll just put your signature at the bottom of this contract we already have prepared, we'll guarantee to raise for you, within the usual three-month interval of your campaign, *five times* the amount of money you yourself ever have been able to secure. Five times the amount, Doctor, and all without you yourself having even to wiggle your little finger in order to bring it in! Of course, Doctor, you may think that our commission is high; but why protest about that, if we still guarantee that your lesser proportion of the take will be five times as much as you ever have been able to get yourself?" Frequently the greed of the charity is such, or the urgency of the need for funds is such, that its operators, being thus tempted, lose sight of ethics and agree to keep the proposition a secret from everyone—most of all from the public which is to be fleeced.

(Continued from page 5)

Then the promoter usually says further: "And now one little thing more, Doctor. You will notice that our contract provides for permission for our telephone solicitors to use your name in making calls. That is absolutely necessary, Doctor, because, in a case like this, our own names mean nothing to the public, whereas *your name* will clinch donations." So Dr. Whatso agrees to allow the high-binders to use his name over the phone, never realizing the extent to which it will be prostituted, and how he will be dangerously committed to promises he himself never would have made, by hoodlums whose only interest is temporarily dragging in their commissions, and who soon will have vanished from his ken, leaving him to make good on their representations and live down the bad reputation they have given him.

The promoter generally says also: "And, Doctor, we will require a supply of the official stationery of your institution here. Many people we approach nowadays have become so suspicious of all calls that they insist upon our following up phone solicitations with written statements through the mails." So Dr. Whatso agrees to that, too—and lets the promoter, in the privacy of his own office, write whatever he chooses in the letters. Usually the regular stationery of the institution is not sufficiently pretentious for the promoter's special purposes, so he says: "Oh, this will never do, Doctor! We'll have to print new letterheads for the deal. We'll simply deduct the cost of those from your portion of the take when we finally turn it over to you at the end of the drive. Now if you'll just be good

(Continued from page 35)

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IF your stomach bulges . . . If your abdomen is flabby . . . If waistline fat is dragging you down . . . **SEND FOR FREE DETAILS OF DIRECTOR'S TRIAL OFFER.** Learn how you may wear and test Director for 2 weeks without risking one penny.

Since 1923, stout waisted men have found Director the effective and effortless way to reduce an obese stomach. Helping nature—working away fat easily and quickly, Director's Massage-like action is *safe and sure.*

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Director reduces by a kneading, massage-like movement. It gives an apparent reduction at once and soon makes it a permanent one. Posture is improved—you gain a more youthful appearance. Ready-made clothes look and feel better. Director fits smooth, snug and comfortable—does not show thru clothes.

Lose 6 Waistline Pounds or No Cost

While you walk, bend or sit, Director gently wears away the fat. In many cases, this controlled stomach movement also helps to relieve indigestion and constipation. Director supports the sagging stomach—it eases the weighty strain on the spine. Here's what users have said: "Feel 15 years younger"—"No more backaches"—"Bloating feeling after meals now gone"—"Have new pep and vitality"—"Shortness of breath disappeared"—"Constipation eliminated."

Health records show that stomach fat can be fatal. So—if your abdomen bulges, You need Director At Once.

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ON
TRIAL**

**Reduce
Like This**
Let us
prove our
claims. We'll
send a Director
for trial. If you
don't get results
you owe nothing.

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Dept. V-24

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, Director Belt literature and also details of your special 2-weeks' trial offer.

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____

enough to tell me the names of your most prominent directors, or your board of sponsors, it will be well for us to print them impressively down one side of the new letterhead." Thus imposing, disarming stationery is gotten out, and the individuals whose names appear on it apparently sanction all that the unscrupulous promoter may do—frequently with gravely embarrassing consequences to themselves. The public, thinking those letters come direct from the charity rather than out of any promoter's office, thus has its suspicions dissipated.

IN MANY CASES, particularly of political gags, the names of sponsors appearing on a letterhead are faked. If they have authorized the use of their names, they do not realize the intimidating manner in which the promoter intends to use them in squeezing donations out of their personal acquaintances as well as his miscellaneous prospects. One never should allow a letterhead array of distinguished names to sway his personal judgment. Usually their owners know little or nothing about the proposition, are serving in a merely honorary capacity, and repudiate the entire promotion the moment any serious investigation of its actual merits develops.

Business men are often intimidated by a donation approach in the name of the police, or of a labor union with which they customarily deal, or of which their employees are members. It is not generally known that—aside from the large number of solicitations which are outright gyps by unauthorized representatives—most labor union yearbooks seeking ads are not handled by the unions themselves at all, but by the same class of professional promoters who work the charities heretofore described. Either the promoter himself originates the entire proposition and offers the union a minor percentage of his take for the use of its name in connection with it; or, if the union itself really does happen to own the scheme, some promoter and his gang are offered anywhere from 50 to 75 percent commission for the use of their own sucker list in what the public thinks is typical labor union shake-down fashion. The average business man recognizes such a deal for exactly what it is, but sighs and gives up, thinking that he is taking the only way to avoid future trouble. As a matter of fact, in a great many instances, the only person possible to offend by a flat turn-down is some promoter's highbinder, who is no more a bona fide member of the union than you are. The carrying of credentials from the union by no means is proof of the validity of the solicitor calling upon you. These frequently are

printed up by the promoter himself, or may be promiscuously given out by the union on the same basis as where a charity provides its illicit professional solicitors with stationery.

THE SUCCESS OF ALL donation schemes depends largely upon the high-pressure rapidity with which they are put over on the business public. If a proposition is not almost immediately successful, the average promoter will drop it. A slow-moving deal prolongs the risk of investigation and exposure, and no promoter wants to risk that if he can avoid it. You may have noticed when being solicited over the phone that the salesman always insists upon coming to you *immediately* to pick up your check; that he does not want you to mail it in. The reason for that is twofold: The promoter prefers to have all checks brought direct to him rather than sent to the real headquarters of the charity involved, and the solicitor receives a higher commission on personal collections than he does on mail receipts, which the promoter wisely figures may never really come in at all because of a possible change of heart by the donor once he has been given a chance to think the matter over.

The average charity promoter necessarily must get for himself at least 50 percent of the gross of all money he raises. Otherwise he cannot meet

his own office and organization expenses. Frequently the promoter's commission runs as high as 65 and 75 percent. I have known it several times to amount to as much as 90 percent. Never on any proposition give a collector *cash*. Cash, significantly, in underworld parlance is known as "soft,"—i.e., it is "soft" for the collector. The promoter realizes that most of his men never will turn in to him any of the actual cash they collect; that they will pretend a change of heart and turn-down by the victim, whom they themselves may have given a receipt which they, the collectors, personally have had printed at minor cost at some small job printing shop, with the express intention of keeping all cash collections.

THE PROMOTER'S "BOILER-ROOM," out of which you are reached by all the calls ostensibly from Judge Howzat, Bishop O'Myomy, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, etc., is typically a large, barren room furnished only with cheap chairs before a battery of telephones which line two or three walls. A phone salesman, or "dynamiter" as the underworld calls him, sits at each instrument with his assigned names from the promoter's sucker list on cards in front of him. In the old days it was customary for the phone man himself to rush out and collect the checks promised him over the wire, but, since the depression started, the promoter usually employs young girl and women "leapers," whose exclusive job it is to pick up checks before the deluded victim has time to think the proposition over and possibly change his mind about giving.

Girls are used for that purpose because they can be hired cheaply and obviate the necessity of periodically pulling high-powered salesmen from their own jobs on the phones; and in case the prospect changes his mind about donating, the girl "leaper" always can pretend to break down and cry with disappointment, or influence him with suggestive sex appeal. Many a hesitating prospect's suspicions have been allayed by the appearance of a girl collector rather than a man whom he otherwise might have turned down cold. Frequently these girl "leapers"—always supposed to be merely *donating* their time to the good cause, or to be actual students from the school, etc.—appear in uniform, as nurses, nuns, or diffident mission workers. The costume worn never is any real proof of the reputability of its wearer.

How do other charity chisellers operate? Why is it that they are seldom prosecuted? How do hijackers chisel the chisellers? Read the conclusion of this remarkable story in Next Month's REAL AMERICA.

The Canal Across Florida

Five million dollars has been authorized for preliminary work on a sea level canal across Florida, which, it is stated, will save several days for ships from Gulf ports going to Europe or the eastern seacoast of the United States.

Is this canal practicable?

How much will it cost?

What will it do to Florida's drinking water?

Next month an outstanding civil engineer will discuss the Florida canal problem, and submit a proposal for an integrated system of inland waterways that will help shippers in practically all states east of the Rocky Mountains.

REAL AMERICAN CRIME

(Continued from page 24)

husbands finally shot him. The wound was painful but not, unfortunately, fatal. It served to turn Mr. Gosden's mind once more toward matrimony.

In 1929 he married Laura Silva, and in the course of the following year they were blessed with an infant girl. Mr. Gosden, however, appears to have been little impressed by his blessing. Laura began to remark in him that singular habit of speculative staring which had so disquieted the first Mrs. Gosden almost a decade previously. It became noticeable, too, that Mr. Gosden was finding his married life unappealing. He became extraordinarily attentive to a young lady named Lydia Sanborn who lived a few doors from his home, and he even had the distressing tactlessness one day to make a violent pass at his wife's sister. This lady—a Mrs. Valadon—very wisely screamed and precipitately fled.

It was on the evening of November 21, 1934, that Mrs. Laura Gosden died. Dr. Ream, the physician, was summoned by her husband only in time to watch the final gasps. Once more the passionate plumber of Oakland was bereft, and once more the cause of death was recorded as probably double lumbar pneumonia.

IT IS NOT IMPOSSIBLE that a succession of Mrs. Gosdens—and a succession of lumbar pneumonia deaths—might have gone on forever, had it not been for the young lady named Lydia Sanborn. On a cold February night this young lady staggered into the Highland Hospital, near death from what is genteelly called "an illegal operation." By what detectives like to call "persistent questioning," she was persuaded to divulge the information that the person responsible for her condition, and for her operation, was a Mr. Louis Gosden. With extreme alacrity the authorities sought out Mr. Gosden, charged him sternly with contributing to the delinquency of a minor, and clapped him in jail.

Mr. V. H. Wood, attorney for an insurance company, had a curious tale to tell. It was a tale of three policies taken out by Mr. Gosden on the life of his wife Laura. It interested the police. It interested them so much that they opened a most searching probe into the entire life of the spectacled plumber.

As almost invariably happens in such eventualities, an extraordinary number of citizens came forward with

an extraordinary mass of information. There was Mr. Ross Logan, the druggist, who identified Mr. Gosden as the "L. N. Larson" who had been buying strychnine from him. There was Dr. Gertrude Moore who, when the authorities had exhumed the late Laura Gosden, probed determinedly in the deceased's stomach and unearthed a truly astounding residue of the lethal dose. And it was Miss Eilene Dempsey, Secretary of the Associated Life Insurance Companies of California, who testified as to the singular telephone message which her office had received on the morning of November 22nd. The telephoner had been Mr. Louis Gosden, and it is probable that for ugly laconicism and quiet brutality his words on that occasion have no peer.

"My wife got sick last night," he had said. "I gave her some green pills and she died. What about collecting the insurance?"

THE TRIAL OF LOUIS GOSDEN, on the specific charge of poisoning his third wife, need not be chronicled here at length. He was sentenced to death, and that is that. But it is, I think, quite essential to a full savoring of his singular personality, to report briefly the testimony of Mrs. Clara Gonsalves. Mrs. Gonsalves lived next door to the Gosdens. So closely crowded are some of the homes in Sunnyvale that Mrs. Gonsalves' bathroom window was only a few feet from the Gosden's kitchen.

Mrs. Gonsalves, so she testified at the trial, had been in her bathroom somewhat before midnight on the fatal date, and, looking out the window in a pardonable spirit of neighborly curiosity, had seen Laura and Mr. Gosden in their kitchen. Laura had appeared to be in intense pain, and had kept shrieking that she was dying. She had kept begging her husband to telephone the doctor. Presently Laura had slumped, writhing and shrieking, to the floor. Mr. Gosden had then put on a coat and trousers and left the house.

"Did he then go for the Doctor?" asked District Attorney Wehr.

"No," replied Mrs. Gonsalves.

"What did he do," asked Mr. Wehr, "when he left the house where his wife was dying in agony on the floor?"

"Well," said Mrs. Gonsalves, "he came out between the two houses, and he put his hands in his pockets, and he strolled up and down and looked at the sky."

Another Article in this remarkable series by Alan Devoe will appear in Next Month's REAL AMERICA

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CRIMINALS

(Continued from page 61)

with the rest of the human race. There are no criminal faces. If you go into any department store or factory, or to any prominent thoroughfare, and stop the first thousand people you see, you will find as much abnormal psychology and psychopathology as you will among a thousand inmates of the average penitentiary.

In the next criminal docket at any large court there will be men who are fine and handsome, and others, misshapen and ugly. Low, narrow foreheads will appear side by side with the brows of philosophers. Some of the prisoners will look tough and uncouth; others will seem gentle and trustworthy. Happy high school boys will be mixed with old drunkards. Unless they are manacled or in the "bull pen," it is impossible to distinguish a dozen prisoners from the attorneys, judge, and jurors. Many of them appear more intelligent and trustworthy than the morbidly curious spectators. To be concise and accurate: there are no criminal types.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CRIMINAL is very simple. Man is a herd minded animal. He learns almost everything by example and imitation, by reading of it, seeing it in the movies, hearing about it, or actually seeing it take place. Most criminals come from what we call crime areas, which have been spotted and mapped by social scientists. They are usually in negro, slum, and old foreign districts.

Here our potential lawbreaker sees other children steal fruit from a peddler's wagon, or candy and trinkets from stores. He watches older boys start a locked automobile and go for a joy ride. He remembers the thrilling scene in the movies where the villain pulls a "gat," and says "Stick 'em up!" He thinks that criminals are successful. From what he reads in the papers and hears on the streets, he believes that crime is a "cinch." He doesn't know what it is all about.

Youth has needs. To our young friend, crime seems the easiest and most romantic method of supplying them. It satisfies his natural craving for adventure and excitement, for testing his skill in escaping from or outmaneuvering the enemy. It seems a glorious game.

Our young criminal gets his start simply by living a natural life that conforms to the customs of his neighborhood. He continues his career of stealing for days, weeks, and months, progressing from petty to major crimes. He becomes a tough boy in the neighborhood, an example to others.

SOONER OR LATER HE IS CAUGHT, but not until he has convinced himself

and others that he can beat the game. The next thing we hear of him is that his mother or some friend has gone to see the alderman. They want to fix things with the prosecuting attorney or judge. No one cares about justice; in fact, the family will pay a little money into the "campaign fund" if necessary to prevent a sentence.

Many first offenders never come to trial. Most of those who do are put on probation or given a small fine. Many are released on bond, or freed after a short stay in jail. In any case our young friend is soon out on the streets again, free. In telling the story to his friends he says,

"My mother saw the judge. My brother gave the lawyer 25 bucks. The guy in the bailiff's office fixed it up for me. All I have to do is go down and see the probation officer every two weeks. I sure beat that rap." He still doesn't know what it is all about, and society has taken its first step in convincing him that he is above the law. He goes merrily on his way, attempting to beat the game.

He may be given probation again the next time he is caught, or let off with a small fine, but eventually he will be sentenced to the work house or penitentiary. Let's follow him, and

see what happens to him while serving a six months sentence in the work house.

Seventeen other criminals ride with him in the "Black Maria." On the way to jail they laugh and joke. As they enter they are greeted with the words,

"Fresh fish. Get out of your clothes and take a bath."

An hour later they are in their cells. When they go down to the dining room they meet a number of old friends. Someone whispers, "Tell them to put you in the brickyard. It's a cinch." In the morning they are rushed through the routine. "What's your name how old are you, what's your religion, what kind of work do you do?" . . . "Brickyard."

FOR THE NEXT SIX months all days are alike. Up at five, breakfast at six, work at seven, lunch at twelve, back to work at one, off at four. The work is easy. On Sunday there is church, and perhaps a movie or ball game. Reformers come and deliver lectures on Americanism.

The official stationery reads, "Each convict may write one letter every two weeks and receive one visitor every two weeks after he has been



"I laid the cornerstone."

here thirty days." There is no other outside contact.

Evenings are spent chewing the rag with cell mates, playing cards, shooting dice, maneuvering to get a little extra food, and "chiseling" for tobacco. For six months our friend lives in an iron cage behind stone walls. All he hears is vice, crime, degeneracy, viciousness, hatred, how to get even with the law, and how to be a more successful crook. With every breath he inhales crime and lawlessness. Every contact is primed to make him more vicious and anti-social. Oscar Wilde described it,

"For it things are done

That sons of god or sons of man
Never should look upon."

The devils in hell could not plan a more vicious, soul-crushing, crime-producing atmosphere than exists in even our best jails. Everyone is crushed. Everyone becomes a died-in-the-wool criminal. There is no escape.

When the six months are served, our friend is released. He still doesn't know what it is all about. Back he goes to his old life, but now he is far more resourceful and dangerous than when his sentence was begun. He meets hate with hate, and despises kindness as an evidence of softness. He is on the road to becoming another Dillinger or Fernekes.

He successfully commits a number of crimes, but eventually the inevitable happens, and he is once more an invited guest of the courtroom. This time the judge says,

"One to ten," or "Ten to life."

OUR YOUNG FRIEND FOLLOWS the same routing on entering the penitentiary as the workhouse, except that on this occasion he passes through hands of sociologist, psychologist, psychiatrist, and immunologist. He is analyzed, psychologized, glandularized, tested and sorted, and all but vivisectioned. Finally he is sent to Division 1, Section A, Class 423, Type 382, Breed 6, and assigned to the rock pile. He has been the object of much learned attention, but society has done nothing to help him or to protect itself from his bitter hatred.

His social life is slightly better here than it was in the workhouse. In addition to baseball, he now has football and a radio. On Saturday nights there is a home talent program or play. He is allowed to write one letter a week, and there are classes in English, arithmetic, and history. He may even take a library course or get a college degree by extension work from the state university. He has many opportunities to improve his mind, but is probably not interested.

Prisoners are offered an assortment

of religious services: Catholic, Protestant, Christian Science, or Jewish. There are few real conversions in jail, but many prisoners attend services for amusement. Church services break the monotony of existence, and through religious workers they can obtain postage stamps, stationery, and reading material.

Social scientists and teachers are gentle and soft voiced, but the guards are harsh and brutal. They always have the "sap" ready. If our friend violates any rules, he may be sent to the "hole," where he will brood and become even more embittered. He sees armed guards ready, day and night, to shoot him down. There are iron bars, cold cement floors, "and the eye that watched through the door, is pitiless and hard."

For cell mates he has thieves and highwaymen. His neighbors are rapists and killer gangsters. He has crime, murder, escape, hate, and perversion for breakfast, dinner and supper.

As the years roll by his brain is kind to him. The disgrace of jail, the viciousness of his companions, and the horror of his isolation lose their sting. Prison becomes his normal existence. Anyone who repeats a behavior pattern day after day becomes adapted to it, and it is his norm.

IN EIGHT YEARS OUR FRIEND IS RELEASED. We see him at the gate. When he went to prison there was nothing about him to indicate that he was a criminal, but now there is something different in his face. He is silent; his lips are tightly drawn; his eyes have lost their luster, and shift about as if watching for an enemy. He has a strange paleness that penologists call prison pallor. It is the stamp of iron bars, stone walls, and damp floors.

He stands at the gate and looks at the suit they gave him. He grasps the ten-dollar bill that is the only pay prison has given him for eight years of labor. The "Black Maria" takes him from the prison yard to the railroad station, and again he has seventeen companions. This time they are not laughing and joking; they are serious. Let us listen to their conversation.

"No use of me going back to the old town. My mother is dead. My woman carried another guy." "If those cops, Murphy and Sullivan, are on the squad, they'll pick me up the first time they see me." "The old gang has got an in now, and they'll make a place for me." "The next time the bulls stop me, it'll be with a bullet, and I'll plug a few of them first." "I'm going to get those dicks that framed me."

Many would think, "Surely these men have learned their lesson." Yes,

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they have learned the lesson we taught them; learned to live in prison, to hate and be hated, to consider association with criminals a normal existence. They have seen politicians and bankers who stole millions given special favors and released after serving only a small fraction of their sentences. They have learned the value of political influence, money, and "the fix." They are confirmed enemies of society, convinced that if they form proper alliances they "can

get away with murder." We have given them a first class education in viciousness and depravity, and then released them to prey upon us!

No one has ever told our young friend that society has any rights. He has not learned the advantages of community cooperation. He doesn't know that it is easier and better to earn an honest living. He still believes that the foxiest, crookedest, and toughest will win. He leaves the penitentiary convinced that society

and the police have a grudge against him, that they hate him, that in self-defense he must fight back. He still doesn't know what it is all about, and the chances are now strong against his ever learning.

If neither kindness nor punishment will prevent crime, what will? How can society protect itself from the anti-social groups? Read Dr. Reitman's practical, sane, and feasible proposal in next month's REAL AMERICA.

STAG NIGHTS

light, wearing a scanty two-piece garment which reveals a wide expanse of ribs and flesh between her little breasts and hips. Her face is aged by too much make-up. The room is cold, and her legs, like pipe stems, are trembling. The orchestra strikes up a muted *Paradise* and she goes through her routine gyrations; then she makes a quick, nervous half-bow, runs from the stage. Dotty, all pearly teeth and girlish in a bouffant gown, is back to announce the final number:

"Well, boys, didn't I tell you it was better than ever before?" (The boys think it's lousy, but they have been waiting all through it for the hula dancers, and they know this is the last of Dotty, so they respond with enthusiasm.)

THE BIG CHUCKLE AND CHISEL man with his subtle sense of humor is back on the scene again, too. He has brought with him another funny man from the program committee. With a wide grin and eyes sparkling, the second funny man looks at the first funny man and says:

"Now? Now? Shall I bring her in now?"

Funny Man No. 1 says: "No! Not now! You just hold your horses—and your hula girl!—you can bring her in later!"

Dotty jumps between them and shouts: "No! No! I'll say you can't bring her in NOW!—not until I get my girls out of here!"

And Dotty and her girls have no more than got their heels through the closing ballroom doors when the doors are locked, curtains drawn, shades lowered, and Funny Man No. 2 rushes backstage in search of his hula hip teaser. The real stag is about to begin.

An atmosphere of intense eagerness seems to fill the room as chairs move, brows are mopped, necks are strained, throats are cleared, and then when the spotlight falls on the stage: deathless quiet.

Funny Man No. 2 dashes to the center of the stage hand in hand with his hula dancer. The drums roll and the crowd roars. She smiles in the

protecting embrace of an arm circling her waist. Again they applaud, they yell, they whistle. No one hears her name: no one cares. The orchestra is an alert organization and begins to play "Oh the dance they do . . . da de da de da de da . . ." But this interesting woman has done no more than a couple of belly rolls when Funny Man No. 1 appears, ends all the fun, and reprimands Funny Man No. 2 for bringing her on so soon.

There is a low moan of disappointment as the hula dancer departs from our delighted audience.

Such delicate comedy as this always excites the senses and by now the ballroom is under a blanket of smoke and mental filth. Liquor has begun to flow freely.

This is the audience that greets the Minstrel.

Who is Your Presidential Candidate?

If it were left up to you to pick the next President of the United States, who would be your choice?

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**Presidential Editor,
REAL AMERICA
666 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Ill.**

The Minstrel is a feature of every fraternal and club stag, obviously, because of the once-a-year opportunity it provides for members inclined toward "acting" and "singing." Tonight we see and hear many funny jokes with all the old familiar characters: the town drunk, the trifling husband, the gambler, the doctor who makes advances to his female patients, the Jew merchant—interpreted by and representing certain members of the organization, whom we all know.

No stag would be complete without A Touch of Art. In this case it is a very regal individual who has graciously bestowed her delightful personality and exquisite voice upon our unworthy presence. Tall and sway-backed, gowned in flowing chiffon, she flutters from the wings into the spotlight and gaily waves at the orchestra to prepare for her number. Around her tight baby-doll curl is a bandeau of white ribbon. She tells us it is so sweet of us to ask her to sing at our show (this is a total surprise to the men; no one knows who she is or how she got in—it later developed she turned out to be a cousin of one of the men on the program committee), and as soon as she sings she is going to rush right out so we can go on with our "cavorting."

So she clears her throat and, with a graceful gesture to the orchestra, tells them to play *Little Old Church In the Valley!*

THE FUNNY MEN ARE BACK with us again, and they have stacks of little red tickets in their hands. Anyone who attended last year's show or the year before knows these are tickets for The Big Concert, which is really the hula girls, and proceeds from the sale of the tickets, as they laughingly remind us every year, go to the Home For Broken-down Hoochie Koochie Dancers.

F. M. No. 1 steps into the spotlight. He waves the red tickets in the air, chuckles, and says with wicked innuendo:

"Now, boys, we're really goin' to get goin'! All you guys who have been to one of our shows before know

(Continued from page 44)

just what The Big Concert is—and all those who have just tonight had their first taste of the way we do things at our annual shows are going to get the thrill of a lifetime—yes, sir, the thrill of a lifetime—right here in this room! One of these twenty-five cent tickets—only two-bits, five nickels, one quarter of a dollar—entitles you to a ringside seat at The Big Concert to see the hula hula girls shake their hoochie koochie! And as an added attraction we have an educational motion picture show, too (boo! boo! they don't understand this and the room is charged with displeasure and Bronx cheers)." He laughs a little and continues: "Now, don't get me wrong, boys. I said this is educational and it is—but you're gonna like it—you're gonna like it because it's something every man should know. Yes, sir, I said you're going to get the thrill of a lifetime tonight if you just buy one of these tickets (da da daaaaaaaaaaaaaa! a roll of the drums and F. M. No. 2 steps from the wings with The Thrill Of A Lifetime on his arm)—and **HERE SHE IS!**" (Bows to hula dancer who is really in the spirit of the evening.) The orchestra runs through a few bars of "Hawaiian" music as she weaves her way across the men gathered in the front row, hips swaying to the rhythm of the music, running her hands through the skirt and parting the grass at seductive points. The funny men step out together and shout:

"Hot diggety dog! Who wants a ticket? Who wants a ticket?—who?"

The crowd has seen enough. Everybody wants one. Hands wave, bills appear, silver tinkles, and money flows. The ticket sellers are literally mobbed by eager customers until finally every man has a red ticket in his hand and quiet reigns again. Dense smoke, like so much fog, settles over the room as the motion picture operators set up their machines and prepare to run off "the educational feature of the evening."

THE ROOM IS IN INKY DARKNESS. The audience has now reached the point where any let-up or break in the continuity of entertainment creates immediate unrest and dissatisfaction. The duck quacks and everybody laughs. A few more nervous minutes and the lights go up—then they are darkened—and the funny man steps out into the spotlight.

"Gather 'round fellows. You may think you've seen things (rolls eyes and puffs cigar), but you ain't seen nothin' yet!"

He disappears with the light and the motion picture begins. No writer would set down in words an accurate, graphic word picture of one of these

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pictures, despite any hard-boiled fanaticism for "realism"—and no publicly circulated magazine would print what he wrote if he did. They are celluloid pornography. Each is a short, complete episode from the fertile mind of some perverted mentality.

But the pictures are a huge success. All through the showing there are loud comments from the audience. Somebody yells: "Hey, Bill, where's that duck?" and the room roars with raucous laughter. Then, at one salient point in the unfolding of one of the sexual comedies, the loud, funny quack of the duck is heard in the darkness. Somebody makes a vulgar jibe and sets them off again. The pictures roll on with their orgiastic developments. A man in front of me registers drunken indifference. Between drinks he keeps mumbling and pushing his partner with "Lesh get outa here—lesh get outa here—whaddya say t' a lil drink?—huh? wannalildrink?" But his partner is riveted to his seat and doesn't want to get out, so he bends over and takes a drink in the privacy of the two hundred pairs of eyes glued to the screen. There is a young boy sitting next to me. I can see the silhouette of his face in the soft glow of nightlight coming through the window. He gazes intently at the screen, with fascinated repulsion, his mouth slightly open, his lips dry. A cigarette he was smoking has been forgotten and is slowly burning out in his hand. When a lock of hair falls over his forehead and into his face he turns and pushes

it back and views me out of the corner of his eye. Ashamedly, he says: "Some show, isn't it?"

I answer: "Yeah. Some show."

MY SYMPATHY ALWAYS goes out to the hula dancers when a stag has progressed to this stage. The thirty or forty minutes "entertainment" we have just witnessed is enough to create the most savage impulses in the chest of the most timorous and retiring male who ever graced the earth. A good three-fourths of the audience is completely drunk.

F. M. No. 1 blows a police whistle and F. M. No. 2 wins undivided attention.

He says: "Well, boys, now you're goin' to see what you have been waitin' for!"

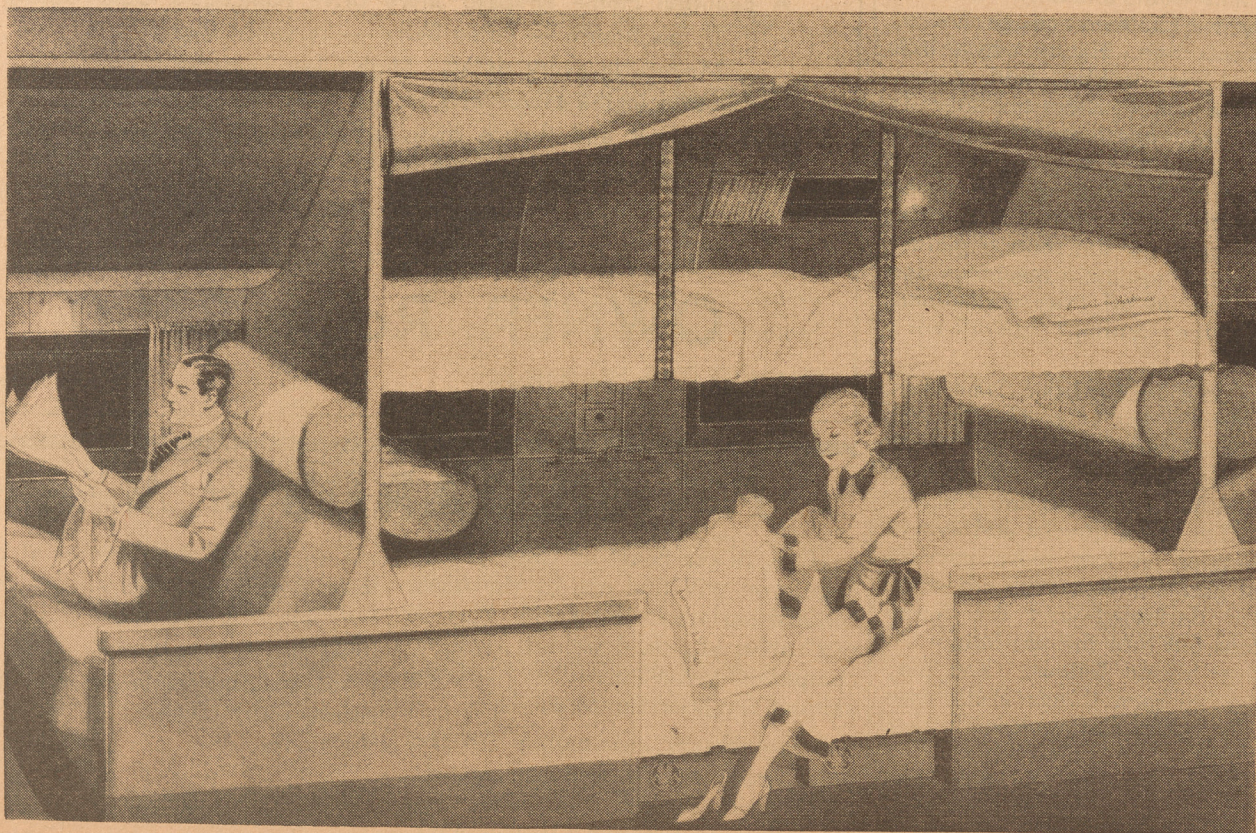
No great stage star ever received such a thunderous welcome of loving approval. F. M. No. 2 holds up his hands and when the crowd has quieted he looks all around the room saying: "Didja get those niggers out of here?" There is a quick examination of the room and four or five men shout at once: "The waiters are gone—LET'S GO!"

The spectacle that these two hundred men have been waiting for all evening, enduring boredom, home talent, speeches, and evil jibes, is about to begin.

The curtains part. In the background are two fat Philippines with complexions like fresh breakfast bacon and steel guitars on their laps. They strike a few bars and the first

hula dancer of the evening runs gracefully to the center of the stage. She loves her adoring audience—she runs her hands through the thick grass skirt showing a seductive bit of flesh for a moment—she bestows a melting smile which reveals complete surrender. To the sweet lilt of the "Hawaiian" music she dances around the stage, doing a rather good imitation of the native dance. Soon two other hula girls join her and the three of them step down the portable steps below the footlights and dance along the front row of men gathered close to the stage. The girls dance and sing, they wiggle their hips, roll their bellies and tease and dally with the men, but they are no great success and their performance receives very mild applause. When they depart they look back at the amused but not excited audience as if to say "What's wrong with you? We gave you everything we had."

The three bewildered girls in Hawaiian costume are followed by another performer who is at once and completely the favorite. She is given a great welcome which contains all the essence of familiar friendship. Many of the men yell at her. One of my comrades of the stag supplies the explanation. "Ya see that girl?" he says. "Well, she's made every stag for the past four or five years—she's a great favorite with the boys. Shows up for every annual show, does her dance, and then goes away—we never see or hear any more of her until next year."



American Airlines' New Douglas Airsleeper

The music arrests our attention. All eyes focus on the girl. Her face is brilliantly painted. Her lips have the color and moistness of a red lolly-pop. Her eyes are like jet. They dilate with fiery brightness under a load of mascara and heavy eyeshadow. She has a hard, brittle beauty and her body is a luscious milky white—all this glassy loveliness topped with a head of gorgeous blond hair. She, too, is wearing a hula skirt, but it is made of bright silvery imitation grass. There is a lei around her neck and several bracelets on each wrist and both ankles.

THE ROOM IS STILL AND EXPECTANT.

Her dance begins very slowly, keeping perfect time with the slow, sensuous rhythm of the music, as she weaves her way around the stage. Every chord from the guitars seems to strike a responsive, quivering note in her body. Her control is marvelous; every muscle of her body is under her complete domination. She seems to have the power to start a ripple in her legs which begins at her feet and travels up, up, UP, through her thighs, quivering every inch of flesh as her hips undulate into an unmerciful grind that propels her bobbing around the stage and off it down into the front row of the men seated at her feet, where she repeats this maddening performance, never losing step, never missing a note of the music. Swaying, rolling, tossing, bobbing, and undulating with every fibre of her body, like a throbbing mass of gelatine. She never smiles, never says a word. She just keeps on dancing, keeping time with the music, which is slowly building up to a faster tempo.

She removes the bracelets from her arms and throws them out into a sea of two hundred alien faces where they are caught by eager hands. The music is getting faster—she removes the lei and rings a man's head with it and while he fingers the lei and the crowd gains a few inches she moves back into the center and the music slows down again, slower and slower, until

every note is keyed to her hips moving around and around. She removes the rose and throws it to the men who make a mad scramble to catch it.

A man sitting facing her reaches out and tries to grab her, but she slides through his grasp with the agility of an eel and quickly dances backward, up the little portable steps, to the stage. The music again increases tempo and her dance is beginning to take on speed. The trap drummer from the orchestra has joined the two pieces of bacon with their steel guitars in the shadows of the stage. When she gives a particularly vigorous toss or jolt in the direction of the audience he accents it with a *thump!* from the kettle drums. The bright yellow spotlight following her around the stage suddenly turns blue.

The men have forgotten their chairs. They are standing now, edging closer and closer, until those who were on the front row are shoved up against the stage. The regular, throbbing beat of the kettle drums is keeping time with the guitars now as dancer and music move faster and faster. Soon the kettle drums have overpowered the guitars and the mad, savage tomtom rumbles across the stage as the woman dances around and around the stage, moving so fast it is impossible to see her clearly. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly, she throws her head back and yells "YEEOOOOOW!" like a cat, and the curtain falls.

It is the climax of the evening. As the tension of the room subsides, the eddy of men, with red faces and dry mouths, flows through the ballroom doors in search of coats and hats.

I walk out into the cool dampness of the night. I hear voices above me and when I look up I see two young Negro waiters descending a fire escape outside the ballroom. They are both laughing and talking with much animation. When one of them steps into the light he shows a row of white teeth and says to the other: "Lawdy! That white gal sho' could shake it!"

It's all over until next year.

ATHEISM

ferocity shown by a fundamentalist in his assaults on Darwin. They are alert, intelligent, well-educated, and widely read, but they lack a balance wheel to give them a true perspective of themselves. Consequently they are more bigoted than most of the religions they denounce, and their move-

ment is confined to mentalities of similar type.

Unless the Atheists change their tune they will never make their society anything more than an interesting phenomenon, toward which most freethinkers have a friendly feeling of tolerance.

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See page 7



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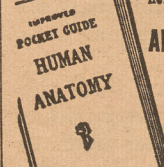
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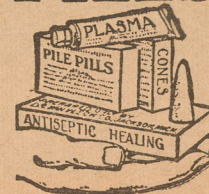
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GOOD NEWS FOR HOME BUYERS

(Continued from page 47)

difficulties tied up in that plan. So many were its drawbacks that in 1929, when the depression came along, the home and real estate market folded up and passed out.

Under the old plan, John Citizen got his short-term mortgage for about 50 or 60 per cent of the appraised value of his home property. He knew, and the lender knew, that unless he found a gold mine or somebody willed him a fortune, he could no more pay off the debt when it came due than he could jump over the next blue moon.

Furthermore, because the mortgage was for so small a part of the price of the home, John frequently had to get the rest of the money through secondary financing—that is, by putting a second trust, and sometimes even a third mortgage, on the property.

Because of the small security back of the second and third trusts, he had to pay exorbitantly high charges for the money thus obtained. So there he was, loaded down with anywhere from one to three debts which he knew he must renew at terrific expense many times. Each time he was harassed by suspense as to whether or not the people who had loaned him the money would permit him to renew, or would throw him and his furniture into the street and take the property away from him after he had sunk in it all that he could rake, scrape, and borrow.

Sometimes the racketeer took the home. Then, too, there were times when the reputable lenders had to have their money. This usually happened in hard times or when hard times threatened; that is, at the very time when money was tight and it was impossible for the borrower to find other lenders.

That was one of the principal shortcomings of the old-fashioned mortgage system. The minute a depression started, or even seemed likely,

the lenders began to call in their money and to foreclose on the luckless borrowers.

That was what happened in 1929. So many lenders had to have their money, and tried to get it by foreclosing and then putting the property up for sale, that both homes and mortgages were soon drugs on the market. The market disappeared—"froze."

THIS SITUATION CONTINUED TO PLAGUE the country until well into 1934. Investment in mortgages and in home construction was no longer attractive; therefore home building fell to a minimum. Year by year the shortage in American homes grew larger. It is today variously estimated at from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000 residences.

Then the National Housing Act was put on the statute books, and the Federal Housing Administration was set up for the express purpose of restoring the country to prosperity. This was to be done, the legislators explained, by creating new business for the building industry, which would in turn stimulate the demand for heavy and durable goods. To create new construction business, the Housing Administration had to make home building more attractive as an investment, and home buying more practical for the man in the street.

It saw at once the necessity for bringing the home mortgage market back to life; and it saw with equal clearness that this could be done only by making mortgages safe investments and at the same time easier to pay off.

The Housing Administration, therefore, developed its new Single Mortgage System under which mortgage lenders are protected against loss through mutual mortgage insurance applied to a standardized form of home mortgage. Under this system, the Housing Administration insures

100 percent payment of any mortgage for any sum up to as much as 80 percent of the appraised value of the property, with the stipulation that no insured mortgage may exceed \$16,000.

Such a mortgage is issued, however, only when the borrower can make a first or down payment of at least 20 percent of the total value of the completed property (house and lot).

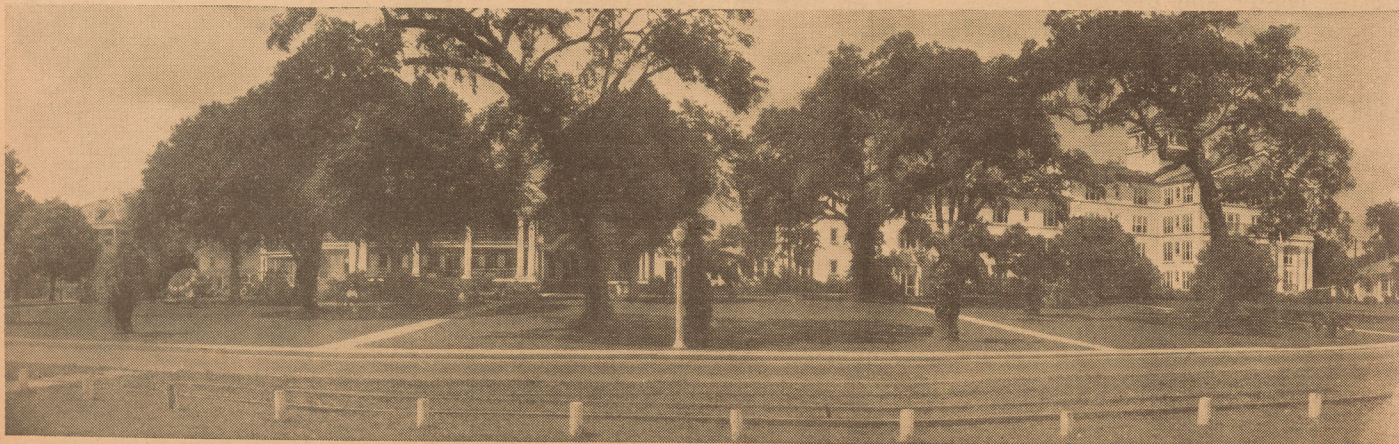
If the borrower has this 20 percent in cash, or if he owns a lot which is worth that much and will build the house on it, he is eligible for an insured mortgage, provided he can prove his ability to meet the monthly payments with reasonable certainty.

The mortgage may run 20 years, and it may run for any shorter term of years agreed upon by both borrower and lender. It must be paid off in equal monthly installments, each installment including payments on the interest and principal of the loan, a small service fee, the estimated monthly proportion of the taxes and insurance, and a premium for the insurance—all of which sounds very large, but really amounts to just about what he would pay for renting that home.

THIS IS THE WAY IT WORKS in the case of John Citizen who has \$1,500 in cash and \$200 per month income, and wants to buy a home worth \$5,000.

With his \$1,500 cash he makes a down payment which is 30 percent of the total cost, \$5,000. This leaves \$3,500 which he will borrow through an insured home mortgage. His equal monthly payments, including payments on his interest, on the principal of the loan, his mortgage insurance premium, and the service fee, will be about \$31 over a period of 15 years (he will not need the maximum period of 20 years).

He will also have to make equal monthly payments on the taxes and insurance on the home. These figures



A Tropical Scene
at Biloxi on the Mississippi Gulf Coast.

vary according to location and type of construction, but their total certainly should not exceed \$10 per month. That is, he will buy his \$5,000 home by making monthly payments of about \$41.

John Citizen can get the benefits of this new mortgage system if he is a responsible person with a good credit record and a steady income or earning power which justifies the assumption that he can pay off the mortgage as already described.

Since he is allowed to borrow on this insured mortgage so generous an amount as 80 percent of the value of the property, he is not permitted to have any other lien on the home. This is a part of the break Uncle Sam is giving him: it makes unnecessary all that secondary financing (second and third mortgages) for which the lenders get their highest interest and most exorbitant fees.

BUT THERE IS STILL MORE GOOD NEWS FOR MR. CITIZEN:

The Housing Administration has offices and representatives throughout the country to inspect and appraise each property on which an insured mortgage is wanted, and the Housing Act provides that no insurance shall be granted unless the Housing Administration decides that the property is a project economically sound in every respect.

In this day and time the cost of the lot and building is only one factor in determining the value of a home. Location, architecture, materials, appearance, probable changes in street and neighborhood—every factor that affects or may affect the desirability of a home must be taken into consideration. This is particularly true when the money that buys is to be paid back over a period as long as 20 years. The point of all this is that, under the new Single Mortgage System, the Government of the United States, through the Federal Housing Administration entity, has a lot to say about every phase of home building and city planning.

The Housing Administration does not insure a mortgage on any home which is not sound in every respect. It has to be assured that the property will not depreciate too rapidly, that it is being erected in a desirable community among desirable people, and within reasonably convenient reach of the usual public services. It has to know that it will comply with the general architectural design of neighborhood buildings and that the materials used in its construction are good. Finally, it will require that the property comply with the best ideas in community improvement and be a contribution to sound city planning.

Thus Uncle Sam and John Citizen,

the home buyer, will be powerful factors in seeing to it that only the best types of construction can be marketed and that every new home shall be an aid to city upbuilding.

GONE ARE THE DAYS when the building racketeer could run up a row of shell-like structures, turn on a flood of high-powered salesmanship, dispose of the flimsy "homes" at robber prices, and make off with his loot, leaving the buyer to repent of his bargain as the paint peeled and the plaster cracked.

Gone are the days when a rascal in realty could buy a small abandoned farm, "subdivide" it into streets that would never be traveled and lots that would never be built on, and sell to his "sucker list" for fabulous prices these lovely home sites!

Hereafter, the man who sets out either to buy or build a home and pay for it by putting a mortgage on it will have only himself to blame if he is not guarded and counselled by his government and by the best building brains of his community.

SO MUCH FOR JOHN CITIZEN when he wants to buy a home already built. It is equally easy for him to build a home to his own ideas, and then pay for it with an insured mortgage—provided, of course, that he has 20 percent of the estimated cost, in cash or in the form of the lot on which to build.

He submits his architect's plans and specifications to a lending institution approved as a mortgagee by the Housing Administration. The institution in turn submits it to the Housing Administration, whose agents examine the plans and specifications and inspect the lot.

If the Housing Administration finds that the plans and specifications meet with such requirements as we have indicated as to architecture, building materials and location, it agrees to insure a mortgage for 80 percent of the value of the home when completed. The mortgage will be for less than 80 percent according as his down payment is more than 20 percent of the estimated total cost. Having this pledge from the Housing Administration, John Citizen will have no trouble in getting from a lending institution a "construction loan"; that is, the money needed to pay for putting up the house.

When the house is completed according to the plans, the insured mortgage is issued, and Mr. Citizen pays off his construction loan. Thereafter, he proceeds to pay off the mortgage in the equal monthly payments described. When that is done, he owns the home.

Similarly, the man who now has a

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short term mortgage on his home may get together with the lender, and, if the house passes the inspection of the Housing Administration, the two of them may rewrite the mortgage so that it will be insured. The borrower will pay it off in equal monthly installments spread over the number of years (up to twenty) agreed upon by him and the lender.

HERE ARISES THE QUESTION, "How can John Citizen have the benefits of an insured mortgage if the lending institution refuses to come in under the Housing Administration's new mortgage system?"

If he encounters such a difficulty, he should apply to the local representative of the Housing Administration, who will help him find some other lending institution approved by the Housing Administration and willing to loan under the new mortgage plan.

It is hard to see, however, why any lender would refuse to take advantage

of the nation-wide standardized insured mortgage plan.

The fact that there are standardized mortgages means that in all communities in this country the properties covered by them meet substantially the same requirements; and this, in turn, means that when the investor puts his money into an insured mortgage, he may feel absolutely certain of the value of his investment, whether the property covered by the mortgage is in New York, California, Illinois, or Louisiana.

The lender who puts his money into an insured mortgage has, first, the pleasing assurance that he cannot lose, since he is insured against loss. He has, second, the knowledge that through the insured mortgage he is helping to revive home building and hasten the growth of that national prosperity which everybody wants to enjoy at the earliest possible moment.

IN APPROXIMATELY A YEAR'S time private financial institutions have

written \$221,089,076 of business under Title II of the National Housing Act. Although the act was passed by Congress in the summer of 1934, the need for legislative changes in virtually all of the states curtailed the operation of Title II until the spring of 1935.

Through November 15, home mortgages selected for appraisal with fees paid totaled the above figure. Of this amount, according to Stewart McDonald, Federal Housing Administrator, 27 percent possibly will be rejected. Of the remaining 73 percent, 37 percent is for new construction, the balance for refinancing existing mortgages.

Apart from the service that the Housing Act renders the individual home owner, it has opened up avenues of opportunity for banks, trust companies, building and loan societies, and similar financial institutions. Because the government insures these mortgages 100 percent, there is no possibility of lending institutions losing a penny of invested capital.

BANKERS, BUSINESS, AND BOLSHEVIKS

Take the "peace" racket, for instance. Ever notice that every time Great Britain has need of cat's-paw service from the United States how the luncheon clubs, chambers of commerce, churches, and other forums resound with the harangues of professional pacifist racketeers? And how Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, commanding the millions of the Carnegie Institution, brings over a herd of British "liberals" like Norman Angell, and Sir This and Dame That to spout about peace?

Well, here's why. The financier has never been much of a fighting man, but has profited by past wars. But the last one was almost too hot to handle and came near ruining the big international loan sharks of New York, London, and Paris who controlled the alliance that won the senseless war. To keep the world safe for usury the League of Nations was organized, just as the Holy Alliance was set up after the Napoleonic wars to keep the world safe for the European monarchies, which owed such vast sums to the Rothschilds and other money lenders who financed the fight against the French Revolution and Napoleon.

BUT, LIKE ALL ATTEMPTS to make the world stand still and stay put, the League has been running into trouble. In three of the great world powers the rule of the bankers has been overthrown. In Japan the army officers have taken charge. In Germany and Italy tough fellows corresponding in some respects to some of our own

gangsters have substituted their strong arm racketeer governments for the pussyfoot "democracies" formerly run by the "invisible government" of bankers.

That is called Fascism. It includes many extravagancies and a lot of insane tyrannies—but the point about it that bears on our discussion here is that it is everywhere a force that clips the power of the financier. Whether it helps the working man or the big business man is another question about which there have been many conflicting stories. But whatever else Fascism may mean, whatever else it may do, it destroys the control of the banker over business, and lays more emphasis upon employment and production—even if for nothing more than munitions—than upon the sanctity of investments and the payment of interest to loan sharks and the idle rich.

That fact accounts for a great deal of the uproar about Mussolini and Hitler to which this country has been treated. The noise has very little to do with the merits or demerits of either or of their policies. The natural dislike of the so-called "liberals" and "radicals" for the military type of men who represent Fascism has been of great help to the international loan sharks in their fight to preserve their League of Nations and all the grafts that it was organized to preserve from the attacks of Japan, Italy, and Germany, who want to get a better break for themselves in dividing up the world's riches of lands and raw resources. Of course, these "have not"

(Continued from page 20)

governments are no better morally than the international usurers, but we are talking about facts of international politics, not about morals.

THIS SUPPORT OF finance by the elements who make up what is called "liberal opinion" dovetails with the general attitude of the idle and retired classes of people who live upon fixed investments such as bonds and fits the emotions and prejudices of college professors, social workers, employees of the great Rockefeller, Rosenwald, Sage, Carnegie and other foundations. The very living of these people is dependent upon the preservation of the gigantic debt structure and the interest charges that the financiers have imposed upon the country. "Where thy treasure is, thy heart will be also." So in every industrial crisis when millions are thrown out of work because of the blighting effect of usury upon business enterprise we find that these professed friends of the poor, ardent champions of labor, and the "intellectual" stripe of radicals come to the aid of the usurers. They always combat any attempt to fasten the blame for economic depressions upon the financiers. It is always something or somebody else, to hear them tell it.

ONE OF THE ELDER self-righteous "radicals" who has for 30 years been criticising every American of the constructive type who ever created a job or built up a business is Oswald Garrison Villard, former editor and now guiding hand of the weekly *Nation*. But when the gold dollar was de-

valued in the vain hope of relieving the burden of usury upon the country, Villard showed his coupon clipper colors by squealing like a stuck pig against any tampering with the sacred gold standard.

Not even Al Wiggin of Chase National Bank fame, the eminent advocate of wage-cutting, who was caught with the goods in the Pecora investigation, made such a noise as the "radical" Villard.

THE OTHER PROMINENT ORGAN of this tribe, the *New Republic*, which sap school teachers, pink parsons, club women, and the like think is a dreadfully radical but awfully nice publication, was founded by money from the House of Morgan. Faithfully has it played the role of little Tommy Tucker singing for his supper whenever public resentment seemed about to be aroused against the big shot usurers, by diverting attention in other directions.

One of the amusing dodges of this crowd in their effort to put a smoke screen over was the attempted revival in this country of "Marxism." Dead long before the development of modern electrical science, of straight line production, or of the modern credit system, Karl Marx is nothing more than a historical relic in the museum of human thinking. But all of a sudden we had here the "neo-Marxians", a crowd of fussy little Greenwich villagers and New York school teachers who know nothing of modern industry or technology. Along with them came the "proletarian school" of art and literature—and of course we find that one of the angels of this outfit was the late Otto Kahn, partner in the international banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company. Write your own comment!

IN DIVERTING THE ATTENTION of the plundered American people from the usurers, the "liberal" and "radical" outfits usually attack the industrialist and try to "smear" the genuine business man. They cry to heaven about sweat shop wages, shoddy goods, lying advertising, and other evils, that ought to be denounced. But rarely do they point to the banker behind the sweater and chiseler who drives them on to wage-cutting, sweating, and jerry work under threat of calling his loans to them.

Now it often suits the purposes of the usurer to arouse indignation against the business man. Nothing will do more to keep him in a submissive mood to the banker and to the banker-controlled politicians than the drum fire of radical attack. There is no better way for a usurer to grab control of a man's business than to

subject him to public scorn and thereby hurt his sales. Our industrial history reeks with such subornation of muck-raking by Wall Street. It is a well known fact in Chicago that Upton Sinclair's book, "The Jungle," attacking the meat packers, played right into the hands of J. P. Morgan and Kuhn, Loeb and Co., who were working to get control of the meat business and of the private refrigerator car lines that rolled over Wall Street's railroads. Under banker management, the railroads had lacked the intelligence to originate refrigerator car service.

Nowhere has this variety of finance double crossing been better illustrated than in Colorado. When I was editor of the old *Denver Express* I found out that the Rockefeller interests secretly encouraged the Reds, the I. W. W. and other groups to agitate against mining companies that the Rockefeller gang wished to get control of. The attorney for the radicals, Tom Herrington, an interesting and charming fellow personally, was a brother of one of the big officials of a Rockefeller company. On his office walls were pictures of Karl Marx and Lenin. But his nest was too well feathered. His pay must have come from Holy John D.'s outfit. I used to laugh with him at the prospect that he would meet himself coming around the corner some fine morning. And only the other day the Federal Trade Commission turned up the fact that a Standard Oil Company as late as 1927 paid \$350,000 to the blackmailing publisher of the *Denver Post*, Frederick G. Bonfils, to get his support for a natural gas franchise in Denver. Before that, Denver's coal supply had been endangered by a so-called I. W. W. strike in the coal mines, some of them Rockefeller mines, no doubt. That strike was a good argument to Denver citizens to grant that fat franchise to Standard Oil. There have been thousands of framed-up strikes like that.

The banking powers that prey find the fake strike or the "outlaw" strike useful for other purposes than skinning or coercing the industrialist. It is one of their best weapons in fighting the genuine trade unionism that they fear. Every well-informed labor leader knows all about this. That is why the American Federation of Labor fights communism. It knows that communist agitators seek to destroy labor unions and would set up no real labor organizations in their places. Rightly it suspects that a large percentage of the so-called Reds and Communists in this country are nothing more than stool pigeons for the financiers who are seeking to grab all legitimate business and to destroy all real labor unions.

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WHAT EVERY INTELLIGENT "labor skate" in America knows about the collusion in the United States between Communism and international usury should be plain as day to every casual newspaper reader with respect to world affairs.

Two years ago in an article in this magazine, "Why the Bankers Love the Bolsheviks," I took occasion to show some of the common interests of the international loan sharks and the gang of radical or crook adventurers ruling the illiterate mongrel millions of the former Czardom. This article stirred up quite a bit of resentment among the pink intellectuals and similar groups. But the facts were not challenged. That story appeared on the occasion of the visit here of Maxim Litvinoff, alias Finkelstein and a dozen or so other aliases. Mr. Finkelstein was "commissar of foreign affairs" for the soviet government or U. S. S. R.

What a beautiful alliteration with U S U R Y!

Since Mr. Litvinoff's touching visit here, designed to touch our treasury for a few hundred millions, but a failure because of timely exposures, Mr. Litvinoff has been prominent indeed in the affairs of the League of Loan Sharks. He has presided over several sessions at Geneva. His government has come to the aid of the fearful money sharks of Paris, the Bank of France, and the cheap French politicians caught in the loathsome Stavisky steal.

The military alliance of the alleged liberal capitalistic republic of France with the professedly revolutionary proletarian dictatorship of Russia is final evidence of the political bankruptcy of the financial system that so long ruled the western world. With the wooden handle of Bolshevism welded to the pewter spoon of international finance we now have com-

plete confession of the treason of usury to western civilization and to all the traditions of political liberty that came into the world with the rise of the modern system of trade and industry.

The fakery of the soviet racketeers is also disclosed by their alliance with the Paris loan sharks. If more evidence of their hypocritical loot is required, consult any manual of government "securities," and you will find that this self-acclaimed "workers" government has piled up a mountain of funded debt that even the Czar's thieves would have reason to envy.

Now, what's the answer to all this? Probably not a human being on this planet could produce even a worthwhile guess. But for Americans one clear call emerges: "Attend to our own business. Keep out of Europe. To hell with the League of Nations."

THE VOICE OF AMERICA

good-hearted political playboy, an entertaining and only mildly knavish fellow. "There must have been much good in him. . . . Let us not speak unkindly. . . . Requiescat in pace."

They said, as they have always said: Do not attack him. He cannot answer you now.

They are right. He cannot answer now. He cannot, with his great gift for bombastic bamboozlement, obscure indictments of him in a mass of oratory. He cannot, with corrupt wealth, buy the silence of his adversaries. He cannot turn serious criticism aside with a wise-crack, nor divert attention from his machinations by zany-tricks with a gin fizz, nor surround himself with a bodyguard of hired plug-uglies. No, he cannot do these things. He is not the Czar of Louisiana now.

He is, simply and indefensibly, the man who has been recorded as saying: "Unconstitutional? Hell, when I want some-

thing done I do it and tell my Attorney General to dig up a law to cover it."

He is, without being able now to laugh it off with a wise-crack, the "prankster" who proclaimed: "I'm the Constitution of Louisiana. I'm the Kaiser of this State."

He is just the bullet-riddled author of the remark that "I know damn well they're good laws; I wrote 'em," and he is just the late employer of Cupid Messina and Squinch-Eye McGee.

I say that it is neither reverence nor charity to whitewash such a man, but only muddle-headed sentimentality and unwholesome emotionalism. He is gone now. It is to be hoped that some of the brutality and some of the tyranny for which he stood will also go. And it is to be hoped that those who thought him, in life, a man corrupt and ruthless and socially pernicious, will be deterred neither by the wave of epitaffy nor by the old accusations of "bad taste" from saying,

(Continued from page 31)

frankly and honestly, "We believe that his way was evil. We rejoice that he is dead."—Haydn Sharpe, New York.

Reader Sharpe expresses a view of the late Senator Long that will be shared by many, principally those who have never known the man. Today, we were visited by Gordon L. K. Smith, often called the power behind Long's throne, the crown prince of Louisiana, etc. Mr. Smith was with Senator Long when the assassin's bullet struck him, and breathed the last prayer when the Senator died. Next month Mr. Smith is going to tell REAL AMERICA readers things about Senator Long that have never before been published.—Ed.

Gossip, Criticism, and the Movies

On every side we hear the plea and even the demand for better motion pictures. . . The trend is noticeably in that direction, and the producers are making an effort. But the question arises: "Where are these self-appointed critics who denounce sex and crime?" The theatre manager and the producer wants to know. . . When a clean, educational picture is presented to the public, the people desirous of this type should sing its praises and encourage a return of its sort. How else will the theatre manager and the producer have of knowing our desires? The type of a picture is, no doubt, determined by its demand, and when a picture is shown that meets the approval of the so-called critics (and I am one of them) we must remember that actions speak louder than words. Gossip and criticism won't get us anywhere.—Mrs. Earl Carr, Marion, Ind.

Cruelties of Vivisection

I disagree with the contents of the prize-winning letter written by Rena



Along the Back Bay

at Biloxi, where moss-draped evergreen oaks and magnolias grow to the water's edge.

Kieth Peters in the June *REAL AMERICA*. . . . She does not mention the brutal practice of cutting out the vocal cords of dogs so they cannot cry out in agony; inserting rubber balloons in their stomachs, then forcing water into these balloons; baking dogs alive in an oven to study dehydration; putting mustard oil in the eyes of cats; cruel and prolonged feeding experiments; starving animals to a shadow, and many other methods. Those who would know the truth as to what goes on behind the closed doors of research laboratories, I refer to the following: *American Journal of Physiology*, August, 1923; Jan., 1931; March, 1928; March 1, 1931; September, 1929; *American Heart Journal*, April, 1929; *American Medical Ass'n Journal*, July 16, 1927; April 28, 1934; page 1400. In view of the above facts, I challenge any one successfully to deny that vivisection does not involve cruelty to animals. I challenge any defender of vivisection to name ONE disease that has been eradicated as a result of the experiments on the billions of helpless animals. Statistics prove that there is now more cancer, more heart disease, and more diabetes than ever before in the history of the civilized world.—J. Flinders Brintnall, St. Paul, Minn.

Gold

When it comes to a heavy dose of silly, sap-headed senility, John L. Mattox's contribution to the July *REAL AMERICA*, *More Gold Diggers Needed*, touches a new low. In the face of overproduction (proof that the laborer, by producing everything we need and then some, has more than done his part), this man has the gall to suggest that they, the laborers, be herded around in the filthy swamps or sent traipsing over the blistering hills, searching for a metal for which we have neither use nor need. . . . Wasting time—and the production of any useless commodity is a waste of time—can never enrich the world or the people as a whole. If every goose—yes, every bird from a hummingbird to an ostrich—laid a golden egg every day, we wouldn't be a bit better off. It wouldn't raise our standard of living because there is nothing in the stuff to feed the hungry or clothe the ragged. Gold is a useless commodity. Why produce or hunt for it?—Evon Guernsey, Princeton, Idaho.

But it's still useful for dental work and wedding rings.—Ed.

"Romanism"

Romanist indoctrination is being taught to our public school children principally through text-books of history. These books are wrongly telling public school children that the Pope of Rome is "the head of the Church"; that the Protestant Reformation was "a revolt against the Church"; that the degraded Henry VIII and the so-called piratical Queen Elizabeth originated the Protestant movement in England; that Protestantism is the mother of all religious prosecution that ever disgraced the annals of Europe and America, as illustrated in the history of the Puritans; that the Church

of Rome has been a beacon light throughout history and has always stood for tolerance, as exemplified in the colony of Maryland. It is being taught in public schools that Catholicism (Roman) is more important than reading, writing, music and painting combined. Does not such teaching make our public schools a most effective agency for Romanist propaganda, in obvious violation of our blood-bought charter of religious liberty as embodied in our Constitution?—Ernest Bradshaw, Chicago.

The Chain Store Again

In the March *Voice of America* I read a letter by John L. Mattox, of Lincoln, Nebr., which amused me. . . . I don't think any owner of an independent store could be as dumb as the person he writes about. Every independent store owner knows what he has to compete with in the chain store, and, unless he is a complete dummy, he would not stoop to trickery to hold his customers. . . . I like your magazine very much. It would help immensely if you could get the chain store menace smashed into obscurity.—Miss Anna Baker, Hamilton, Ohio.

The Government wants the job of running our transportation systems, but its record is not reassuring when we study its performance with the railways during the World War, the Alaska Railroad, and the Federal Barge Lines.

For planning and construction, we have as a yardstick the Government's housing project at Reedsville, where fifty simple cottages, estimated at \$2,500 each, cost approximately \$7,500 per unit.

For budgeting and planning we have a fund of \$4,800,000,000 for work relief, but no definite projects, and we do not even know how many workers are on relief, although this has been under Government control for more than two years.

From the record, I think we must consider another applicant.—Frank M. Patterson, 1022 East 41st Place, Chicago.

Opposition to the Death Penalty

There are no provisions either in the Bible or in the Constitution of the United States, whereby the death penalty may be meted out to a human being. What is more sinful than the so-called legal taking of a human life? . . . Article 14, Amendments of the Constitution, states: "All persons, born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and no State shall make or enforce any law which shall cut short the privileges or immunities of any citizen of the United States." Since all laws must be built according to the Constitution, how can any State sidestep this greatest document ever devised by man?

I rejoice that I reside in a State where the people abhor the death penalty; they shudder at the thought of taking that which they can never re-



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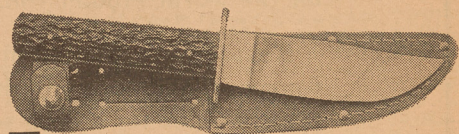
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Just in Case You Haven't Seen Page Seven

Of course we don't need to remind you that Christmas is just around the corner, and that shopping days are disappearing at the rate of one every twenty-four hours. However, just in case you haven't heard about our special Christmas offer, we'll tell you about it all over again.

For 1936 we are offering you the biggest and best REAL AMERICA that you have ever seen. We are thirty-two pages larger than we were a year ago, we've had three years to outgrow our diapers and learn to walk, and we've already made plans for interesting and informative material that will keep you up to date on the world around you.

Next month, for example, we are going to call Congress' attention to the dangers inherent in the present plans for a deep sea canal across Florida, and propose a practicable way for spending the money that will benefit the entire nation. . . . We have arranged to publish a series of articles by Gerald L. K. Smith, who was closer to Huey Long than any living man. . . . We will have timely and sound political and economic articles every month by such outstanding writers as Harper Leech and Charles Edward Russell. . . . Of course we'll continue the high standards of our fiction. . . . In fact, from month to month we will continue to serve you the tastiest menu in the magazine world.

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place. I appeal to the people of America to abolish the death penalty and see that the electric chair is left vacant forever.—Fred McConeghy, Stockridge, Mich.

The Profit System

Father Coughlin boasts that there are over 8,000,000 members in his National Union for Social Justice. He said in a radio speech that his Union was built on the principles of Jesus. What of the economical conception of Jesus when He told the rich man to divide his wealth amongst the poor? Did ever a rich man take notice of that command? Of course, we all know that wealth is created by labor and the profits go to the few. If there were no profits there would be no wealth.—Louis Braickelaere, Mishawaka, Ind.

Wyoming Liberal

Print plenty about Upton Sinclair; his plan is the only one for America. Your magazine is doing wonders in showing the people how their chains are fastened upon them. I live 40 miles from even a grocery store, but my liberal reading keeps me abreast of the times.—Fred Reed, Buffalo, Wyo.

Wanted: A New Monetary System

Our bank deposits are well over 16 billion dollars, with only slightly over 5 billion dollars in use. This means not money, but credit, which sooner or later puts into the hands of the money-changers the real property of the country. Until a change is made in our monetary system, we will never be free from depressions. In spite of what the newspapers say about overproduction, etc., the whole fault lies with our monetary system. . . . I would also like to see your magazine show up our old jumping bean, Hearst, who, after years of fighting the Power Trusts, quickly flops to their side when the Government is trying to take the loaded dice from them.—A. W. Becker, Chicago.

Money is our universal medium of exchange. With its aid, the products of human effort, of manual labor, of machine production, as well as services in general, are being exchanged or transported from the producers to the consumers. We need a certain amount of currency to keep the nation's business going, and this money must circulate to be of any use. Present-day money is lazy; it needs a rising price level to keep moving. Economy demands that currency be issued directly to the people instead of by issuing bonds. We, the people, pay yearly about \$12,000,000,000 interest for the mere privilege of using our own American dollar.—Paul Studer, New York City.

More About Money

We have approximately one million and a half counterfeit dollars in circulation in the United States, and these dollars have absolutely no security behind them. But as long as they are not detected, they have the same purchasing power as our government money. Our present monetary system is built on a

very similar foundation, having but a very small security behind it, and it is the principal cause of our deplorable condition. If allowed to continue as now operating, we will soon have a fascist government instead of a democratic form of government.—Geo. C. Smith, Sr., Santa Maria, Calif.

Mr. Smith touches upon a big question here—much too big to be answered properly in a single paragraph.—Ed.

The Townsend Plan

I am only one of many who have spent their lives performing productive labor which has helped create the vast wealth of this boastfully rich nation, and who now, at the age of 66, find ourselves without wealth or the right to further employment. What are we going to do?

There is legislation enacted granting some pension rights to those who have reached the age of 70, but this will not be approved by any state, because to qualify one need only live in the state six years out of ten. It does not say anything about the number of years one has worked, or whether one has worked at all.

Even if it is adopted, it will not help those of us who are floating between the ages of 65 and 70. We can not get employment, because we are too old, and can not get pensions because we are too young. Even when I reach 70, I will still be ineligible, because I will not have lived here for six years. There are thousands in the same situation.

When the depression caused a shut down in my place of employment I had to drift out and seek work in other localities. I arrived in California and adopted the state as my place of residence; many others have been forced to change their residence. But the Administration seems to think we have committed a crime by exerting a constitutional right, and have penalized us for doing so.

How many Americans spend their lives in the place where they were born? Why should a man who has worked hard all of his life be denied a pension because he moves from one state to another, while a loafer who stays home will be taken care of? We are all citizens of the United States, and the Federal government is the only logical source for old age security.

I have worked 48 years, with intermittent periods when there was no work available. It took all I could save when working to tide me over the slack periods. Mr. Brisbane and some others think we should have saved a fortune, but how much could Mr. Brisbane save on a dollar a day? He might say I should have found a better job, but somebody has to do the labor that makes high salaried positions possible.

I lived 45 years in one state, but, according to laws of various states, I can now claim residence, for pension purposes, in none.

I feel that God is directing the hand of man, and that in His wisdom He always brings someone forward when the need arises. Now that the world is in desperate need of social security, He has brought forward Dr. Townsend with a

plan that will fill the need.

When the plan was brought forward some shallow-minded representatives sought to make sport of it. They could not see that it would put money in circulation and keep it there by removing the old people from charity, thereby lightening the burden of taxation. It would be much cheaper than the present plan of mortgaging American posterity for a spending spree that will leave things in as bad, if not worse, condition than they were.—Charles Roberts, Turlock, Cal.

This is typical of many such letters received by REAL AMERICA—and an illustration of how the aged regard Dr. Townsend as a Messiah. If only he could do all the things he promises!—Ed.

I would like to ask what becomes of the vast sum of money furnished by the innocent Townsend Plan dupes. The Boosters claim more than 25,000,000 members. If only 25 percent of these members paid 25c into the fund, the total amount would be \$6,250,000. And, no doubt, some people with good intentions have donated \$1.00 or more. What has become of this money? I doubt that Dr. Townsend has taken any of it for his personal benefit, but I'm not so sure about certain others. . . . If the Townsend Plan were workable I would be strongly in favor of it, as my parents are each past 85 years of age and in poor circumstances, and I will soon reach the 60-year limit, but I can see nothing save trouble ahead for all of us, if the Townsend Plan becomes a fact.—F. J. Young, Oceano, Calif.

Bilbo is a Hero

I have just read the article in which there is a discussion of Senator Theo. G. Bilbo. The article has just enough truth in it to make it a good falsehood.

The least investigation would have shown you that there was no foundation of truth in the statements made in this fantastic story.

Senator Bilbo has been governor of Mississippi, twice by popular choice. He made the most progressive and constructive governor the first term he served that the state ever had. He advocated and had enacted into law more constructive and beneficial legislation than all the other governors in the state's previous history for at least fifty years. He advocated thirty planks in his platform, and they were all enacted in law, and among them were the State Tax Commission, the State Highway Department, Industrial School for Boys and Girls, State Feeble Minded School, etc.

The second time he was elected Governor, he had the most constructive and progressive platform ever advocated by anyone offering for public office in Mississippi. Because of partisan politics the legislature defeated his program. He had, however,

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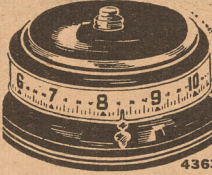
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"Do you realize yesterday was Christmas?"

advocated a sales tax in his campaign for governor the second time he ran, and attempted to have it enacted into law throughout his entire four year term, but the legislature would not do it. When the present governor took office the same leaders in the legislature who had during Governor Bilbo's second term as governor defeated the sales tax, enacted it into law.

The records will show that Senator Bilbo has the very best record as a public official of any man who has ever held public office in Mississippi.

You refer to his Highway Commission, but it was not his highway commission, but one elected by the people, and some of these commissioners did resign from office during the second term of Senator Bilbo as governor, and the State Highway Department was re-organized, and reduced from eight members to three, who are also elected by the people.

Scores of his henchmen did not re-

sign, but the attorney general of the state, and the chairman of the State Tax Commission, who were his political enemies, did resign under fire.

Your statement about Senator Bilbo's private life is also untrue.

Senator Bilbo has never injected a false issue into any political campaign, but he has always had the facts and reliable proof to back up every statement he made in the campaign of last summer, and in all of his other campaigns.

Senator Bilbo's friends, and he numbers them by the thousands in Mississippi, because of his great public service, resent very keenly your insulting and false article about our Junior United States Senator.—A. B. Schaubert, Laurel, Miss.

Readers are invited to re-read the article in our November issue and check it with Mr. Schaubert's letter. Let each decide for himself.—Ed.

Another Brickbat

Honestly, how you can be publisher of REAL AMERICA and author of "Shadow Boxing With the Constitution" is beyond my comprehension. You had an editorial in the September issue entitled "Think!" In humility, we humbly advise you to read that editorial.

You know, and nearly all writers for REAL AMERICA know, that Republican or Democrat has nothing to do with the running of this government. Proof: any one of your last six issues.

One time a young fellow, by the name of Jesus Christ, flogged the money changers from the temple.

Sometime an old fellow, by the name of Dr. Townsend, will lambast the self-grabbers out of executive, legislative, and judicial halls of the United States, and make a general and complete cleaning.

You said, "Think!" If by some miracle all of us should suddenly "start plumbing those mighty depths we would bring a civilization such as the world has never known." Recognize it?

The Townsend Plan is the result of THOUGHT. Dr. Townsend is an educated physician (not a corporation lawyer) who is sincerely advocating the recovery plan which he, with millions of other thinkers, knows will greatly benefit the vast majority of humanity.

We like your REAL AMERICA and propose to read it so long as we like it, if we can swipe the necessary two-bits.—H. C. Curless, Fish Haven, Idaho.

Thanks for that last paragraph. We hope you always have the necessary two-bits and that you never have to swipe it. However, we're still not sold on the Townsend Plan, and we have been doing our best to "Think."—Ed.

I got an awful bang out of Tooker's article about the average American. Who isn't fifty percent guilty?

I am glad some correspondent asked you to investigate the community chest. Years ago I talked to an older lady, who worked with organizers, and she said: "Of course, if money can be squeezed out of the working man's pocket by coercion, why should the big fellow give?" And that's the crux of the whole question. In principle the Chest is a fine thing; but when a person on a payroll has to give to hold his job, I say "Raspberries!" I hope you go ahead with your investigation.—D. E. S.

We hope that our investigation shows the Community Chests of the nation to be far different than some of our readers report.—Ed.

RECIPE FOR UNPOPULARITY

(Continued from page 53)

unhappy, you should not rely upon mere technique alone. You must have the right spirit. You can't produce your best results if your words and your actions are merely mechanical. You must actively dislike people; you must wish them the worst possible luck. If you do help them a little bit or make them feel a little better, it must be only so that they may fall all the harder and be hurt all the more when you do get in your dirty work. In getting yourself universally disliked, it will be helpful if you can dislike other people thoroughly.

There are two infallible signs by which you will know the extent to which you are succeeding. The first is by the way other people shun you. If you achieve unpopularity they will not leave you in any doubt about it. The second sign is the effect on yourself.

The first effect you will notice is the position of the corners of your mouth. They will point down instead of up. This will be the result of realizing

that there isn't any good in anybody.

The second sign will be a wrinkling of the eyelids. This will result from the constant air of suspicion you will wear. Everybody is trying to put something over on somebody else and you must look sharp to expose them.

Next, you will notice a slight wrinkling of the nose. This will come from sniffing at the weakness and pretense you unerringly recognize in everybody.

Then you will see your complexion turning yellow. It is an indication of an increasing amount of bile in the system; poison in the mind always generates poisons in the body. You will become more and more jaundiced. Dyspepsia, of course, will be well advanced by this time.

After this you will not last long, for you will have reached the ultimate goal of unpopularity; you even are unpopular with yourself. You may now go to the devil in peace. Nobody will bother to send flowers.

HOLIDAY BOOKS

GREENLAND

Salamina, by Rockwell Kent. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York; 336 pp. Price \$3.75.

Rockwell Kent has a fondness for Greenland that amounts almost to a passion. Thus, when he writes about it he becomes lyrically ecstatic. This latest rhapsody, I must confess, almost persuades me to chuck everything and catch the next ship for the frozen North. The book is generously illustrated with Kent's blocklike art, which always looks as if it were carved from wood.

WORDS

Get it Right! by John B. Opdycke. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York; 673 pp. Price \$3.50. As I opened this book at random, I found Mr. Opdycke torturing the sentences: "Neither you have nor he has the time," "Neither you have the time nor has he," and then he decided the last made better reading. But why not say: "Neither of you has the time"? Or is that ungrammatical? And, if it is, who cares? . . . As I dug deeper into the heavy volume, however, I found it a gold mine. Unquestionably, it's the best handbook for writers I've seen this year, and I heartily recommend it to every person who writes, whether he's writing a simple business note or a three-decker novel. Even more heartily do I recommend it to all proofreaders everywhere.

(Continued from page 63)

The Command of Words, by S. Stephenson Smith. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York; 290 pp. Price \$2.50. Any person who wants to increase his vocabulary, or study the fine shades of meaning in synonyms, or the still finer art of conversation, might profitably read and digest this book.

HILARITY

So Red the Nose, or Breath in the Afternoon, by Sterling North and Carl Kroch. Published by Farrar & Rinehart, New York; Price \$1.00.

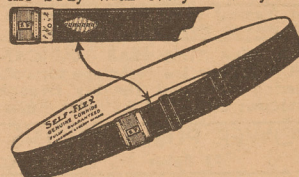
If there are any typographical or other errors in this review it is because we started too early in sampling the delectable contents described by Authors North and Kroch. Anyway, by their own confession, they had one of those ideas that sounded feasible the next morning. So they went ahead.

They collected the favorite cocktail recipes of thirty well-known writers, added drinking notes that have the unmistakable ring of authenticity, and completed the book with illustrations by Roy C. Nelson. The result is one of the most hilarious and alcoholically-sound cocktail books imaginable, but we warn you: thirty well-known authors carry too much voltage for a single afternoon.

T.L.

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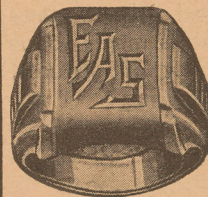
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The Devil's Dictionary, by Ambrose Bierce. Published by Albert and Charles Boni, New York; 376 pp. Price \$1. Salty witticisms by a master cynic. Sample: "Lighthouse, *n.* A tall building on the seashore in which the government maintains a lamp and the friend of a politician." If you care for another: "Insurance, *n.* An ingenious modern game of chance in which the player is permitted to enjoy the comfortable conviction that he is beating the man who keeps the table."

25,000 Words, Spelled, Divided, and Accented; compiled by Louis A. Leslie and Charles Earle Funk. Published by Funk & Wagnalls. Price \$1. Better get one for your stenographer.

MISCELLANEOUS

Things to Come, by H. G. Wells. Published by Macmillan; 155 pp. Price \$1.50. Dramatic outline of the future world, devastated by war, shattered by greed, depopulated by pestilence, in which only the aviators and a few others survive.

A Thousand Ways to Make \$1,000; edited by F. C. Minaker. Published by the Dartnell Corporation, Chicago; 472 pp., with index. Price \$2.50. It's a safe bet that, no matter how you'd like to make money, you'll find your favorite way listed here. Fully detailed, with no waste of words. No frills, no theorizing. It's all as practical as an alarm clock. And as eye-opening, too.

The Story of the Human Race, by Henry Thomas. Published by Winchell-Thomas Co., Boston; 560 pp., with index. Price \$3. This mighty tome opens with Moses and closes with Roosevelt, Hitler, and Mussolini; and, in between, it concerns itself with many historical men of the hour, ranging from Jeremiah, the Prophet, to Karl Marx, the Socialist. Valuable reference book.

The Medical Voodoo, by Anne Rilet Hale. Published by Gotham House, New York; 338 pp. Price \$2.50. Mrs. Hale is out to debunk the doctors and our public health system, and she goes at the job with a splendid disregard for broken heads. Several publishers considered her manuscript "too hot to handle." I salute Gotham House for boldly handling it hot off the griddle.

Mastering Fear, by Preston Bradley. Published by Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis; 221 pp. Price \$1.50. What a tremendous title for a book! And what a tremendous book could be written under it! This one is somewhat platitudinous, but on the whole good entertainment, with here and there a nugget of wisdom.

Ethiopia, by Ernest Work. Published by Macmillan; 354 pp., with index. Price \$2.50. A backstage look at the pawn in European diplomacy, illustrated with maps and annotated with numerous footnotes.

Show Boat, by Edna Ferber. Published by Modern Library, New York; 398 pp. Price 95c. Like *Ol' Man River*, *Show Boat* keeps rollin' along, as a book, as a play, as a musical comedy, as a radio feature and a Hollywood picture, and now as a Modern Library reprint. Jerome Kern contributes a foreword. M.L. also publishes, this month, Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*, complete and unabridged in one volume.

The Range of Human Capacities, by David Wechsler. Published by Williams & Wilkins Co., Baltimore; 159 pp., with index. Price \$2.50. With mathematical precision, this book answers a great many questions that people are always asking themselves.

Voltaire, by H. N. Brailsford. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; 256 pp., with index. Price \$1.25. An authoritative dissertation on the life of the great satirist, written with a deft touch and a sympathetic heart.

Mental Attitude for Underwriting Success, by Mansur B. Oakes. Published by R & R Publications, Indianapolis; 127 pp. Price \$1.75. Ten groups of inspirational talks that will go over big with the Ernest Young Man Starting Out in Life.

Diet and Die, by Carl Malmberg. Published by Hillman-Curl, New York; 149 pp., with index. Price \$1.50. A blistering lampoon at diet fads and medicinal frauds.

The World of Myths, by Frank Chapin Bray. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York; 323 pp., with index. Price \$2. Who's Who in Mythology.

An Outline of the History of Music, by Karl Nef. Published by Columbia University Press, New York; 386 pp. Price \$3.50. This musical guide is standard in Europe, and, now that we have an English translation, it is likely to become standard here.

Elephants at War, by Thomas W. Duncan. Published by The Prairie Press, Muscatine, Iowa; 73 pp. Price \$2. When Tom Duncan feels a poetic attack coming on, he doesn't smell a rose and gaze at the moon. He eats a platter of red beef, drinks a tankard of ale, rolls up his sleeves and wades in. And the result is likely to be in this strain:

After us, the rats. They will gnaw your broken lipstick. Close the door. Blow out the blue gas in the hall. Creep down the mildewed stair to the street of shadow. Here it is always November—always fall.

So, if you're looking for something sweet in poetry, you'd better pass up Tom and his elephants and stick to Eddie Guest.

FICTION

The Old Man's Place, by John B. Sanford. Published by Albert and Charles Boni, New York; 263 pp. Price \$2.50. Brutal rape and bloody murder strike the keynote of this lovely piece. It's as fragrant as brimstone, as delicate as a broadax. And its three main characters are as gentle a trio as you'd find in a night's journey through Chicago's underworld. And yet, despite their sordid lives, graphically described in nauseating detail, the narrative has a ring of bitter truth.

The Garden Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; 332 pp. Price \$2. What can one say of a Van Dine "murder case" that hasn't been said before? They're all workmanlike jobs, they all follow the same pattern, and they're all smart and sophisticated—as every reviewer has often remarked. The present "case" deals with murder against a background of horse-racing and New York skyscrapers, with Philo Vance smoking his *Régie* cigarettes and dropping his *h's* all over the place. In a word, another Van Dine.

Victorious Troy, or The Hurrying Angel, by John Masefield. Published by Macmillan; 308 pp. Price \$2.50. Few men of today can handle words as skillfully as John Masefield. There's a poetic, vigorous swing to everything he writes. And when he writes of the sea he is unparalleled. *Victorious Troy* depicts a South Pacific storm that overtook *The Hurrying Angel*, and in the flashes of lightning, while the gale screams at her, you can see her decks awash, her masts gone, as vividly as though you were aboard. To those who like lusty tales of the sea I recommend this book with enthusiastic praise.

MORE FICTION

TRY SOME OF THESE ON
A LONG WINTER EVENING.

Conquering Kitty, by Gertrude Crownfield (Lippincott, \$2). Glamorous affairs of Kitty Knight with the gentlemen of Maryland during the war of 1812. Emotionally visualized and deftly etched.

The Eunuch of Stamboul, by Dennis Wheatley (Little, Brown, \$2). Harem intrigue and adventure in the Orient. The fastidious might wish it were told with more skill, but the fast-action addicts will devour it with gusto.

New Ground, by Katharine Haviland-Taylor (Lippincott, \$2). Cinderella story in reverse—the Cinderella, here, being a poor little rich girl under a stepmother's thumb.

Honor Divided, by Grace D. Hall and Ernesto G. Merlanti (Revell, \$2). Quick-stepping story of two Sicilian brothers in Chicago's Little Italy.

The True Light, by J. Calvitt Clarke (Arcadia, \$2). Soul-saving Camilla has visions of the True Light, till she meets her light o' love. Then—blooey!

President Randolph as I Knew Him, by John Francis Goldsmith (Dorrance, \$2). Fantastic imaginings of world events twenty years hence.

Louder Than Words, by Hugh MacMullan (Loring & Mussey, \$2). Disillusionment of a gullible lad who faces the world handicapped by high ideals.

Free for All, by Evan Shipman (Scribner's, \$2.50). Racy chronicles of the racing crowd that tour the country with trotting horses.

If With All Your Hearts, by Louise Platt Hauck (Penn, \$2). When a preacher marries an atheist, something is bound to break. The break in this case helped both of them.

Pendulum Swing, by Mary Mitchell (Kendall & Sharp, \$2.50). Highlights and undertones in the life of Christina, a sensitive girl cursed with jealousy. (My friend Claude Kendall has made a beautiful book of it, just right for Christmas.)

Save a Lady, by Wilson Collison (Kendall, \$2). A fashionable young heiress runs afoul of three hoboes, bunks with them, and enjoys it. Nothing is impossible to the imaginative Mr. Collison.

What if This Friend, by Richard Hanlon (Kendall, \$2.50). Historical romance of a Greek maiden who follows the teachings of Christ in a pagan world.

The Tragic Case of John Renold, by Henry Allan (Dorrance, \$1.75). The author of this novel is an English barrister who put aside his wig and gown to take up the pen. I now suggest after reading his novel, that he put the pen down, take his wig and gown and go back to his law books.

Pink Pants, by Dr. Ralph Y. Hopton and Anne Balliol (Vanguard, \$1). Inanities and imbecilities illustrated by John Held, Jr.

Harvest of the Wind, by Sarah Louisa Sweeny (Caxton, \$2.50). Saga of a Kansas family in the 1850's.

Eastern Shore, by Warren Howard (Arcadia, \$2). Old-fashioned love story of a new-fashioned girl.

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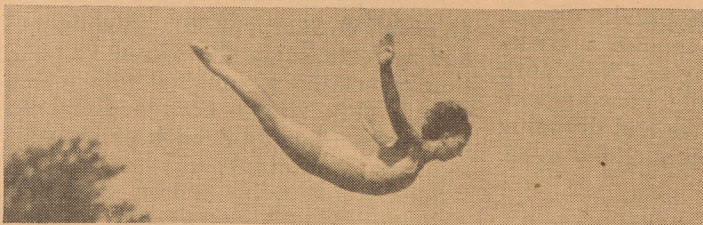
WHEN WINTER COMES, all roads lead to the South. From Chicago, New York, and intermediate cities they beckon like alluring fingers, inviting you to the Land of Sunshine through routes of comfort and beauty. You can fly or entrain and reach this land of perpetual summer in a few short hours, or you can drive in your car, stopping at the beauty spots along the way.

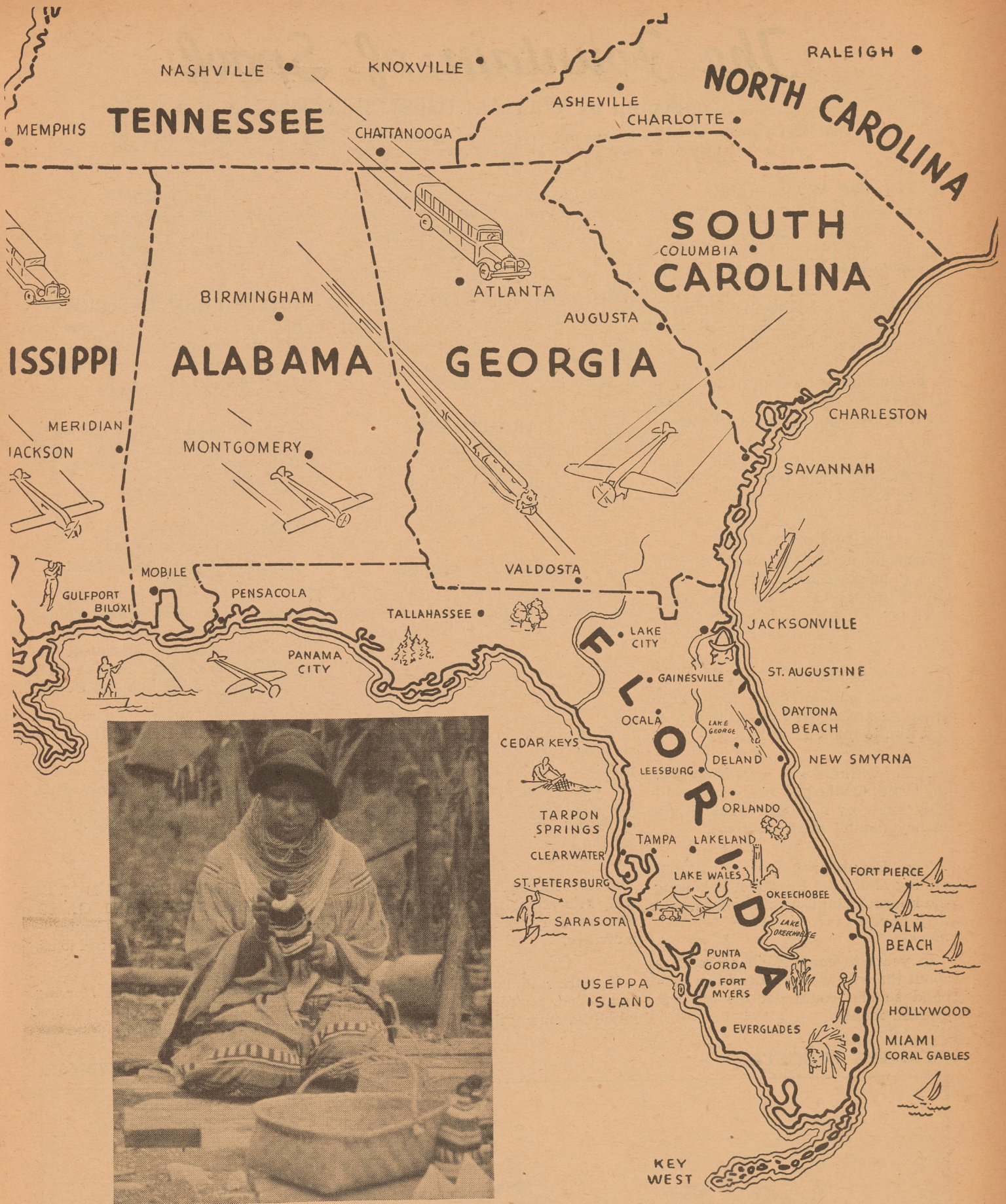
If you come from the East you must choose between a coastal path, with a ferry from Cape Charles to Norfolk, or a more inland route through Baltimore, Washington, and Richmond. You can follow U.S. 1 through Raleigh, Columbia, and Augusta, or select the splendid road through Fay-

etteville and Savannah, with a detour, if you wish, to charming, sleepy Charleston. Another route is through the magnificent scenery of the Shenandoah Valley and the Smokies of Eastern Tennessee and Western North Carolina.

From the West it is the same. Nashville bids you stay, Knoxville is the point where TVA is making history and where the famous 100-mile scenic loop begins and ends.

Chattanooga will tempt you. Here is Lookout Mountain, rich in historic interest, with scenic beauty incomparable. It seems too entrancing to leave; but all roads lead still farther South and man is wise to follow.





The Fountain of Spoof

Conducted by WILLIAM TIBBETTS BRANNON

REAL AMERICA will pay the following rates for material for this department: Prose, 2 cents a word; poetry, 10 cents a line. Positively no manuscripts will be returned unless accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope.

LATE WAR NOTES

The situation might be much worse for the Ethiopians. It might be American tourists overrunning their country instead of Italian soldiers.

Anyway, if the Emperor of Ethiopia ever has to flee his throne, it won't take him long to pack his bag.

Practically all of Italy is mixed up in the war. Mussolini has sent every man to the front except the King.

The Ethiopians aren't going to give up, though. Any time now, Tarzan might come to their rescue.

SUCCESS STORY

Sagacious hints of fame he'll drop,
And money making deals—
He writes the clever slips that pop
From fortune-telling wheels.
—Helen McMahan.

POLITICAL NOTES

A good way to stop a Republican spouting about the Constitution is to ask him to quote from it.

Relief workers who have been raking leaves for the past two years probably know by now that Uncle Sam's money doesn't grow on trees.

The Republicans are continually talking about the President balancing the budget. But if he did, what would they have to talk about?

In years to come, we'll be reading about the wife who poisoned her husband so she could get his old age pension money.

Hunters should be particularly careful this winter, because the woods are full of Republican Presidential candidates.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS DEPT.

"So you've been married twenty years? Do you find it difficult to get along with your wife?"

"Difficult? It's impossible!"

PARAPHRASE

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,
And in parting leave behind us

Wisecracks on some page in TIME.

—James L. Dilley.

NOTES OF SORTS

We had an amateur magician as our guest over the week-end and he made a couple of towels disappear.

To us, sound money is the kind that jingles in our pocket.

We know a short cut we'd take if we ever went on an Antarctic expedition. We would take our wife and our car along, and then, when we'd unloaded the ship, we'd let our wife drive the car and she'd head straight for the pole.

Mickey Mouse is quite a cut-up, but still, he's about the only Hollywood star we can think of who hasn't got a divorce.

If all the hillbilly bands were placed end to end, you might find a couple of hillbillies among them.

1936 VERSION

"Joe certainly is a lucky guy."

"What, did he find himself a job?"

"No, he found his wife one."

NOTES FROM THE PRESS

Big Tom Cummings . . . today was found guilty of murder . . . The weary jury was out 66 years.—Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*.

I have for sale 25 calves, 13 steers and 12 heifers. All well bred. A. C. Bull, Ireland, W.Va.—Clarksburg (W. Va.) *Telegraph*.

AMEE TO TRAVEL

SOUSE STAYS HOME

—Berkeley (Calif.) *Daily Graphic*.

Suddenly the voice of Mr. Hoover himself was heard above the din. . . The scoundrell had been furnished by Louis B. Mayer of the California delegation.—Los Angeles *Evening Herald*.

The ladies of the Helping Hand Society enjoyed a swap social on Friday evening. Everybody brought something they didn't need. Many of the ladies were accompanied by their husbands.—Wellington (Ohio) *Enterprise*.

ACTION IN AIRPLANES DUE IN DRAKE-GRINNELL GRID GAME.

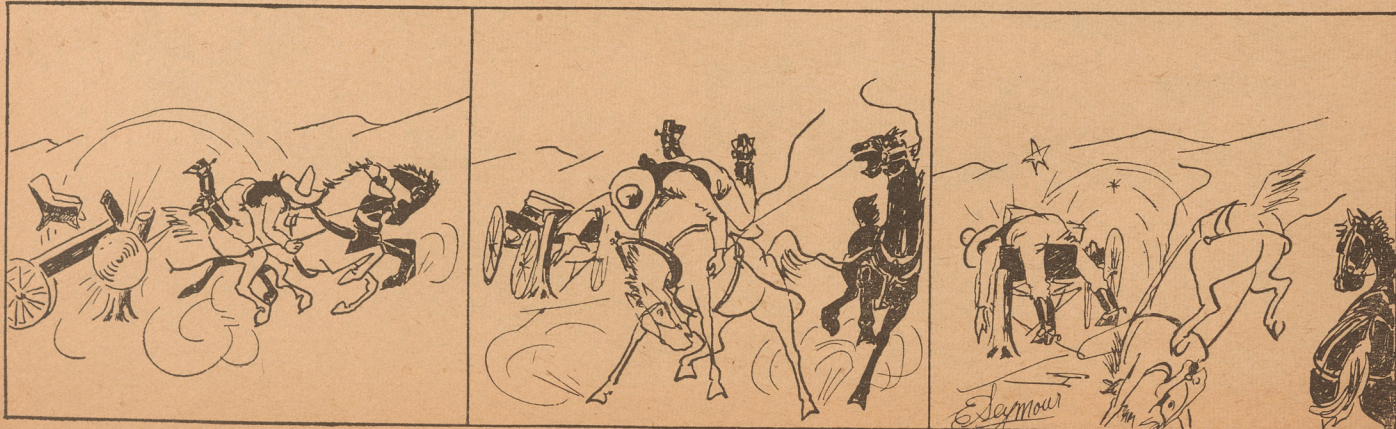
—McAlester (Okla.) *News-Capital*.

Sounds like a real aerial attack to us.

A horse owned by John Herring . . . spent Sunday in Dayton visiting relatives.—Portland (Ore.) *Journal*.

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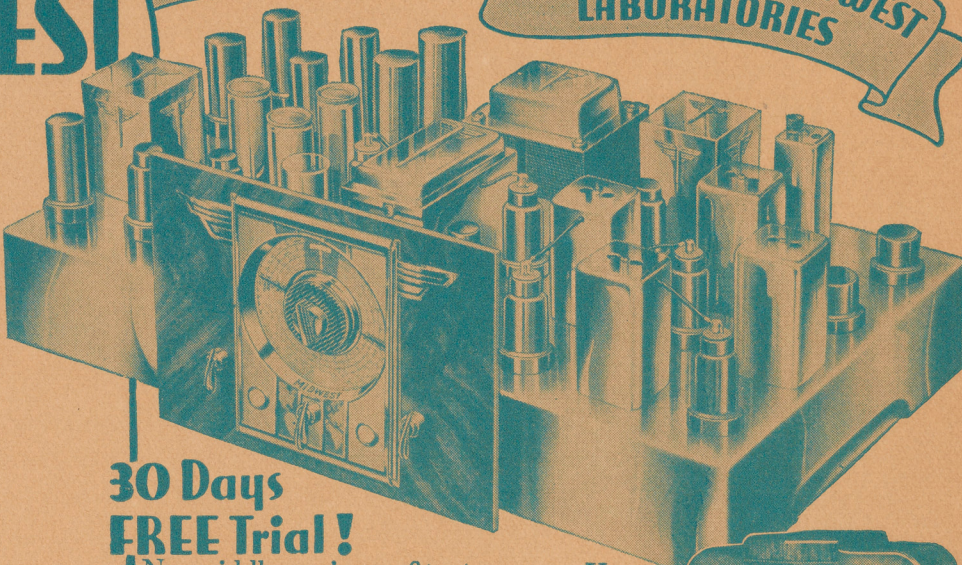
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GUARANTEED FOREIGN RECEPTION

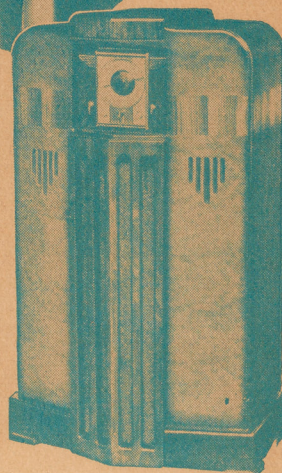
This super radio will out-perform \$200 and \$300 sets on a side by side test. It is so powerful, so amazingly selective, so delicately sensitive that it brings in distant foreign stations with full loud speaker volume, on channels adjacent to powerful locals. The 18 tubes permit of advanced circuits, make it possible to use the tremendous reserve power, and to exert the sustained maximum output of the powerful new tubes.

80 SENSATIONAL ADVANCEMENTS

Scores of marvelous Midwest features, many of them exclusive, explain Midwest glorious tone realism, super performance and thrilling world-wide 6-band reception. They prove why nationally known orchestra leaders like Fred Waring, George Olsen, Jack Denny, etc., use a Midwest in preference to more costly makes. Pages 12 to 21 in FREE catalog illustrate the new Midwest features. Study them before you make up your mind.

ACOUSTI-TONE V-SPREAD DESIGN

The V-Front Dispersing Vanes established a new radio style overnight. They spread the beautiful lace-work of the "highs" throughout the room in a scientific manner... directing the High Fidelity waves uniformly to the ear. Now, get complete range of audible frequencies from 30 to 16,000 cycles... achieving glorious new acousti-tone... assuring life-like crystal-clear reception... "concert" realism.



Push Button Tuning

Simply pushing Silencer Button silences set between stations. Beautiful tuning lights automatically indicate when station is properly tuned. Release button... and station comes in perfectly. Pressing Station Finder Button (Midwest's exclusive ROBOT EAR) automatically determines proper dial position for bringing in extremely weak stations.

Ted Weems Enthuses Over Crystal-Clear World Reception

Dearborn, Mich.—After comparing many radios, I can truthfully say my Midwest out-performs other sets costing almost twice as much. Only the new Midwest could satisfy my desire for crystal-clear, undistorted reception... from all over the world.

Ted Weems.



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TRUE-LIFE TALKIES

JOHN DISCOVERS HOW TO "GET THE BREAKS"

I'M SORRY JOHN - BUT I CAN'T SEE YOU TONIGHT

NO JOB - NO MONEY - AND NOW, NO GIRL

SO!...THAT'S WHY RUTH BROKE HER DATE WITH ME

HELLO JOHN WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE LONG FACE?
- LOSE YOUR JOB?
- OR YOUR GIRL?

BUT I HAVEN'T HAD THE MONEY FOR TRAINING LIKE THAT, GEORGE - AND BESIDES, I LOST THE AD YOU GAVE ME

BUT YOU DON'T NEED MUCH MONEY WITH THEIR NEW FINANCE PLAN. COME ON UP TO THE HOUSE - I'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE OF THEIR ADS - YOU CAN SEND IN THE COUPON RIGHT NOW!

BOTH! - IT SEEMS LIKE A FELLOW'S GOT TO HAVE A CAR AND PLENTY OF DOUGH TO GET THE BREAKS THESE DAYS

WELL YOU COULD HAVE 'EM AND THE GIRL TOO, IF YOU'D TAKEN MY TIP ABOUT COYNE TRAINING AND ENROLLED WHEN I DID

THREE MONTHS LATER:
IN THE COYNE SHOPS

BOY! - THIS CERTAINLY IS A GREAT WAY TO LEARN ELECTRICITY - I'LL BE THROUGH IN ANOTHER WEEK AND READY FOR A REAL JOB - THEN LET RUTH AND GEORGE WATCH MY SMOKE!

SIX MONTHS LATER:

COME ON, SUGAR! - WE'RE GOING TO CELEBRATE - I GOT ANOTHER RAISE, TODAY, AND THAT MEANS WE'RE READY TO SET A VERY IMPORTANT DATE.

OH, JOHN! - HOW WONDERFUL. I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT WITH COYNE TRAINING - BUT IT TOOK GEORGE'S HELP TO REALLY WAKE YOU UP.

GEORGE IS OKAY! HE'S GOING TO BE OUR BEST MAN

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